

ALAN HILL

THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE

We walked to the supermarket
mother and father
son and daughter

dipped under the weak knees
of a May sun. The unfolded clatter of rush hour
bedded itself down beyond suburbia.

My small children held hands,
locked in the tightly significant knotting
of their bodies,

which were once our bodies
and others before that
then going back beyond
from two legs to four, to fins and gills.

All that we were and are,
all of it leads to this:

a small boy sitting in a shopping cart
and a girl barely big enough to push.