

A Letter to Anyone

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Summers ago,
When I worked at a summer camp
I remember that everyday
The kids would go swimming,
Just a part of their schedule.

I remember as a kid,
Growing up in Vegas,
When I went to summer camp
I loved pool days.

One year I went to a tennis camp,
And every day we would be burning for hours in the heat,
Putting on sunscreen as much as possible
Chugging water in hopes of clearing our chapped throats.

I would be tired and sweaty,
And when we were done
We would walk along the sidewalk,
Where the green grass would come onto the edges
Peaking through its cracks,
To the pool right across the street

Running to the changing rooms
In order to jump into the cold chlorinated water
As fast as we could,
As a voice yelled at us to slow down

I remember everyday
I would stand on one of the diving boards,
And look down.
I always felt so little,
Because when I looked down
The pool seemed miles away,
And I would hear the other kids
Yelling to jump

And everyday I would,
And my body seemed to go so far under the water
It felt as if I might not come back up.
Under the cold water,
My nose filling up as I paddled as fast as I could to the top,
Breaking the surface,
Taking a deep breath of air.
Then I would run up
And go jump again.

But years later,
It's not as fun,
To stand and watch the kids at pool time.
There is no cold relief.
You don't get to jump from that diving board.

When your neon shirt seems to burn into the skin of your back,
And you have to make sure their heads aren't under for too long,
Making sure they don't push, pull, or hold someone under,
Wishing that I could be right back where I was,
On top of that diving board,
Ready to jump in.