

Cutting Cascade

by Anna Post

Jackson Pollock painting recreated on the calf of my pant leg
water rushes into my mesh shoes
pushes up around my ankle
engulfs my bones in an icy rush
strains my muscles while relaxes my body.
A sudden awakening
forces myself to snap to a state of alertness
and my eyes to sharpen with a harsh clarity
polishes my mind while suffocates my mobility.