

# High Fives

*by* Jerry Ratch

They pull up to the curbside and he jumps out  
To shake the hands in that familiar men's  
Grasp/shake they do when saluting each other

If that isn't his daughter it should be, the one  
Sitting in his car, with her door wide open

The younger girl sits watching  
Every one of the men from the car  
As the graying man touches their grasp  
Making sure they each see her sitting in his car  
With the engine running, on their way  
To the next café maybe, or the train  
Or airport, or some  
Cheap motel

He seems overly proud, looking back  
Over his shoulder while she moves  
Uncomfortably in the car seat

Trying to find the correct attitude, or position  
For her long, slender legs, pulling at the hem of her  
Short skirt as demurely as possible, and  
Trying her best to keep a smile going

She's still quite young  
So that smile won't really wrinkle or age her  
Right now

