

The path to the dam.

Caitlin Maling

Our Dads laid the lime-
stones. We couldn't lift
or nudge them with our toes
because of what we might catch
under. Like you can't put your feet
down the bottom, we were
too soft for yabbies, and you
never dive from the bank
because the logs move
where they can't be seen
overnight. We kept to the surface
struck with water-boatmen,
sun-skitterish pin-pricks of life,
scattering away from the ripples
our fingers made. The year
he laid the path, my father
moved elsewhere, and I
put my head under
for the first time,
past the warm spot.
Swam deep,
it was so dark
and so cold,
there was no
way up.