

Margie Lee

## Deadheads in Puget Sound

Father and I go boating.  
The only things that slow us down  
are deadheads.

Watching from the bow,  
I search for the errant log

that storm-fell up a stream,  
pushed out like a baby  
or a poem  
in spring floods.  
Its barren roots hook it to  
the beach sand  
until winter's tide  
pulls it out to the final sea.

Drifting, it is bark-stripped,  
baked-rolled and soaked,  
heavy and leaden.

I do not see,  
and we hit.  
The motor strikes,  
the boat stops,  
and father takes out his tool chest,  
raises the motor's leg, and  
bending over replaces the shear pin.  
Soon we are moving again.

That deadhead  
will one day land on a distant shore.

Someone will walk by and say:  
That looks like a dragon  
or an eel.

