

**Will's Hair**

**Joe Bruner**

With a giant leap we  
entered that cool, aqua-marine world.  
I could feel the icy water  
rushing up my legs.  
I could see aqua-marine bubbles soaring  
all around me: even the bubbles  
were aqua-marine.  
But the journey had not even begun.  
“Everyone ready?” Our leader called.  
We were, and we dove, into that  
aqua-marine world.  
Suddenly everything was tinted  
the same aqua-marine:  
the bright neon-like orange fish,  
the swaying strands of kelp,  
the motionless rocks, coated with slime.  
I looked up, and saw the rays of sun  
streaming down, shimmering, slicing  
through the restless aqua-marine ocean.  
I looked across the expanse of  
aqua-marine desert. But nothing.  
I looked below and saw it. The way it  
waved, so silky, so gold...  
though still aqua-marine.  
It was free, and sheened silver  
with a coat of bubbles.  
It soared, it crashed, it followed  
him wherever he went.  
It looked soft, but in that underwater  
world, you merely need to open  
your eyes to see the deception.  
A fish becomes a rock.  
A strand of kelp, an eel.  
A head of hair, a forest of silk.  
Then it was time to leave. To  
leave behind the world of silence,  
that ancient and strange aqua-marine world,  
and back to the real world where a  
head of hair is just that:  
a head of hair.