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Skimming Currents

Bruce Pritchett

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SKIMMING CURRENTS

In the old photo
I am bright
white hair
and teeth in a grin
barely above the boat's side.

The world is flat, with only
white-fenced houses growing grapes
that warm my tongue
and make me pucker. I crunch
their bitter seeds.

Dad smiles at me
as he slouches like he's
in a bathtub. I face him
with the oars around my ears. The wood
boat rumbles, the oarlocks creak in their rust—

I'm lifting heavy water
under the oar-end. Turned
flat, the oar dives deep like my hand
out the car window,
skimming freeway currents.

Bruce Pritchett