

Fountain Moan
By Katarina Hruskova

Lukewarm,
It trickles.

Not headed for the estuary,
Into the mouth, no further.

A watery routine.

A wash and peel,
Closed circuit,
Spewed from the top,
Sucked back in from underneath.

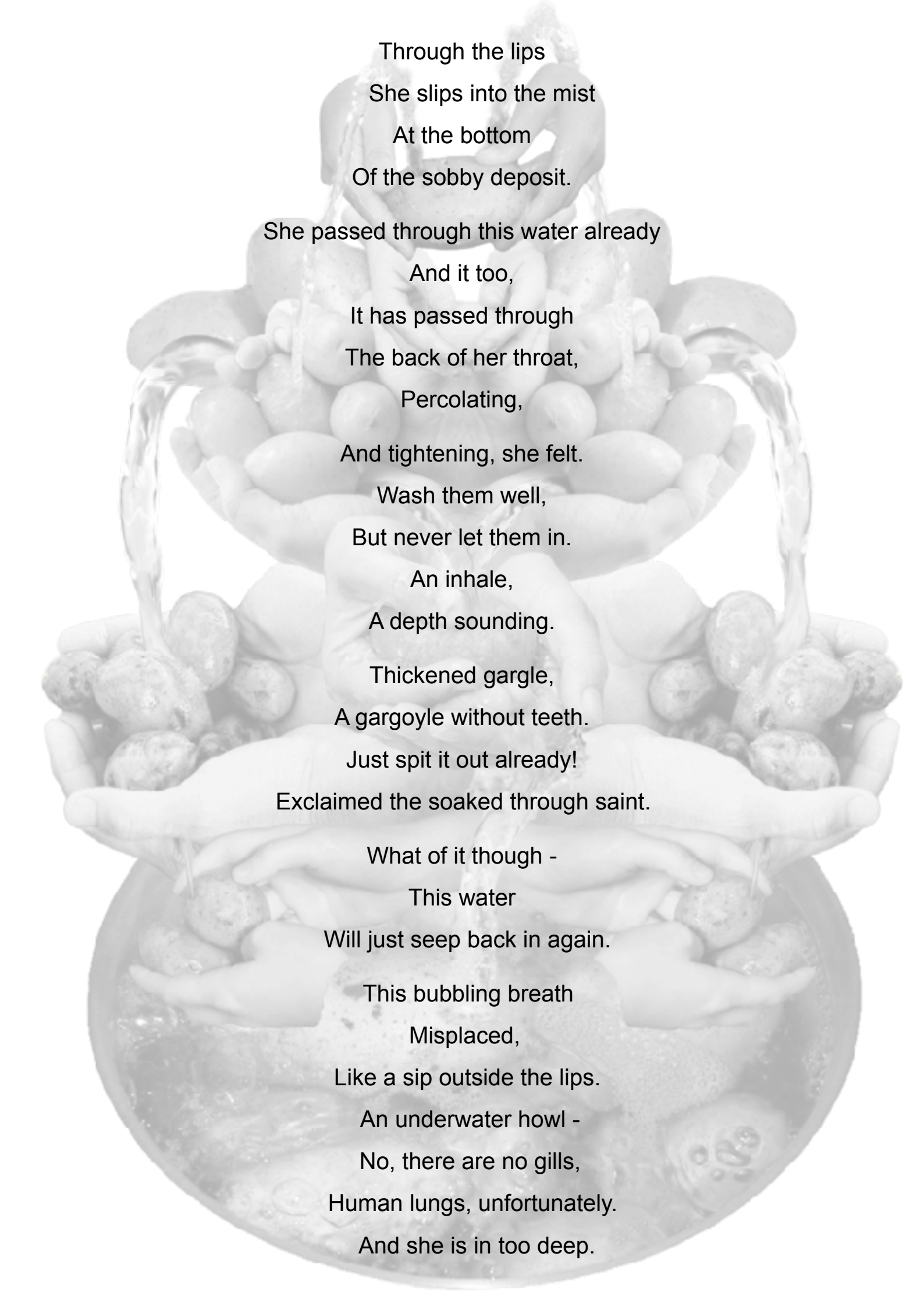
Wet to the point of silver.

A cleansing gargle,
A gargoyle without teeth,
Spouting away the muck.

A cascade
A cacophony
Boiling water
Splashing onto limbs.

A slip of tongue,
A slip of hand,
Or, as she said, an accident.

This water has a way
Of sneaking in again.



Through the lips
She slips into the mist
At the bottom
Of the sobby deposit.

She passed through this water already
And it too,
It has passed through
The back of her throat,
Percolating,
And tightening, she felt.

Wash them well,
But never let them in.

An inhale,
A depth sounding.

Thickened gargle,
A gargoyle without teeth.
Just spit it out already!

Exclaimed the soaked through saint.

What of it though -
This water
Will just seep back in again.

This bubbling breath
Misplaced,
Like a sip outside the lips.

An underwater howl -
No, there are no gills,
Human lungs, unfortunately.
And she is in too deep.