

CONSECRATION

David Essex

I recalled the Diving Game (named also Acapulco) we made ourselves play up the quarry's ascending ledges, told her of the foolish risks we took, invincibly adolescent. How my friend ended it, how they deputized the rescue divers, of the searchlights' full moons on the water, the hooks, the winches and the rest of the grappling tackle, the last rites in the parking lot, now turned Lover's Lane. The July night was scalding hot, as if heat radiated from the doubloon above us. She took the lead. We scraped under the rusty wire, stripping in midstride as we raced hell-bent for the edge. She stopped and contemplated the onyx water, naked and unashamed. I joked about the Inca ritual, the sacrificial pit, trying to remember where it would be deep enough, trying to empty my mind of desire. She stepped to the edge, I took her hand, together we gave ourselves to gravity.