

Two Men and a Fish

A certain man rose up early,
took his sons to holy worship,
where anthems filled a vaulted dome.
White robed clerics pointed skyward,
unraveling God and mysteries,
while in the attic of his restless mind,
inside a dusty, cobwebbed box,
his love of fishing stirred.

Another man rose up early
and took his two sons to the lake.
They rowed, dropped anchor, baited hooks,
and in unbroken silence waited.
Like diamonds, rubies, and amethysts,
Colors danced on shimm'ring waters—
a stained glass window come alive,
like Resurrection Day.