
June 2014

Swimming in a way . . .

Malkam A. Wyman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate>



Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Wyman, Malkam A. (2014) "Swimming in a way . . .," *The Laureate*: Vol. 8 , Article 32.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol8/iss1/32>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.

62

The fish in my dreams have the color of rust,
the river is wide
wide
and the color of the sun
or a reflection thereof.

There are only so many words to describe
the state of the world
the state of me in the world
swimming, circling,
not connecting.

The scales feel like soft glass on the back of my neck,
the fish will only touch when I'm not looking.
And I float,
cross the wide wide,
alone in the river of the sun.