1973

Our Separate Trips to the Ocean

Ellen Wittlinger

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1539

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
OUR SEPARATE TRIPS TO THE OCEAN

for O.

You hauled gear over your head,
waded the cold early river
only ten miles from finally
pouring itself out to the Pacific Ocean.
It couldn’t wait. You rushed
back and forth until all that was left was
a rubber raft and me.

I wore the sweater your wife made you.
It was stretched out and patched up
as if you’d had a longer marriage.

While you were blowing up the boat,
I looked along the edge for pebbles.
I found a handful, buried them
in shallows when you called me over.

Afraid of water, your stories
of adventure, I cried
until you made me take the boat across.
You followed as you promised.

We stayed days, nights;
you would have stayed forever
if I hadn’t come along.
I wanted to see what the end would be.
I wanted to see the Ocean.
I wanted to get back
and tell the story.

Ellen Wittlinger