Summer

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Branches from the cherry trees scratch
our arms,
the sides of the pickup.

There's that steamy alive smell of the
orchard.

We rumble over the field.

All throughout the glancing summer
my grandfather takes us to swim in our uncle's
pool
so he can slowly get drunk with him.

We move through the water and dive for pennies.

Fumes of beer waft.

I drip and shiver over sandwiches,

a towel over my shoulders.
Livered, gnarled feet stick out in front of them.

Claws.

My grandfather's keening,
laugh drops,
like crabapples, somewhere hot.

In an old picture of my uncle over the mini-fridge
he looks like a movie star.

My dad told me once that Grandfather had said to him:

Your uncle gets more pussy than either one of us
will ever see.