

## Vacation at the Ancestral Place

We camped on a wide, sacred base,  
and waded into the water to vacuum  
the morning. I'd told Father I preferred  
a tent to their endless family meetings.

For a while we swam along  
a submerged branch, with its  
cornucopia of blossoming legs  
scraping us gently,

crossed a wide expanse of water,  
entered a chapel, and came out in a city  
of canals. From the banks, through  
library windows or from esplanades,  
people called out, seeking a liver donor.

We backstroked a wide arc that drew  
us alongside the embankment,  
then crawled the channel back  
into the bay, not winded or sore from yelling.

Later we walked with the children along  
the I-don't-know-what toward the island, to deal  
with what we thought they weren't dealing with.  
A couple of rubies we were, claret in the sun.