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Rest Break

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Rest Break

Tomás Brockett-Delgado

Branches tugged our shoulders playfully
As we balanced down boulders cracked by gnarled roots
And rocks that clattered underfoot.

We found a sun dimpled pond
Nestled in the crests of mountains
Lined with conifers and bedded with stones.

At the shore we wearily pulled off our boots,
Peeled off our socks,
And waded in the remedial cold.

The sun sank,
Rusting in the sky, pierced by the tips of trees.
We pitched our tents around a fire.

My oldest brother knelt close to the flame,
Speckled trout in hand,
Beckoning the youngest forth.

“Want to see something dad showed me?”

The oldest gutted it,
The other absorbing the little piece of knowledge
He did not know could have been lost.

The fire sank into the earth.
On its coals we seared the trout in a buttered pan.