**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