

Don't You Remember?

Danyelle Pullens

It was a pretty day,
the sun was shining its
pretty pretty smile
and the clouds seemed to
glide from place to place.

Don't you remember, Daddy?

My tiny fingers held the fishing pole,
awkward and not yet strong enough
to cast it on my own. You wrapped
your hands over mine and together we swayed
back

and

forth

back

and

forth

until we let the line go.

Don't you remember, Daddy?

I caught a fish that day,
something small, blue, and new.
"We'll keep it," you said. And
I said no, because the fish was a baby
and I remember saying
"Babies need their daddies,
just like I need you."

Don't you remember?

Daddy?

