

# Mud

Katharina Dobecki

I was stuck in the mud, shin-deep,  
every time I wiggled my rain boots I was sinking deeper  
millimetre by millimetre  
all around me, all I could see,  
were people,  
stuck,  
some ankle-high, barely scraping by,  
shuffling one foot at a time.

but other people,  
other people had it worse than me,  
stuck in the mud to their knee, their hip,  
waist-deep unable to move an inch.

I had friends like that once,  
stuck in the mud like me,  
worse than me.  
they used to be stuck next to me.  
But unlike me, they got free, no longer stuck next to me -  
they're out, called for help,  
got pulled out, or pulled themselves out  
Now they're walking around dried mud stuck around their throat,  
boots squelching and damp on dry land.

I thought about getting out,  
calling for help, getting pulled out.  
But looking around at all of the people stuck in the mud like me  
all I can think is,  
why help me?  
I'm only stuck to my knee.  
there are people around me actually suffering,  
the mud to their chin.  
why help me?  
When I'm only stuck, unable to move  
but otherwise perfectly free.

When around me people are drowning,  
fighting and choking down in the mud.  
Sometimes all I can see is the tip of their head.  
stuck in the mud.

Those are the people that need help.  
Not me.  
I am safe in the mud, stuck to my knee.