

THE WATER WAS ROUGH AS I MADE MY SWIM,
THE CURRENT SO STRONG, FLOWING AGAINST ME.
I FOUGHT ANGRILY WITH THE WATER UNTIL MY BODY
WAS DEAD,

BUT THE WATER SEEMED TO THROW ME AROUND WITH
EASE,

AS IF I WAS AS LIGHT AS A SNOWFLAKE,
BUT I DID NOT GIVE UP.

SOMETHING INSIDE ME TOLD ME THAT I NEEDED TO
REACH THIS PLACE, THIS ISLAND,
WHICH SEEMED SO CLOSE FROM THE SHORELINE.

I MADE MY WAY THROUGH THE WATER AND WAVES.
I HAD FINALLY REACHED MY DESTINATION. I DID
IT.

I FELT A WAVE OF RELIEF THROUGH MY BODY.
I FELT LIKE A CHAMPION, I HAD HIT THE GAME-
WINNING SHOT AND WAS HOLDING THE TROPHY,

BUT THERE WAS ONE PROBLEM:

I WAS ALONE, ISOLATED.

THERE WERE NO CHEERING CROWDS
CHANTING MY NAME;

IN FACT, THERE WAS NOBODY AT ALL—
NOBODY TO EVEN GIVE ME A MERE PAT ON THE BACK
OR A “GOOD JOB.”

WHERE WERE MY CHEERING FANS?

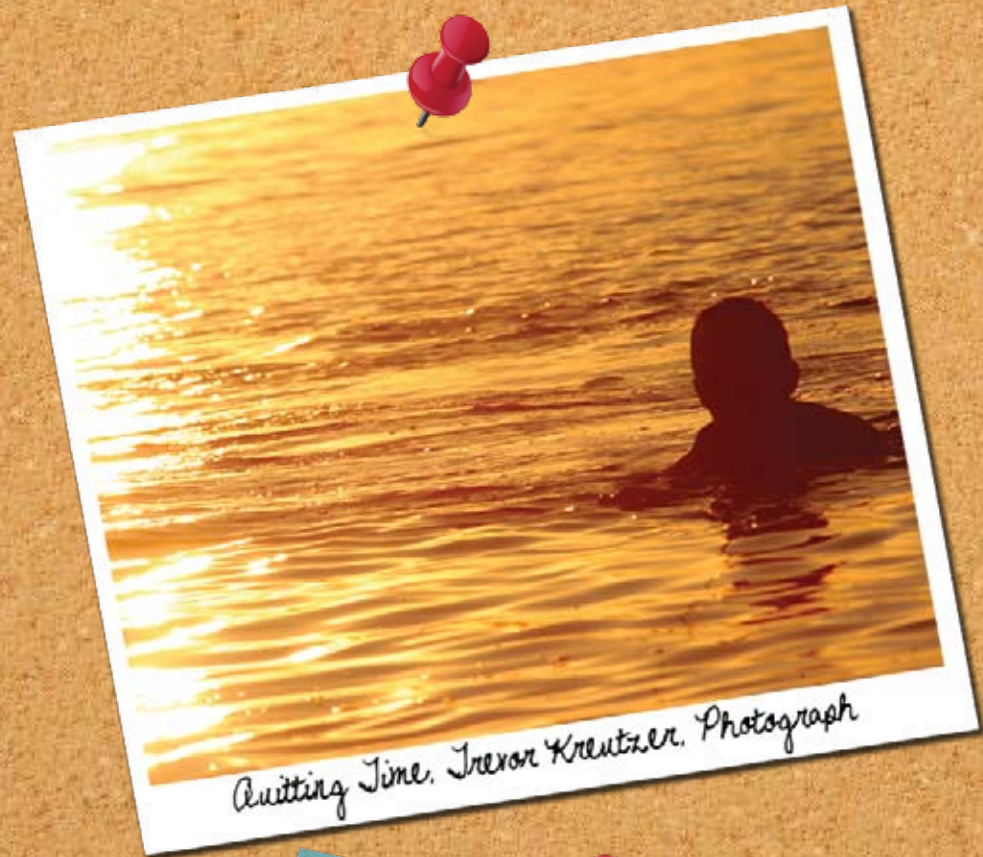
I WAS SUDDENLY SADDENED AND NEEDED TO GO
HOME.

WHEN I REACHED MY HOUSE ON THAT GLOOMY DAY,
WHICH HAD SEEMED MUCH SUNNIER THAT MORNING,
I WAITED— WAITED FOR ANYTHING,
ANYONE TO KNOCK ON MY DOOR OR GIVE ME A CALL,
BUT NO ONE CALLED OR CAME; IT WAS AS IF I HAD
DONE NOTHING;

ALL MY HARD WORK WAS MEANINGLESS.

IT HAD GONE UNNOTICED.

Sincerely,
alex wantrobski



Quitting Time. Trevor Kreutzer. Photograph

