

## Diving for Words

by James B. Goode

Below the skin of the classroom  
the water is cold and murky  
we are diving for words  
with little air left in the tanks  
dangerous dangling participles  
lurk  
in the darkness below  
an ink pen  
walking across the ocean floor  
some objectless preposition  
drifting down  
landing just before the period  
two sentences running together  
like a grilled cheese sandwich  
paragraphs turn into a salad no one wants to eat—  
the metaphor is drowning  
like a bitch dog with twelve pups  
I struggle to teach them how to dive  
but we are both going down  
in the same murky water  
with the same depleted tanks  
with the same familiar fears  
still there.