

## *Fishing Right*

I move through my death.  
Each moment, I move through my death.  
I move through my death each moment  
like a shrimp imitation darting along the edge  
of an eelgrass bed. Like a shrimp imitation  
darting a steel barb on the margin of a lair,  
I move through my death, bait  
luring bait. As bait lures prey  
I dart through my moment  
to death I move through my salt.  
Like a mallard breast feather hackled  
back around a long-shank hook, I flex,  
I flare each moment of movement through my death.  
I move through my moment, prey, bait,  
a lure luring death to a steel barb,  
darting along the fringe of the dark  
like a moment, a movement,  
a sudden flash of silver.

from LEARNING FAITH