

CARTWHEELS

My daughter's doing cartwheels in the garden
her small hands
grasp the earth like starfish
her white hair sweeps the weeds
and I think of her first floating
then sinking
the current carrying
her like I once could sending her
end over end
the air as an ocean
we live to drown in the spokes
that keep the rim from failing
the circumference of a summer's day
and again this
her drowning in air