An 8 mm Movie From 1979

Clemens Setz
I am not yet in sight. My father, so young, his sunglasses hardly believable, his tight striped shirt, swimming trunks, bathing cap. In the bright flicker of the filmed summer the young men fling sand at one another, and in the jumpy frame run through the low tide, careful not to get the camera wet. Later they’re joined by a dog, who jumps up on my father, again and again, tireless, just as he is, my father, by the sea in the blazing sun in shirt and sandals, playing in the sand, looking out to sea, his clothes bright, like the white flickering air and the heat, and the women and the days and the cars of summer. Every Frisbee comes flying back to him. Every dog jumps up on him. He shows off a handstand before the running camera, accompanied by silent applause.