

**The Deep End** (*A Darwinian Snapshot*)

She thrives in shallow water,  
an appendage of her porpoise float,  
which she calls *Lisa*.

She knows everyone now,  
Bob and his son Bobby, wife Rebecca,  
the three sisters visiting from Indiana,  
even “Grandma,” aground with guarded grin,  
homage to the five year old’s social prowl.

And I lie in full sunlight, barely visible.

She later crawls out of her cerulean sea,  
bathed in chlorinated perfume,  
spots the tan chameleon and announces,  
“This is my daddy. His name is Michael.”  
My brown skin pinks before a blaze of teeth.

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