

## SWIMMING UPSTREAM

Sometimes, being carried on a current of laughter,  
I get hooked on a word or a line, and something  
in me stays behind, not going with the flow.

How cautious we are yet, caught circling here  
in midstream, how startled to find ourselves  
bumping up against each other, like fish swimming  
backwards, how careful not to touch on anything  
sharp, anything pointed. This is it then:

We are creating a new ritual, swimming around  
each other with measured strokes, performing  
our own rite to the sun-dappled surface of things,  
as we struggle toward something upstream.

— Trecia R. Greene

— 1974