

Secrets in the Water

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Someone asked me to whisper a secret to the big water
on the shoreline of Superior
hoping it would wash up along the Detroit river.

What would I whisper?

A confession? A spell?

I could start by saying that, on some days,

I know it's enough to just be

a host to microbial relations.

I could say that my spiritual formation is a glittering Superfund,

a resilient mosaic of mushrooms and tarot cards,

that I dreamt of my ex and my grandma this week

and wondered if I'm psychic.

I could say that I am endlessly

molting, coming undone,

that I fantasize about a distant stony future,

where I am calcified

into a saintly conglomerate configuration,

that I stare at a screen witnessing so many atrocities,

my heart doesn't know what to do

except cry while the sun drips across the sky like honey,

except dissolve into water

to touch something still and clear.

runner