

## October

*Enoch Pratt Poetry Contest Runner-up*

In the windy silence this afternoon  
you and I spincast  
at perch schooled in that tidewater cove.  
They aren't fooled. But then again  
neither do they seem to mind  
the spins and twirls of our fan dancers,  
alluring little lies we arc  
into their wild cotillion.  
Hours pass. We hooked not one of them.

When I was a boy you said  
the fish don't bite schooled up like that.  
They're readying up to move somewhere.  
We both know this and yet we're here.

It's not that you've died, exactly,  
on these October afternoons  
but that you're just off casting  
in the marshes on another plane  
with red maple leaves blowing down  
from woods across some cove  
and a ragged line of geese,  
a scribble on the leaden sky.  
I see you there on a far dune,  
Casting into the school,  
caught in a rhythm not your own,  
reeling away the afternoon.