**Returning to Water**

Lorrie Ness

My finger glides along the rim,

circles the twilight

between our bodies.

Every birth leaves this depression.

A navel is shape of loss. They tell me

she thumbed

the knotted cord like rosary, recited

the Apostles’ Creed.

She believes in God, the father almighty,

creator of heaven and earth.

I take my first breath,

and lose everything I’ve ever known.

I find my way back by mapping the flesh —

putting a needle to the skin,

drawing each boundary as its crossed.

Every line is a fault

so I search your body

for the sea, for the safety of water

rushing my mouth.