

“Reef Sharks” by A.D. Cusanno

Published by the Academy of American Poets

Solitary, I float in
A world few are familiar with
Drowning out voices
I've grown weary of
 Light filtered blue
Endless and soft and cold
For once I am weightless
At ease in the growing pressure
 Let the current carry me
 Into the depths, past corals and schools
 Eels and anemones and
 Sweet sweet silence
 Is it possible to be an alien
 In such an alien world?
For once, I am not the strangest in the room
Resting among those who don't give me a second thought
 Resting among white-tipped reef sharks
 No words need to be uttered
 Solace found in congregations
 Not understood by those who stay
 Well above the surface