

# Backyard Pool Memories

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Absolutely nothing	in my father's voice	coming from underneath the water	in our swimming pool when	he listened to the radio in the garage
whistling, too twisting the air in his mouth	do I want to remember the sound,	and the sun against our backyard pool	my memories should stop	where there is no whistling no father, no sun and no me
and my mother is	a well full of thick dirt	where I can dig and reach	but my father's the narrow passageway	I entered as a child
hoping to find him	and nothing of me	but I never did and now	I can no longer see	him deep and dark the passageway
going underneath is	far too thin	I want to turn back	and	I can't get out.