

DADDY'S RED CANOE

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My brother and sister,
they know the way.
I sit, my tiny hands
holding on
to the gunnel.

My brother
in the stern
paddles without effort.
He is watching
the rising sun.

My sister
in the bow
looks
the other way.
She does not paddle.

I look behind
and see my reflection
in the blue
and green
marbled water.

We are drifting away
from the shore
in daddy's red canoe.
Our journey has only
just begun.

* **MARGARET SHAW** is a graduate student in M.A. Writing and Literature Program at Rivier. She earned B.S. in Elementary Education and Psychology from University of Massachusetts/Boston. Peggy taught kindergarten for 15 years. She was an ESL tutor for immigrants for 5 years. Peggy lives in Hudson, NH with her husband Thomas. They enjoy sailing the Prickly Heat in Wellfleet, Mass. and in Lake Winnisquam, NH, cross country skiing at Windblown, and bike riding on the Niagara Water Front in Canada. They have no pets, but enjoy neighborhood cats playing mortal combat with the field mice that inhabit their fieldstone foundation.