

# Fishing

By A.E. Stallings

The two of them stood in the middle water,  
The current slipping away, quick and cold,  
The sun slow at his zenith, sweating gold,  
Once, in some sullen summer of father and daughter.  
Maybe he regretted he had brought her—  
She'd rather have been elsewhere, her look told—  
Perhaps a year ago, but now too old.  
Still, she remembered lessons he had taught her:  
To cast towards shadows, where the sunlight fails  
And fishes shelter in the undergrowth.  
And when the unseen strikes, how all else pales  
Beside the bright-dark struggle, the rainbow wroth,  
Life and death weighed in the shining scales,  
The invisible line pulled taut that links them both.

Source: Poetry