

## Sunny

*On May 18, 1965, Sunny Ang was convicted of killing his girlfriend Jenny Cheok so he could collect on her insurance. She had gone missing after a dive trip with him. Only a single flipper worn by her was found—severed cleanly at the top and bottom.*

I remember your hands  
strapping me to the tank,  
bearing its heft till you ceded  
me to water. Then your lips,

coarse as coral, snagging  
across mine. This is how you  
have always silenced me  
by softly plugging my mouth.

I sink into the sonorous cave  
of the regulator's hiss. You said,  
the key to diving was to empty  
the mind, a slow surrender

of sound and colour, your body  
possessed only by breath.  
I think of our breaths braiding  
like silk in the dark, you capsizing

me over and over, your weight  
a little death. Brackish waves  
thunder in my skull.  
A blunder of fins.

The distant sun flays  
the sea's surface. Your kiss  
a knife turned through the cage  
of my teeth. My whole life

I knew nothing but succumbing.  
When water strained to pin me  
down—this time I wrestled back.