

Charles Ghigna

WHITMAN: THE FISHERMAN

He was the silent type, the mute scholar
reading the sky instead of his books,
wasting no words above the inscrutable water,
searching instead for shades of detail,
for the sharp, deep shadows of silver,
for the subtle moves that only seers see.

He was the careful type, the peaceful brave
wrapping his weapon with string, down,
and prayer, warming his sight with colors
of sunset, waiting for sunrise to show him
the way, watching the depth of each cloud
that floated on the lake of his eyes.

He was the simple type, the timeless boy
flipping and testing his first flying rod,
urging it on past limits of hand and arm
to the other side of vision and dreams,
using all of that first moment to cast
the perfect balance of boy and boat.

He was the cautious type, the prize bass
with the broken hook still in his mouth,
staring up at the lake's final surface of man,
following the drag of the feather's taunt,
waiting, waiting, learning at last
the only reward of patience, is patience.