POETRY

Immigration

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"Reptiloid 2.0" by Frida Pini

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Imagine:
you dive into a lake
on a hot summer day.
Your feet rooted in the wooden springboard;
its warmth supportive, caring.
The clear emerald waters allure you,
promising an escape. A change.
You feel prepared:
it’s going to be cold.
But on entering
this other element,
the shock sends currents through your body.
Your every cell is surprized.
You swim as fast as you can,
striking the surface: splash! splash!
wishing to be warm again.
And it gets better.
Little by little you relax:
you marvel at shimmering tiny waves glowing gold —
they seem to look different from here.
Turquoise dragonflies,
majestic seaweed.
Plumes of bubbles follow your movements amiably.
You might even float on your back,
with arms outspread,
and smile.
But you can never be a fish.

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