Sifting Through Water

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SIFTING THROUGH WATER

Laura Wasserman

A pain was splitting my head into forks and grooves as we drove through the shoving winds of Martinez towards home.

I watched other cars and the people inside them as my father drove, and noticed that every face was almost exactly the same. Consumed by a need to end up somewhere, consumed by the lines painting the road in front of them.

Sometimes a driver would look over at me and I wondered if it was an instinctual thing all humans share—the ability to feel when another person is observing them, even if that person is ducked low in the back seat, keeping her head reclined just so it isn't fully revealed by the window.
When we arrived home a few minutes shy of two hours later, my mother shooed me into the bathtub saying “It won’t kill you to relax a bit.”

I ducked my head under the soapy water and the roar of the faucet thunderted in my ears.

I wished I had a portrait of myself like that, lying in the cream colored bathtub, in the dark orange and white tiled room, with eyes clenched tightly and only my nose uncovered by the water.

Maybe that’s all there is.
Momentum.
To keep us going forward even when we have no resting place in mind.

I released the drain plug with a wrinkled toe and listened as the water poured itself down the pipes, watched as the water receded around my hips, crept down my fleshy calves, and pooled around my ankles.