

Water Is the Body



The water inhales her,
swallowing slow and careful,
like eating a satisfying meal—
a grateful, humble exchange,
the fingers a moving prayer.

The water consumes her
with barely a lick,
the way it accepts
an Olympic gold-medal
winning high diver.

The water bends a little,
expectant, and sees
the diver's frictionless entrance,
her slicing precision
creating a smooth passage.

The water celebrates.
its cheer not a loud splash
but a lack of sound and motion,
a silent bowed head,
welcoming her to become water.

Heidi Kasa

Heidi Kasa writes fiction and poetry. Her work has been a finalist for a Black Lawrence Press award, shortlisted for a Fractured Literary award, and sold at City Lights bookstore in San Francisco. Heidi's writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Racket*, *Meat for Tea*, *The Raw Art Review*, and *Ab Terra*. Her debut fiction chapbook is forthcoming from *Monday Night Press* in winter 2021. Check out her writing at www.heidikasa.com. She has lived in Massachusetts, DC, California, and Texas, and has left a part of her heart in each of these places. She works as an editor and currently lives in Austin.

