

Drowned Boy

And if I spend a day –

 this safe and busy day then

 others like it –

with this child's body

(still sweet with babyhood)

 weighing on my shoulders, pressing

on the tendons of my neck,

 the choke

 of salt water

 seeping into my clothes, my shoes –

what would it matter?

It's the least I can do.

Ineluctable suck and

 push of the sea,

this middle passage:

 a rumpled red t-shirt and blue shorts,

 black sneakers, carefully laced –

 your father calls you

 the most beautiful child in the world –

but now

you are face down in the grit of warm

wet sand,

still looking for an island and

shattering our hearts –

shards

of darkness and refracting light,

changing everything.