



I remember teaching him to swim. His dark eyes daring me to drop him; he told me he could do it, to let him go. The lake water was cold, glacial.

And I did. I dropped my son into the lake's shallow bowl. His head submerged and then his raised arms. My panic was complete, coming from a source a long way from here, from the bed where he was conceived, from how long we had been trying to have him, each bored with the other's body's roles, but happy, too.

I reached to pull my son back to breath.

He was kicking, though, kicking his way up, furious I didn't trust his instincts.

He fought out of the water and up onto the shore, a dark mass of matter. A boy.