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Fishing

Jennifer Singer
St. John Fisher College

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The clean electric joy
is easy when someone else
wraps the worm around the
hook and pierces its middle,
lets you cast into
the depths.
To watch the waves play
their tune on the
shore is easy too
when your line lies slack,
listless on the water,
your sharpened eyes see
moss creep its slow way up
the piles.
Peering for fish to catch
glimpses of their sleek
bodies is also fine,
especially when they’re
on the opposite side of
the dock from the pole,
and you can lie flat
on your belly and
watch them dance under
your reflected face.
To feel the telltale pull
on the line and reel it
in ever so slowly,
sun and water blinding.

Jennifer Singer