



1986

Trout Fishing

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Recommended Citation

Sandholtz, Carrie (1986) "Trout Fishing," *Inscape*: Vol. 6: No. 3, Article 3.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol6/iss3/3>

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Carrie Sandholtz

TROUT FISHING

Fishing, we whiskey-rhythmed, river-sieved,
waiting on pepper-tongued trout and whispering.
Autumn's eve: twilight quickens the white of his sleeve,
lisps in the eucalyptus silvering,
sings in the plink of the shot; he lets it sink,
stiffen the line, sees the moonshine nip
at the hook, deep in the eddy's silt.



At odd, a silence interrupts the crickets,
sobers our wind-slurred syllables.
Lavender forgetfulness is spent, fast
eclipsed below the moon-slicked
black, as river rhythms grieve October's yoke.
He retrieves his cast, our hope for Autumn's last
quicksilver-bellied trout, as darkness slopes.
