

Fisherman

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Oozing sand,
squishing through beach-hardened toes;
and the salted, mellow air
beating time
like waves
against the bronzed skin.

Muscles coiled
then released;
and a mass of linked greyed strands
rippled through the air,
fell on the crest,
and settled gently over a single, silver-scaled fish,
then washed home.

Small profit,
but the breeze cleansed the body,
and the day was fair.

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