Siren Call of the Temptress

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From the shore, the water seemed unsettled
and it rocked itself inconstolably.
But when I stood on the pier, the water
quit hiding behind shorelines,
the edge-crust of staring eyes,
and roared its distress.

"You have to put your head under the water
if you're going to learn how to swim,"
the instructor told Aaron.

Finally unleashed, it curled
into itself and bashed
down onto the pier. Once, and then again.
Leap up, and crash down.
It mesmerized me.
In its fury, I sensed
its longing to grip the pier
and let it crumble.
The pier shook and I shivered with it.

At first, the water seemed to dare me,
showing me the steel greyness
of sharp wave tips.

"No!" He trembled all over.
"I don't want to put my head in the water."

On the planks, water thumped and pounded
until it became my heartbeat.
And then it beckoned.

"Everybody has to put their head in the water."

My thoughts and I were one,
swirling and churning inside,
immersed in frigid water--
in my eyes and ears,
in my mouth,
in my lungs.
My feet scraped across the planks as I moved forward.