

Will's Hair
Joe Bruner

With a giant leap we
dove into that cool, aqua-marine world.
I could feel the ice-cold water wrap around my legs,
slowly seeping into the tight wetsuit.
Aqua-marine bubbles soared
all around me, tickling
my hands and face.
Even the bubbles were aqua-marine.
But the journey had barely begun.
“Everyone ready?” Our leader called.
We sank into that aqua-marine world,
free falling – sky diving in slow motion – when
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.
Rays of sunlight streamed behind us,
shimmering, slicing
through the shifting, sloshing
aqua-marine ocean.
In all directions, the expanse of
aqua-marine desert stretched forever.
But down below, there it was. The way it
waved, so silky, so gold... glinting
and winking invitingly
up from ocean floor,
though still aqua-marine.
It drifted lazily, 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.