

NIGHT FISHING

The water is a glaze like loneliness at ease
with itself. I cast and close my eyes for the whir
out across the water, the line striking the surface
and sinking. I like waiting for it to settle on the bottom,
then jig it up a little. I imagine the lure in the utter dark.
I play it lightly. Fish rise. Just shy of the surface,
they play their glints off the moon on the water.
I see too my own loneliness, It is not too big
and it breathes easily. Soon, it may pretend it's rain.
Rain blurs the water. There is nothing wrong
with rain. I take a deep breath and cast and cast.

Peter Sears

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