

# I Remember Tendon Water

Cinema Strange

I'm sitting slowly, I'm bending my knees. Cold granite touches my skin where the veins are close, stealing the warmth from the back of my legs... I lay down on the stone seaside and wait for waves. When I am damp I will see my first friend and he'll laugh at my hair floating far, far behind me. I know my toes are inadequate undersea tools but my first friend will help me to be...

Quite simply I'm sinking and thinking of times in the past where bouancy marked my adventure. I know that the darkness is partly to blame for the fact that this sensation has not a name...

My tiny child was killed by a car and my twin brother lives so far away. First friend has working gills! My last love took all of her pills!

My friend, by the way, is green in the gills and on an average day can swim millions of ways. About the nails and scales he is a silvery blue, and it's not that he swam, but rather, he flew!

I thought it would be dark like the space between dreaming down here but I can see a half-moon above me, elusive, yet mostly sub-orbital... see how my friend splashes wildly! He coats every drop of the moonlight and sends it in swirls past my face in the cold, salty water. He has no idea of the pain that it causes to fight the temptation to follow it down!

My friend hasn't noticed I'm blue in the face! He's just not aware that my man-lungs need air! But I'm loathe to swim up towards the surface where headaches and car-battered children will clutch at my brains...

And if you ever ask if I can fly, I'll tell you, "Yes, I've died!" The wings that form post-mortem ebb and flow with every tide. Skin and tendons fall away, but I shall glide forever fey, and nails and scales in the dampest depths shall lead me far away...