

The Trout

Succulent Autumn prize,
dappled quivering flame
lighting the leaf-crisp bank's
ode to winter.

I raise a vicious limb:
the killing stick, poised ready
to describe the quick destroying arc,
twitches with unease.

My eyes held, the stick stayed
by breeding colour's triumph.
Mottled bronze, clear silver
like trembling spilled mercury
floating perfectly aligned, red beacons
blazing protest at my dark hunched purpose.

Do I starve?

Must procreation falter at my whim?

One blow, and the sinuous shaking passion
over gravel is denied him,
the milt's cold-blooded cloud
will never settle.

Perhaps years hence (Gods willing)

I may repeat this act,
be faced with equal fire, but the mirror
of this murmuring dying day
would shatter with my quick descending arm.
A mouldering leaf invades the gasping mouth.
It is enough: even the loud stream's garble
chides at me,
the stick is flung aside
and panic grips.

As a living symbol fades
with the dripping seconds,
my odd pained hands link
to form the cradle
that swings existence
to the waiting water's grasp.