

# Under the Boathouse

by David Bottoms

Out of my clothes, I ran past the boathouse  
to the edge of the dock  
and stood before the naked silence of the lake,  
on the drive behind me, my wife  
rattling the keys, calling for help with the grill,  
the groceries wedged into the trunk.  
Near the tail end of her voice, I sprang  
from the homemade board, bent body  
like a hinge, and speared the surface,  
cut through water I would not open my eyes in,  
to hear the junked depth pop in both ears  
as my right hand dug into silt and mud,  
my left clawed around a pain.  
In a fog of rust I opened my eyes to see  
what had me, and couldn't, but knew  
the fire in my hand and the weight of the thing  
holding me under, knew the shock of all  
things caught by the unknown  
as I kicked off the bottom like a frog,  
my limbs doing fearfully strange strokes,  
lungs collapsed in a confusion of bubbles,  
all air rising back to its element.  
I flailed after it, rose toward the bubbles  
breaking on light, then fell down my arm  
a tug running from a taut line.  
Halfway between the bottom of the lake  
and the bottom of the sky, I hung like a buoy  
on a short rope, and effigy  
flown in an underwater parade,  
and imagined myself hanging there forever,  
a curiosity among fishes, a bait hanging up  
instead of down. In the lung-ache,  
in the loud pulsing of my temples, what gave first  
was something in my head, a burst  
of colors like the blind see, and I saw  
against the surface a shadow like an angel  
quivering in a dead-man's float,  
then a shower of plastic knives and forks  
spilling past me in the lightened water, a can  
of barbecued beans, a bottle of A.1., napkins  
drifting down like white leaves,

heavenly litter from the world I struggled toward.  
What gave then was something on the other end,  
and my hand rose on its own and touched my face.  
Into the splintered light under the boathouse,  
the loved, suffocating air hovering over the lake,  
the cry of my wife leaning dangerously  
over the dock, empty grocery bags at her feet,  
I bobbed with a hook through the palm of my hand.

*DRA Comment: Bottoms poems are so brutally real. This is a poem about life, death and resurrection—done with a simple metaphor about a man who is so excited to be at his rented lake house that, upon arriving, he immediately jumps out of his car and dives in off the dock. What happens to him is a story of restoration. Bottoms was terrific in the classroom, and has known many other great 20<sup>th</sup> century poets and writers, including becoming close friends with Pulitzer Prize winner James Dickey. He was chosen by Robert Penn Warren as the winner of the prestigious Whitman Award. He has written nine books of poetry and two novels.*