

Give me my swim

By Tamara Evans

No one's going to sort through my things,
I'm told. it's all going in a skip. Well, fair enough
but now the moment has arrived, what if
they say I'm allowed to have one memory,
only one, to keep? I'll say give me my swim
in the rocky blue-green waters off Capri
when a shoal of flying fish leapt in front of me,
their bodies the exact night-purple of the wine-dark sea.
This is what I'll choose to remember
without hesitation. Of course. I knew it would be.