

## Casting

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [July 29, 2020](#) issue

This year I find the river slowed,  
The trout gone missing, insects too,  
The yellow lily, broken-stemmed,  
No wild rose or river otter, no  
Migrant warblers passing through.

Impermanence, I tell myself,  
Though given how I love to fish,  
Upset again that nothing lasts,  
But bit by bit I settle in for, after  
All, I can still cast.

Waist-deep, cold water, rod in hand,  
Fly landing gently, mending, drifting,  
Expecting nothing, needing nothing,  
Rod raised to begin again, line lifting,  
Graceful, fine as breath,

*Casting off the work of darkness*  
No sudden tug to break to flow,  
Opens me to all there is, ripple,  
Pine scent, soft breeze, shadow,  
The precious gift of letting go.