

Two Men and a Fish

A certain man rose early,
took his son to holy worship
where anthems filled a vaulted dome. White-
robed clerics pointed skyward, unraveling
God and mysteries,
while in the attic of his restless mind,
in a dim, dusty, cobwebbed corner,
his love of fishing stirred.

Another man rose early
and took his son to the lake.
They rowed, dropped anchor, baited hooks,
and waited in silence.
Colors, like diamonds, rubies, and
amethysts, danced on shimm'ring waters—
a stained-glass window come alive,
like Resurrection Day.”

