

Swimming Lessons And More

Thin strands of muscle dance along his forearms as he holds her like a pillow above the water. My daughter's eyes are whitecaps flickering with excitement. The two of them move across the pool on time with coach's whistle. Three feet of water—an ocean to her—is the quiet crossing of generations to him. Waves move like memories to me:

Hunting—we walk through thick forest in red plaid, rifles held loosely at sides, talking of women and sex, my face turning the color of my jacket beneath leaves of orange.

Swimming—an ice-cold May lake stuns us to life at 5 a.m. as a loon sounds, calling all to life. This, after a night of playing cards, talking golf beneath a single white light bulb in a lake-side cabin.

The night before my wedding—in setting sunlight outside a stone church, his impassioned voice speaking of what it means to be a husband and father.

The salty scent of chlorine brings me back. My daughter, my dreams for her, move through the sea of jade in the same arms that showed me all.

J.R. Corrigan