

What Are We Eating Today, Dad?

“Hey boys”, he says, to my brother and me,
“We’re going camping this weekend, let’s pack up the car.”
“But what about mom and the rest of the kids”, I say,
And his answer is quick, “Never mind about them, let’s get on the road.”

I’m thinking I’m twelve or thirteen, and my brother is younger,
And now it’s just us three on our way to pitching a tent in the woods.

In the dark, I turn over rocks for the fire-pit,
Critters start crawling all over my arm, and they,
And the spiders that covered my tent give me the creeps.

I go to my dad for protection, his hands always looked big to me.
“Don’t worry about ‘em”, he says, “they don’t eat much.”
I shudder and wonder exactly how much that amounts to.

“And speaking of food, what are we eating today dad, and tomorrow?”
I’m thinking I don’t remember packing that much up.
“We’re having trout”, he says. “For breakfast”, I ask.

Again the words come out from his mouth quickly,
“Yep”, he says in his undereducated version of English,
“we’re havin’ trout fer breakfast, trout fer lunch, and trout fer dinner.”

Paul Henri
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