

Dammed

I walk from the river, all shimmer and shine, light dancing like fish-scales about my legs. I feel the air drying them - the solid earth beneath my feet powdery - dried by the hot summer sun. I luxuriate in every movement: my breath, sucked deeply into my lungs, is a glass of chilled champagne, its little bubbles effervescing frantically in my blood, making me alive, visceral. How I love this earth, I think: how I love moving through one element to another, how I love being fully present in each.

Wading out from the cool, dark waters, I step into my jeans, wriggling like a fish caught on a hook as I try to get my damp legs into them. I slip my green cold shoulder top over my head and feel the wet tangle of thick, sodden hair, as a cool river against my back.

Gazing upwards, I am greeted by the titan who towers above me, staring in wonder at the river beneath; fists raised, silver skin shining, he has fought many battles and is proud to show his scars: matt-red, bloodied knuckles are raised in defiant triumph against a world which does not perceive his majesty. I know him well. His foundations are sunk deep into the waters which have flowed over him for many years.

I clamber up the riverbank towards him, touch his steel form, warmed to baked treacle in the noon sun. I feel him breathe then too, rhythmically, in unison with me, and we are one, melded together once more. I feel the atoms in the steel vibrate faster and faster at my touch, the molecules moving further and further apart: I must be careful lest he become molten at my touch, so I remove my hand from his body and I know that all metal everywhere will know I have arrived again on terra firma. Such is the connection of all things.

I ponder the mystery of the flow of things; even that which appears solid is invisibly moving at a rate too slow for mortal eyes to comprehend. The illusion of the 3D world fascinates me. What must it be like to never know the heartbreak of a bridge, to never know its sorrow, be pierced by its utter joy? I wonder.

I remove my hand, release the connection, and gaze towards my destination. The school nestles under the flyover, dissected by two roads and train-tracks, the energy around it is strong. There is love here. The most powerful force of them all.

The cars on the bridge buzz about me, angry and waspish, puncturing the flesh of the clear blue sky, their poisonous, toxic pollution so invisibly deadly, one could drown in it without ever knowing. Stinging again and again, leaving their venom of carbon monoxide behind them, they float across the bridge without any sense of remorse for the damage they are inflicting.

I am almost at the school now, nestled in what it believes to be a safe haven. I'm about to turn their little world upside down, teach them about the interconnectedness of all things, how we all flow together, merge into one another. How today I inhale the recycled breath you exhaled yesterday...

He's tall, young and handsome of course, and mesmerised by me, his eyes black whirlpools, all colour eclipsed by this oh so immediate attraction. We don't need words. I turn lightly on my heel. Walk towards the river. My home. He follows.

I stand at the edge of the river, gazing temptingly at him over my shoulder, and step in to it, ankle deep. He looks afraid for a second, then takes off his shoes to join me. Wild swimming is all the rage now and he doesn't want to appear weak and unmanly in my presence. The river bubbles a little, like soap suds about us, and I walk more deeply into this hot tub of delight, him following, as if he were on a leash.

The snag traps him then, feet tangle in green weeds and he begins to awaken. Fear crosses his face, but I kiss him then, deeply, passionately, longingly, and all fear dissolves in an ecstasy of drowning.

They'll find him tomorrow, washed ashore with a serene look upon his face. A beautiful corpse. Devoid of all vibration, except that of decay and decomposition. His life-flow stopped forever, his body will liquify to feed the earth. The river is satisfied. It calls to me, "Peg, Peg," and I am consumed into it once more. Tomorrow they will report his death, blame reeds, debris and weeds, no one believes in me anymore, which makes my task along the Tees oh so easy now.

I see my face in the river with its complexion of green. The beauty has slid from me and will not return until the river has selected its next victim. I see him now reflected in the water, young, handsome, just my type. The area is rural this time. We can't allow them to see the pattern.

