

Algae

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You go deep, into the shaggy seaweed as if in the fallen hair of
the sea,

- You've also lost quite a bit of hair in the last few years,
haven't you?

You comb it with your fingers, stroke it with your palms,
suddenly recall that as long as it's in the water, it is alive.

You dive into the water, put a pile of it on your head, and press
it down,

You press it with both hands against your head so that this
sea-overseas grass revives you.

It slides onto your face, and you lament to it,

You bury your nose in it, whisper something to it, cry to it,
- human salt into sea salty, -

You consider Algae a she, a friend, you rely on her - and you're
surfacing,

Taking your breath,
No - to take a breath...

Into this dauntingly outlandish world.

Outside

