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Every Year

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EVERY YEAR

Every year the fishing gets harder.
You want to doze in your father's arms.
Next best thing you go to the schoolyard,
sit in a swing, watch for falling stars.
A bat swoops low, that's that.

You hire a boat, go down river.
The moon hands over its crown.
All this time not a word.

Fish sitting together at one depth
and for half a minute you feel the glory
of not having schemed at all:

the hook you bait takes little thought.
A man wants to catch his father a better fish.
Hints of spring in the water, wind pushing
hard to that bare little island every year.
He's fathering there.