

Catch and release

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [May 6, 2008](#) issue

It was once in early May, a raw day,
Bitter, on a western creek, I crouched
Beneath a weeping willow, expecting
Nothing, resting really, the black back
Eddy smooth as glass when suddenly
The rod tip bent with such great force
I almost fell, but didn't though
I couldn't move, it was that cramped
Beneath the tree nor could I even raise
My rod. I could only hold my breath,
The reel singing, line spun out,
Pulled by what I couldn't see, but
How I longed for just a glimpse,
A glimpse would be enough, I thought,
Until a glimmer showed itself, a flash
Of light deep in the dark, and then,
Of course I wanted more, the all of it
To see and hold before releasing,
Letting go. Like life, the way we're meant
To live, to let each breath be all there is,
But seldom do; it isn't easy.
Perhaps I prayed, I can't be sure, but
Inch by inch, the fish drew near, until
The moment, timeless, now, a rainbow
Like a blessing rose, shimmering,
A gift bestowed.