San Antonio Review

From the Dock

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from the dock with metal bars, we threw lines into the sunlit lake. lures sank to the biting bottom, as worms did a jiggling dance on the hooks. the only chatter was birds in trees and cars on roads. muffled lips don't move, not a murmur as we sat in placidity.

side to side like strangers, we monitored bobbers lifting up and down. after a bit, we entered the boat, motor sputtering, on the prow for a shady spot. finding it gentle out as he parked it in place, dad at a halt, a grin stamped on his face.

on both sides we rocked in the flow of the water. he tied a crawler around the clasp. reeled in and thrown, the line hit the reservoir with a splashing plop. overlapped hands pulled the string out so fish were able to nip and bite. we listened to the ripples as the boat pattered, looking for a hidden spot.

dad rowed the boat under a tree, the shade was crisp as winds ruffled my chestnut hair. we quenched sandpaper throats with water jugs tipped, two poles perched against the edge. we didn't speak at all, the slow tugging dragged our brains to a chamber with no discharge button.

sitting close as a grapefruit sky sets, a lasting bond in that span. unlatching and throwing back fish caught. we didn't cook or eat them on fires, dad lived life. we stood on the shore of Wolf Creek, fish eating our bait, looking as people walked the trails.

Ash lives in a small Connecticut town. He enjoys collecting poetry books, journals, and pens. In his spare time, hobbies include: spending time with friends and family, reading, and shopping. Past publications include The Blue Nib and Circus Of Indie Artists: Nevermore Edition