Voyage-03
Laura C. Vincent

THIS PLACE IS OK
THE WELL IS DEEPER THAN THE ROPE

from the guestbook at the Museum of Glass, Tacoma, WA.

With this rope slack in my hands, I peer into the circular darkness and climb in. I take a breath and rest my head against the solid wall and watch liquid shapes form and surface.

Wine bottles.
Blurry photographs.
A large dragonfly spun in cloudless honeycomb.

I bend my body toward the water. From depths a heavy mass emerges—a vessel. Liquid spills over its edges and out gaping holes in its sides.

An ashen face looks straight up toward the light. Maybe it is a mirror.

The rope slides through my hands.