

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.