

IMPRESSIONS

FISHING LESSON

No boat. No radar.

No walking on water.

Just my father standing there at the pond's edge,
showing us how to do it.

His feet are braced in cattle tracks, at the muddy rim
where a family of Herefords comes to drink in the afternoons.

Patiently as an ox, he demonstrates how to cast. I watch
my brothers as they hurl worms, minnows, plastic plugs
to placate silver-plated lunkers as big as dinner plates,
to please them, bring them home.

--Mary Kennan Herbert