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Ceremony

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Ceremony

My father fishes when he's out of work so early that he cannot see his lines cast out into the dark.

He lights a cigarette, a spark sets scales off in the sea. My father fishes when he's out of work

and tries to wake me with a jerk to the shoulder. "Get up. Get up," he coaxes softly. His lines cast out into the dark

where I'm dreaming, like a shark cuts water. He waits until I'm ready. My father...Fishes when he's out of work!

As if by ceremony he could shirk his sleepless nights, or convince me his lines cast out into the dark

amount to something more than a mark on water, more than a plea. My father fishes when he's out of work. His lines cast out into the dark.

— Christopher Millis