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Lockdown in the Sound

I was swimming
when the lockdown started
and was now thoroughly lost.

The lockdown started
and I swam in the lost.

The tritium, once leaked
into the Sound,
now sounded like bees.

Triton lives in the Sound
lost for so many years:
as children are lost, he is lost.

I swam in the sound
of nuclear subs,
wrist-watch illuminating
the fauna.

The subsonic sound of
the leak from the Sound
illuminated fins under-
water.

For 30 years the subs haven't leaked
tritium, but now bloom trillium during this
lockdown: the three white flowers rising
up like the seaweed beneath.

The flowers bloom like
leaked rheum from ileum.
Did I tell you that tumors
have blossomed out of
season inside of my
mother? No radiation
helps. She leaks. She
sheds. The body has
locked down.

The wifi signal is weak
underwater, our Zoom incomplete.

We live in the past,
the present, the future.

Blown out to sea, we moor
our bodies to a lobster pot.

Each year is imprinted on
a lobster's body. They
are not witnesses to what
the land suffers but they
sense the changes in the
water.

Lobsters like dogs
communicate by urine.

One limb at a time, I crawl
through the sea, out of
the sea, onto the land.

In the stories, our elegies
for others are always
the elegies for ourselves.

And the funeral, not for
the dead but us, the
dying.

Everything is in motion,
perpetuating – but our Zoom
is not ambitious – the moon wanes.

During the lockdown, we
live through zooming into
aspects of our lives, lives
lived through the
microscope. We look
closely, and live closely,
so closely we've
forgotten how to live as a
whole.

In the distant future I am
swimming through the
murk of algae blooms
and viral loads.

In the distant
future, I am unloading
in the present tense and
the future perfect.

In the future perfect,
fish will have swum
for a long time with masks –

We take off our masks
when we swim, and we
know what it is we are
missing.

My mother, as she was
leaving, said, 'Will I see
you again? Will I come out alive?'

To my mother, as I was
leaving, I said, 'I am
going for a swim.'

So I went for a swim
in the Sound where Triton lived,
but I am a child,
and like all children, I am lost.

In the future, I will find
you, Mother, walking on
water lilies.

But for now, you sleep
in your watery grave,
tubes draining you
of the sea that's drowning you
from inside out.

Our heart beats amplify
in water, our heart beats are running
through our bones.

In our bones, we can feel
another wave coming.

In our bones, the
language blows with the
currents below.

We water the plants,
water our hearts, our
lungs, even our bones

in this Sound are watery.

