

2008

# Catamaran 452

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### Recommended Citation

Miles, Christina (2008) "Catamaran 452," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 11 , Article 14.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol11/iss1/14>

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## Keywords

Poetry

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CHRISTINA MILES

*Catamaran 452*

We used to eat fried chicken,  
salty and wet, on the black trampoline  
of my dad's catamaran,  
number 452. Food appeared when wind  
hid, and the boat fidgeted rhythmically.

I perched on one hull and splashed my sister  
on the other. Our brother sat behind,  
hooked to a halyard—too little to balance.

Dad watched the sails for a hint  
of a gust, and Mom eyed the paddles,  
a birthday gift, tied near the rudders.

Hours later, after we'd lost at least  
one pair of sunglasses and, perhaps, a pager,  
Dad steered the boat  
to shore, and we each hopped  
off to guide it on the trailer. I pulled

sand dollars and seashells from the ocean's  
grainy floor, while others tied ropes, dismantled  
sails, and dragged the boat from the water.

From the back seat, I watched  
our Saturday, lashed to the back  
of the family van, bump down

the highway. Then it sat in the yard, white  
like chicken meat, the skin peeled off.