

# *The Fishing Trip*

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The waves came up on shore, speaking in tongues  
While I waited for the ocean's pitched language  
To match the tenor of my heart so I could understand it.  
My sea rubbed salt in its wounds over and over  
While I looked at my feet and shored up nothing.  
My self-proclaimed genius whined with a swollen head – its surf  
Unable to quiet itself. I floated comfortably on catastrophe  
Drifting with self-pity as I worshipped past shipwrecks  
Blaming the weather for my storms.  
The full moon could not light the darkness of my pill-filled room.  
But I was going to tell you how my son became a man when I wasn't looking  
And how I'd lost him at every sunset for years –  
About how he left the house to escape with his better life  
And how my marrow knew how he sheltered me for so long  
As he tried to help me right down to his bones.  
He had to leave my weakness night after night as he outgrew me  
While I sat alone trolling the smoky basement of my victim house.  
Much later, I told him I was sorry for a lot of things.  
He was much better with it than I was.  
He'd already grown up with my totterings. He'd already felt the death  
Of a good friend. Then my son taught me how to fish for fun  
And cast my lines until I didn't care how many times  
my hook got caught in the weeds  
Or how many times my worm got stolen.