

## Wilderness House Literary Review 17/4

Michael Estabrook

### Tesla

*. . . I should be grateful for  
my solid middle-class upbringing  
but I'm not . . .*

I wonder what my dad would say about my son's new Tesla.

My dad who worked six days a week

in Elmer's Gas Station and Garage fixing flats and fan belts

changing spark plugs and tuning up engines.

My dad who could never quite get all the dirt and grime off his hands.

My dad who spent his spare time tinkering with the '53 Buick

parked in the grass alongside the house.

My dad who didn't have two nickels to rub together as mom liked to say.

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### Sanity

*. . . you can't change who you are  
particularly when you've  
been you for 70 years . . .*

I have a friend who's an artist he paints to keep his sanity  
but he needs an easel, canvas, paints, and brushes.

I have another friend who's a musician plays his guitar to keep his sanity  
but he needs his guitar, an amp and sheet music to guide his way.

A third friend is an actor he acts roles to keep his sanity  
but it needs a script, a stage, and an audience.

Another friend is not so fancy he's a fisherman who fishes to keep his sanity  
but he needs a rod and reel, bait, beer, and a boat.

Me, I'm a poet need to write poems to keep my sanity  
but all I need is pen and paper.

## Menauhant Beach

*... don't struggle against  
the waves, instead become one  
with the ocean . . .*

first time on the beach this summer expected the water to be cold freezing even but it's not it's warm(ish) nice

I watch the lifeguard she looks so young brushing her long brown hair pulling it up gathering it together in a red scrunchy to match her blazing red suit

need to get into the ocean every year because it seems to cleanse my soul renew my spirit brace me for the challenges ahead

the beach is fairly empty no one in the water occasional gull swooping down gliding across close to the sand

it was the Jersey Shore as a youngster Seaside Heights usually with its terrific boardwalk: games and rides, Philly cheese steaks and soft ice cream

buoy bobbing around 50 yards out reminds me of the beginning of *Jaws* the poor girl clinging to it before Bruce pulled her under to her gruesome end

and now today it's the pristine beaches of Cape Cod with their frothy waves and slate blue skies, ice cream trucks and coffee shops, harbor seals and sharks

no sharks here though on Menauhant Beach at least none that I can see although the endless shark documentaries during Shark Week on TV show sharks always around close to shore mingling with humans but not usually interested in them

Baskings, Blues, Dusky's, Porbeagles, Sand Tigers, Shortfin Makos, Spiny Dogfish, Threshers, and occasional Great Whites especially if Gray or Harbor Seals, their favorite prey items, are frolicking in the surf

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My biggest regret as an old man is never having been a lifeguard in my youth.

Of course that ship like so many others has sailed.

the lessons in all this, if any:

don't swim by the seals and be careful where you step