

## Rebekah Bloyd

*This poem features immersions in four locations, in the British Isles and in northern California. It grew from a project in which I tracked water's behavior over a period of months, after reading this statement by Polish sociologist and philosopher Zygmunt Bauman: "For liquids it is mostly time that matters." I have come to agree through immersion not only in water but also in the mutable record of the human species on our planet.*

### Where Water Channels or Holds

*four immersions in two continents*

*one*

**Handa Island, wildlife reserve**

offcoast of Scotland, west  
tufted by nests, shit-spattered sandstone

cliffs & sea stack  
seadive & surface  
surface & dart

razorbills, puffins

black-etch the skies

cross island, blackhouses  
unthatched  
summer's heat wave atop

my freckled limbs

flail inside      gasp-of-cold sea

*two*

## Ynys Llanddwyn, a tidal island

sainted finger of Wales

gravelly shores

checkered-back turnstones, dexterous feet

we too wade icewater

admit our bruises, sweat ourselves inland

dunes and hills

parch marks

appear

ancient henges and walls

where water channels or holds

deep down

exposed by drought, drone-documented

in Wales, Ireland, England

fraying grass blankets above

## BC Celts make love

the hydrologic cycle

will take its time

**Bodega Beach, California**

berm-based circle of turkey vultures   hook & pull   scuff & claw dead gull flesh

we walk where damp sand gives   imprint, release   imprint, release   amethyst  
jellies adorn   the beach face   here   here   here  
So many! locals say

Hole in the Head, locals said

builder brains failed   Bodega Head's proposed nuclear power plant  
emptied themselves from the project   synapses like eels

black-crowned night herons   pied-billed grebes   song sparrows inhabit  
a 70  
foot  
deep  
bowl  
hole-pond

*four*

**Río de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe**

valley river   woven with Ohlone Spaniards plums silicon chips  
your gaze

south-to-north, her singular body  
beyond

our city San José

bitterns hidden in the reeds I believe  
Do you?          Dip

stretches underlies surfaces  
its million open mouths