

Fishermen's Consolation

By Glenn Currier

Stayed up late into the night
drinking beer and gin and Sprite
slept fast and dreamed of being kings
but too early the alarm bell rings
so we gather our rods and reels
not exactly kicking up our heels
but dragging ourselves to the lake
just before first light breaks.

The water is calm and glassy today
below dark waters and sky of gray
we hope the hungry fish won't wait
too long before gobbling our bait
meanwhile we chit and chatter
about things that don't truly matter
and other things we'd never tell
the preacher or he'd damn us to hell.

Today the fish aren't hungry but we are
so two hours later we head for the car
store our tackle and without delay
we make our way to Pat's cafe
where we'll wait as long as it takes
for eggs bacon and piping hot cakes
lots of coffee and conversation
these bites being our only consolation.

Author's Note: Dedicated to my fishing and camping buddy Joe David – remembering our many camping and fishing trips to Lake Whitney and to Pat's Cafe.

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