

CHRISTINE SWINT

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Swimming Stockbridge Bowl

I'm swimming toward the island,  
away from my son on the dock  
where he suns his blemished chest.

Low in the sky, a diamond of geese.  
Wind on my face, smell of stone-green lake.  
He told me later he watched my red cap

disappear into the dark water.  
There's an element of faith when we  
migrate from shore, that we'll keep

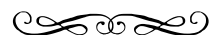
the markers stored somewhere—  
the lake's curve near the spruce,  
the white buoy, signs that tell us

we're on the right path. I've gone too far,  
I know I could cramp, but now the island  
is just as close as the beach. I see

the boulders on the island's edge.  
Shallow-water weeds tangle in the heart  
my hands trace in dark-water breaststroke.

A snail brushes against an arm.  
I circle back, full of deep lake silence  
of solitary, deep lung, frog kick breath

dipping and rising to catch the air  
training my eyes on the hillside, the blur  
of blue gray floating dock where my son lies.



## ABOUT CHRISTINE SWINT

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Christine Swint received an MFA in creative writing from Georgia State University as well as an MA in Spanish language and literature from Middlebury College. She currently lives in the metro Atlanta area, where she leads a writing workshop at Spruill Center for the Arts and teaches English composition at Georgia Perimeter College. Her poems have appeared in *Slant*, *Tampa Review*, *Flycatcher*, and *Hobble Creek Review*. She writes about poetry, art, and spirituality at *Balanced on the Edge* ([christineswint.com](http://christineswint.com)).

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