

Agape In Georgian Bay
Barb Minett

That summer
it was a sweet pleasure
to watch
the sun brown your skin
while you lay on the rocks.

A brief respite before you
and your gang hurled
yourselves off the dock-
making up new dives
with mythic names.

Around the World!
The High Fly!
The Cannonball that Drowned the Earth!

Each day
your body became
more confident
shaping any act
coming up laughing.

And I can taste my own adolescent summer.
The joy that came with being released
from everything
but a body in motion.
The feeling of travelling from wet to dry to wet,
from cold to warm to cold,
over and over and over.

I want
to ride a lightning bolt
across the dark of night
see the sky lit
by black and white,
catch a glimpse
of how it fits.