

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.

HERON TREE

2 August 2015

herontree.com/tavel1

