

# Transitory Floats At the Bottom of the Pool

STACY JACKSON

1.

Let's say Ralph Ellison's invisible man woke up a woman  
Hard to ignore it (don't you think?) hard to ignore that panic

floating up to the bottom where the other sex lives, unsafe  
as latex paint poured down a storm drain in the middle  
of the night—

2.

You fill me  
like drops, gum drops  
grape, lemon, cherry & lime, little sugar dumplings  
pliable as Play-Doh  
lodged between my teeth—

You fill me like feet  
spreading in black patent leather shoes  
heels turned over too many times,  
arches flattening when the foot strikes ground

As if this isn't enough, I press you  
from the hollows of my bones,

point toward magnetic north & try to swim