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Why I Fish

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The first time
I sat on this beach
it was mid-tide
and the ocean was layering itself
in white folds along the coast,
one layer
    on the one before,
and the moon was low
and coming across the water in streaks like a flashlight
to the shore,
and thinning out
with the rolling edges of the breaks,
those crisp white lines
stretched out to meet
each other
and form even more white lines
thickening and then flattening
into a smooth rest and fade
under the next fold,
and I sat near
with the water sounding in regular peaks
and began to
isolate a motion
similar to the perpetual white water line tucks
and as methodical as the smooth art of the moon,
and it is now for this
    that I am fishing
waist deep in the surf
trying to match the curve of the moon
and the heavy turning of the earth
with each cast
as it seems
this is
the best way
to cast to the deep,
that
and catching the undertow
and a damn well-rigged rod.