ADAM TAVEL

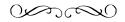
Son Net for Bob Hicok

The day my youngest child became a net witless villagers scooped his diamond holes and cast them at the sea. Aghast, I too dove in and turned my skin to silvered scales

that flashed sunlight against the rusted poles of docks. It mesmerized the orphans let loose and drenched, whose summers littered shoes in cattails' bobbing songs that made a gale

of every infant breeze. I grew to hate the sun itself, my shining in it small that gave such joy to ragged bronzing knaves while my boy sank. But soon I dimmed the hall

in mind that held his room, his beam, the brave and spreading fall he made beneath the waves.



ABOUT ADAM TAVEL

Adam Tavel is the author of *Red Flag Up* (Kattywompus Press 2013), *Plash & Levitation* (University of Alaska Press 2015), and *The Fawn Abyss* (forthcoming from Salmon Poetry). His poems have appeared in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Sycamore Review*, *Passages North*, *The Journal*, and *Valparaiso Poetry Review*. He is a professor of English at Wor-Wic Community College in Salisbury, Maryland. His website is located at adamtavel.com.

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