Drawn

Toss me up
Let me scrape against those skies
Throw me in that water
Cover me with the blues
that have no earthly names

Let me be purified
Scrub me with that affusion blue
Torture me with incantation's necessary drip
emerging from those fear-god teeth
Overwhelm me with handfuls of aspersions
Wash away what you will
Deem me saved from myself,
but let me keep the rectifying blues,
the emerald promises

Lose me in those waters
No one will notice when I slip away beneath,
submerged in that moment between
blue and green,
my paddling hands rippling
away to a neonatal nothingness
while the ritual's shimmer just
above the surface blinds me

And my just-out eyes
show me, through a murky viridity,
the toothless passage
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