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Pool Day

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Pool Day

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“It’s pool day, pool day,” greeted Benjamin of four,
Mimicked by his sister Lizabeth of two,
Clamoring from their parents’ rent-a-car
To mount the porch steps of our seaview home,
Their parents coming now with diapers, carseats, and the kind of smiles
That four-years’ parenting can paint on youth.
“Pool day, pool day,” chanted Benjamin again
While Lizzie whispered “Poo Day”
As a fiat for a half-formed world,
Her expectations straining toward our deck where white-capped peaks of moving blue
Leaped obediently and drew her
Shrieking past the wall of jaded guardians
To lands whose hue small children enter once
To relive till their death as “spots of time,”
The Prelude flashing through my mind, where Wordsworth,
Coming from behind the shrubs
Of every place I live, finds rest.

The Pool Day promise, interrupted
By the toilet, dinner, bath time, prayers and bed,
Became next morning’s mantra, then a test
That sent the driven parents through the morning gloom
And chilly winds and rain instead of sun
To break the icy waters of our white-tiled tarn.

Reliving, I too watched the tiny glowing bodies of my gold-haired guests
Splash madly in the shallows and the rain
Then quickly seek dry towels, blankets, mother’s, father’s arms
And lunch at home, warm clothes, and turns with my big shoes.
Successive rides on tiny sparkling shoreline crests,
With plastic orange buckets catching living shells and seaweed drapes,
Successive rides on silver shoreline trains,
Successive feasts of shrimp on piers above black-suited surfers in the boiling waves,
Successive visits to red starfish, dancing jellies, baby sharks,
Successive hours of singing childhood rimes and fighting over carseats, crayons, books,
Successive crying in the nights,
Demanding milk, approval, comfort, “Look at Me!”

Resisting bedtime, mealtime, bathtime, time to grow,
They raced and pulled each other, wide-eyed, through a week of years,
Entranced by things I’d think too small or ordinary for a glance,
Then left our house reciting as their car
Withdrew, just—
“Pool day, Pool Day” in their incantation
Of the dream they’d made,
That far surpassed what life had held
To lighten future years of ordinary dust.

A rusty shovel, muddy shells, and rotting seaweed drapes,
Like Cain’s rejected offerings from a week of youthful work
Neglected, lay atop the altar of my seaside steps,
Till Wordsworth helped me bear them sadly to the jaded hedge.