

## David Wilcox

# "Slipping Through My Fist"

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From Underneath

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I have drifted down a ways along the shoreline,  
I just watched these ropes give way  
Where they were tied.  
I could have reached out quick when the ropes first  
slipped, if I had tried,  
But I was wondering  
Where the wind was trying to take me  
Overnight, if I never did resist, and  
What strange breezes make a sailor want to  
Let it come to this,  
With lines untied, slipping through my fist.  
It is downhill all the way to the ocean,  
So of course the river always wants to flow.  
The river's been here longer,  
It's older and stronger and knows where to go,  
And I was wondering where the river's  
Trying to take me  
Overnight, if I never did resist, and  
What strange breezes make a sailor want to  
Let it come to this,  
With lines untied, slipping through my fist.  
This is where I played as a baby.  
This is where I ran as a child.  
This is where my dad took the last breath he had,  
And smiled.  
I guess I'm wondering  
Where this place is trying to take me  
Overnight, if I never did resist, and  
What strange breezes make a sailor want to  
Let it come to this,  
With lines untied, slipping through my fist.

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