Voyage-03
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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.