

# LIGHT<sup>®</sup>

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SOLITUDE

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## *Featured in this issue*

### PHOTOGRAPHY

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### POETRY

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H C LEE | *After a Dive*

Fountains keep the surface disturbed  
as the announcer pulls out the numbers –  
each splash quantifiable in the seasoned eyes.  
He came in his dark-blue Speedo.  
His tone a gift from the sun.  
Two years ago we met in the same club and  
he was an expert at eight. A much more defined build now  
though I am taller still.  
Half-dry from the warm-up pool he makes  
his nimble steps on the springboard in style.  
Forward summersault with a twist, ranks four at the moment.  
He turns his back to the pool, adjusts his swimwear around  
hips and opens his wings to embrace the wind that never comes.  
Heels up, four bounces before the usual leap.  
The twisty backflip brings the dolphin straight down  
to the blueness, feet first, clean with small bubbling quarrels.  
I see him climb up from the side,  
muscling his way through the swiping of the glassy jelly  
that fails to cover his awe, his eyelashes glistened.  
He did a back one.  
Ahmed gazes all corners of the pool to find  
his coach with his lips sealed by an indifferent finger.  
Now a metre above, I have a thirty-second window to watch him  
dissolve into the massage pool, crying.  
My fists at waist, showing off my sheet-white  
skinny packs before I make my move.  
Smothered by the distant echoing cheers and tunes and all,  
I hear only an atonement from a child, dark comforts  
spread, chattering of moving waters,  
my name.