

Gregory W. Leatherman was delivered by an intoxicated doctor in a farmhouse along the Allegheny Front. He discovered reading at nine by ordering obscure texts from the back pages of the *Town and Country Almanack*.

When he was ten, Greg was caught in the turbulence around a waterfall and began to sink into the river. The scenes that flailed about his mind with every desperate gasp were his first glimpses of poetry, but he was rescued by a young girl whose name he never learned and whom he has sought in every embrace since.

While in high school, Greg was suspended for reading a poem over the morning announcements. The poem attributed to Greg in the Notre Dame Review is not that poem. That poem was by Bill Knott, Greg's first poetic influence, aside from near drowning.

For many years, Greg was afraid of any body of water bigger than a puddle. But that changed when he tried sailing. When wind joined the ocean, he cast himself at its waves. Of course, they carried him to shore, and now he pays them back by editing a magazine focused on ocean environmental issues. This poem is part of that, too.