

# Cry Me a River

Maggie Schneider

cry me a river so i can dip my toes in. or a lake. i have no preference.

you don't have to tell me i'm selfish, i know that already.  
self-ish. self-removed. self apart, self not me.

the tide of your water will rise and cover my calves. eventually.  
the change of a few inches in a length of time. only an outsider could return and see the difference

we tell ourselves the tide changes because of the pull of the moon.  
is the tide grateful for guidance? or reluctant to the tug?

i'm standing in shallow water now and my bikini line is forgotten among the bubbles in the surface  
pebbles intertwine with my toes as i walk in deeper

i can sense stillness if i focus hard enough. only if i focus hard enough.

my shoulders disappear and i get used to the cold.  
my muscles shudder in the space of a half-second.

do you like the sun, offering radiance? or is its heat too brash and too much?  
do you prefer the rain instead, offering renewal? or is it too unpredictable, uncontrollable?  
you have to pick one.

my head is all that exists now. survives, now.  
i use it to detach from the rest of me.  
self-ish.

my right hand will reach towards the sky as i feel the top of myself dip below this body.