

TO MAKE A LIVING

A wool cap pulled tightly down upon his brow
The top of a flannel peeking firmly to the North
Out from the dirty blue sweatshirt holding all of him in place

A sheer cliff topped with jagged igneous
Eons, winds and agua have shaped its coarse
Reds and oranges and shells with trips of moss

His shoes about the same as mine
His pants quite similar
His patience, his courage...
I am nauseous just watching him

300 feet to the water
A misstep to the rocks below
The fishing pole cocked up under his arm
Hangs out...out
He is six inches from out himself
God, there has got to be a better way!

He stands to reel with resistance
The wicker satchel awaits the catch
Closer, still closer
I can barely swallow

Nothing
An empty line
After cutting open the clam and placing
Calm, out it goes again
Please don't throw so hard!

We wait, I write
He sits, we both think
Eons, winds, aqua, and him in mine
What's in his?
"There has got to be a better way?"