**Skimmers** *by Jane Burn*  
  
  
He says *mam  
 like this*   
 He says  
*for the thousandth time like* *this*He says *curl your finger  
 mam*  
And he facepalms and  
 he facepalms at my  
 plonk  
 plink  
 plunk  
He says *mam* *Epic fail*  
and he sets a pressed flatbread pebble  
loose upon the river and  
 it  
 bounces  
 five  
 times  
before giving up momentum becoming  
 sunk He says *mam  
curl your finger round like you’re holding*   
*a tiny baby* He says   
*mam at least you’re good at finding them*   
*the skimmers* and I am I am good  
at rooting out these perfect skin-smooth discs  
like a truffle hog when I place them  
in his palm he smiles as if every time  
is the first time He says  
 *mam  
 good one*  
 Then  
 sets the  
 captives  
 free