

ANNETTE LAPOINTE

## THE AIR FULL OF WATER AT SEA LEVEL

you promised to go swimming with me  
when the rains ended

days waiting

I want you like loud water  
    pulling  
at my fingers  
everything I write is  
of you  
    immersed

my last dream  
was of walking through libraries  
and opening books  
    the water bowl on the table  
had your face in it