

NOODLING

Fishing this morning ...
fingers noodle this cold keyboard
but bait's bad,
nothing's biting.

The only ripple
in this river
is this continual
 casting
and pulling back
 casting
and pulling back.

I throw the line again and again,
Watch it sink
 settle
See only
 stillness
 stillness
 stillness

I pull it up
see the untouched morsel
pull it off
sushi it onto the barb
toss again
watch the water ripple
as the line sinks.

Ripples glisten like halos
in the slanted whispering sun
stark silver circles
on the water's dark surface
which my inner eye
cannot break through
today.