

## Submerged

*Freya Davies*

You wade down the street, eyes shut against the grit  
    your hands dance (like seagrass) with your skirts in the wind,  
as if to ward off the light seeping through the cracks in your squint  
  
that dream-stealing daylight

No, you're not mad (not sad) just a little submerged. With your coral-bleached skin  
    and your subaqueous eyes. Round glasses (like portholes)  
perch low on your nose, and as you open your gaze to glance over the rim  
  
the daylight floods in—it's surprisingly kind! —that grief-stealing daylight

