

the dolphins at the zoo, I stand in the dim solitude. The figures flowing over and over, around and around. White and blue in a fluid pas de deux. An everlasting baptism.

How does it feel to know water as a natural habitat? How does it feel to not know fear?

I sit on the cement stadium steps, arranged like backless pews in a hushed church auditorium, before the dolphins' expansive baptismal. And then I bend over, bow before them in a forward baptism. And I wait for the water to answer.