

Deep Pool

On Carolina pocket water
I wade the river tunnel tandem,
purely content, with my fishing buddy.

No one will love Darcy as I do
for his grace when he wades, swift
over slippery rocks, fluid on felt soles.
He does not cast long but drops
the fly over a rock to a hidden pool;
he who hesitates unsure on shore
is confident in a stream.
Every other cast catches a trout.

I am like no other woman
he has ever met.
We share this: wet feet,
fly-hatch in green leaf-light,
joy at trout leap,
cataract and calm.

Intent on trout I do not watch the sky darken
early, a front whipping up the escarpment.
Darcy who fears lightning will strike
insists we stop fishing. He could not have
contrived the storm would drive us to shelter.

The tin roof slopes too low to stand.
We shuck neoprene waders, share my apple
and cheese, recline on winter leaves.

Outside is other light, other time.
I have his complete attention inside
the wind and walls of water. The air
is mist, one drip strikes the floor.

Darcy says, "Your heart is a deep pool."
I say, "I thought my heart was a fish."
"No," he says, "your heart is the deep pool."

