**The Girls at Oxford Lake**

Daria Uporsky

We would swim out to the farthest dock

with the tallest jumps, suspended in an ilium of hills—

the mountains we saw as uninhibited, giant women

taking the sun. Hair dripping, bodies smelling of the silt,

we sunk like stones into the stomach of the lake.

Where the lures of sirens were deafening,

and we would pretend to die, to be one of them,

opening our mouths to let the soft plum of the water

enter us. Retracting from the moss and muck,

its dark tickle, its cursive edge. A struggle to hold onto

the faint world of the unburdened, of the unbuilt.

To be barely ripe and meant for no one but ourselves.