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### **Underwater**

I imagine it would be like breathing underwater  
But if I try, I might die  
Why?  
You try, and if you die  
I'll tell them you were trying to breathe underwater

I went down to the ocean one night  
had dinner in a joint by the beach  
shrimp skewers with cocktail sauce  
and the house vino, a bottle or two  
the place was empty, or packed  
I stared at the moon- “super moon”  
service was terrible, I won't return  
but I still tipped ridiculously well  
left all my cash on that little table  
outside I took my shoes off  
threw them in a garbage bin  
wish I could have lived my whole life  
barefoot- the ground always sand

or concrete, or grass, or wood  
I passed a lot of strangers on the boardwalk  
they were all looking at the super moon  
and eating, and laughing, and singing  
if I hadn't left all my cash somewhere  
I would have shown my love for  
that old guy playing sucky guitar  
he was untalented, but had heart  
someone left their dog tied to a bench  
I talked to him or her for a while  
we bonded over abandonment  
and cookies and whatnot  
his or her fur was kind of a mess  
so was my hair, we bonded over that as well  
I bummed a cig from a bum  
he stank, but seemed in good spirits  
told me he was excited about  
the recent legalization of gay marriage  
his brother was gay, he said  
though he hadn't talked to him  
for years and years and years  
because his brother didn't want to  
he said he was really happy for him  
and wished him nothing but the best  
I got on the beach, the sand was chilly  
felt good on my feet, there were blisters  
that's why I threw away my shoes  
they were always uncomfortable

I ran around in circles  
did jumping jacks and handstands  
cartwheels and running man  
played air guitar and sang reggae  
or maybe I yelled it more than I sang it  
I think it was “jamming” by bob marley  
there was no one on the beach  
I had it all to myself, all of it  
and the ocean smashing a million waves  
that’s when I decided to try it  
“fuck it, you only live once, right?”  
I had always been curious to see  
what it’d be like to breathe underwater

## **Villain**

“I am the one walking barefoot  
in grass cut like glass”  
he says while licking his fingers.  
He doesn’t want to share his courage,  
this self-proclaimed gangsta.  
“What makes a villain?”  
the story probingly continues.  
Green, hazel, black eyes  
seeing the world through broken filters.  
“I am the one who’s been thrown  
to the wolves here”  
he says while the choir continues  
its scornful melody,  
no one wants this nobody to be anybody.  
“Anyone who wants to be somebody,  
has to do nothing but everything”  
he says while poking a hole in the thick,  
velvety curtain blocking the view.  
His clothes fall to the floor and  
he is naked, everyone else is not.  
A monologue well versed ensues,  
as gasps and huffs rise to a crescendo  
enclosing the auditorium.  
Green, hazel, black eyes  
see through broken filters,  
a show expertly maneuvered

by a state-proclaimed conductor.

“I am the one who won’t call  
tomorrow today”

he says while his knees weaken and  
hit the stage floor.

He doesn’t want to share his fear,  
this self-made underdog.

“What makes a villain is what a villain makes!!!”

the story abruptly ends,  
three exclamation points  
putting it to rest for good.