



Reverse Heroics

Nearing the put-in on the Allagash
we were two happy couples in a car
my guy and two old friends
the canoes traveling along on the top

In conversation the other man had muttered to me,
"I wouldn't want you in my fox hole."
Oh, I think of battlefields and heroics
purpose and specially trained abilities

Off we went, John and wife venturing before us
facing glorious, wild gushing white water
with trusty dog Mo, and the wannigan full
of lunch, beer, and my fresh chocolate chip cookies

I in the stern of our beloved green Old Town
judging, calculating, measuring, watching
the heady joy of adventure, maybe danger
but knowing the importance of choice

Over into the brink crashed our brave soldier
grabbing over rocks, the overturned canoe gone
he, then soaking on the shore, incoherent, hypothermic
I, safely downstream, preferring my own private fox hole

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