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Trout Fishing

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TROUT FISHING

Sara Verdi

There is a particular artistry to fly fishing—
The “art of imitation,”
One you perfected at an early age.
Young.

That is how I like to think of you,
About thirteen years old,
Your hair still blonde,
Standing knee-deep in the Yellowstone River,
Your slender wrists flicking the fly,
Skipping it across the surface of the water.

“You have to trick the fish,” you tell me
While you tie your own lure,
Your fingers looping white marabou feathers
Around a barbless hook.
“You have to convince the fish that your fly is real.”

I can almost see you
Lifting the slippery, chatoyant trout
From your father’s old, wood-framed net.
With a silent reverence you remove
The hook from its gasping mouth,
And return the fish to stream.
A look of boyish wonderment
Settles on your face as tailfins
Effervesce the water before you.