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I Wake Up in the Boat

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I WAKCA THE BOAT THE BOAT

ANNA CATONE

I stand over my father while his heart turns over, speeds up, slows.

The Captain makes a joke about putting a dead man in a freezer. My father sitting up now. Looking out.

We have sailed out far this time. No sand, tall reeds, no bedrock. All night only stars, the sea.

I can see all the way down into it.