

Dead Man's Float · *James Frazee*

After holding your breath sixty seconds,  
the pressure in your lungs  
wheezes out like dead air  
from the bed pillows. In the shallow end  
of a lake, you sink to its floor  
where the filtered daylight  
covers your back like a blanket.  
You swear if this lasts any longer  
you might explode. You see the second hand  
of a clock stop, your lungs  
admitting only water.  
Now there are footsteps  
coming down a hallway  
and your entire body lifts  
uncontrollably to the surface,  
your room focuses, your father  
appears at the end of your bed  
and replaces the kicked-away blanket,  
combs his hand through your hair,  
clicks off the lamp  
and the last thing he says is Goodnight.