

Clear Creek

One day he will separate
from the current of the world
and be dusted
amongst these waters.

With each passing of the artificial fly
the transparent line sings to his right ear.
He is charmed, and distanced.
He wades forward.

The river is loyal.

The waters press against his shins.

Time rushes downstream.

He does not worry.

He loves this game of deception:

taunting the scales living

between the banks.

He wades forward

waiting on one day.