

The Other Side

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The river wild, current
fierce against my legs,
feet unsteady, I watch
fish rising on the other
side, too far to reach,
each cast, line snatched,
fly dragged downstream.

Water deep between us,
there is no crossing over,
though I am old now;
sometimes clouds part,
sun striking trout who
leap, translucent, into
crystal air beckoning.