

# Waterlogged

Katie Rogers

Bouncing in the lake with my cousins and delight,

Purple lips, seaweed and sand in my suit.

It's way past sundown and time to go in.

Here comes my dad, descending the lawn.

I catch his eye and lower my head.

(Uh, oh.

Guess we should have listened to the moms.)

He silently lifts my little body from the lake like a trout

And carries me, dripping, under one arm.

I'm parked on the picnic table, ready for the after swimming ritual.

I can see into his eyes when I'm this tall, so I look.

The beach towel is in position, warm inside from leftover sun.

Dad's magical one-move bathing suit/sand removal trick

Is over once again before I can figure it out

And I'm wordlessly rolled in the crispy cloth, securely, arms and all.

He carries me close and high on his shoulder through the cooling night

Like a no-armed princess, into the cottage.

I rest my head on his and know that he loves me.