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How It Is In Fishing Richard Hague

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Richard Hague

HOW IT IS IN FISHING

Here are the stars in our fingertips launching messages to the dark which is like a mother. Many things move in her that we do not understand. We become electric and attentive because we are needy. Nightly we dream that what we send forth into waters will attract them. We dream that we will become better than ourselves, and that they will reply with a tentative warmth, as in the meeting of distant cousins. □ Yet we are sorry when we feel their gentle tugs at our frontiers. Somehow we have tricked them. We have misled them for reasons they may never understand. □ We had better tell them when we bring them in that we are kin, that we admire their liturgical eyes, their beautiful colors and delicate spots like the windows of cathedrals. □ But they fade so swiftly. If we want them to know about us, we had better tell them fast.