

Swim School

Perfect little girls and boys, grinning gamely,
Jump at me from the steps
Trusting
I won't drop them
Told I'll return them and
Their precious souls
To their parents
Watching apprehensively
From the chairs on the deck

I pick them up and say, "Good job!"
Turn
And push them on their way
Still struggling
To the other end of the small pool
While their Moms and Dads
Hearts in their mouths
Hope they don't die
Before they get to the
Other side

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