

Skinny Dip

I can imagine
being a frog again:
that feeling as you spread your legs
naked in the improbably blue water caves,
feel your fish history squirming out
your undulating spine.

Waves of waves of memory
are called up by our primitive play.
Sun-splashing: folding liquid energy
deep from another age.

The slick white arc
of your muscled thigh,
your slow, backward tumble, underwater somersault—
it's proof enough for me.