

Fishing With Richard, Early In June
Laura Smith

Escape from the
straight jacket of fried food,
stale cigars and beer
Into prisms of paper streamers
floating through trees.
Locust and katydids
grind out songs.
Grass and occasional
rocks pierce the souls
of tender feet not
accustomed to bare feet.
Stubby fingers roll
cheese and bread into
grimy bait balls
haphazardly finding the
way into hungry O-mouths
of fish and children.
Rusty metal hooks and
string form the darkest
cranny of the dungeon.
Twigs stolen from trees
bent from climbers.
Hurricanes whirl about
ankles and warm mud
squishes between toes.
See-through minnows
nibble, ancient crawdads
dart among moss-covered
rocks. Smooth white skin.
Trails of ant specks lift
upward, wild daisy blooms
strain against clover
toward sunlight.
Waterbugs skimming
the creek scatter silence.
Daylight fades into
the wallpaper over
the kitchen sink.