

Hilary Selznick



Swimming in Ink

I want to live in the lines of poetry,
to feel the warmth of letters, the comfort of words,
to be in free verse with no meter or rhyme,
only moving to the sound of my own heart beating,
living with no punctuation.

I want to feel the freshwater lakes on my toes,
the sun so brilliant in the burnt orange of evening.
I want to make love to the smell and the sounds
the senses that come alive only in poetry.

I want to swim in it, dive into
someone's fragments of life
and have joy in the body of another.
I want to be preserved in time and place
in thoughts and in moments
to be folded in paper, swimming in ink
until the end of time.