

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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Joanie Sobsey()

# Oars

oars in my hands like an extension of my arms  
i push water past the rowboat  
propelling us on the shining waters of lake sheldrake

it is late summer, warm but with the slightest hint of fall in the air,  
sunshine...blue sky, you know the kind of day

Birdie, Jay, Sam and I row us all with great strength across lake sheldrake  
enjoying the use of my arm muscles  
if i could row us all to safety  
i would row Birdie free of cancer  
i would row some joy into Jay  
and row Sam's hair back into his head  
but alas the shore recedes like Sam's hairline

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