

High Fives

by Jerry Ratch

They pull up to the curbside and he jumps out
To shake the hands in that familiar men's
Grasp/shake they do when saluting each other

If that isn't his daughter it should be, the one
Sitting in his car, with her door wide open

The younger girl sits watching
Every one of the men from the car
As the graying man touches their grasp
Making sure they each see her sitting in his car
With the engine running, on their way
To the next café maybe, or the train
Or airport, or some
Cheap motel

He seems overly proud, looking back
Over his shoulder while she moves
Uncomfortably in the car seat

Trying to find the correct attitude, or position
For her long, slender legs, pulling at the hem of her
Short skirt as demurely as possible, and
Trying her best to keep a smile going

She's still quite young
So that smile won't really wrinkle or age her
Right now

