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Bait
You promised him
fishing by the sea
built him up
with tales of sharks and blue marlin
the hope of
some quality father & son time
tackle box full of bait
you take him
down that battered dirt road
bottle pressed
to your lips
he watches his daddy
fade away
you sit there on the shore
sway like the waves
drag on a smoke
wave your hand
go on Jack
go play.

*This poem has never been published in peer-reviewed media.**Received November 25, 2008**Accepted January 12, 2009**Published online February 12, 2009*