

The Old Fisherman

By Kris Thorsten

The line now appeared smaller
To his tired old eyes.
His fingers were now shaking
When he tied on his flies.

He finally finished his task,
It just took longer each time.
He then pulled out a bag
And took a sip of his wine.

His cast was still true
As the fly found its mark.
It drifted down stream gently
Until it disappeared with a start.

He raised the tip firmly
To let the fish set the hook.
The scenario played out
As if read from a book.

The huge trout broke the surface
In a tail walking display.
Then crashed back into the water
Taking more line away.

The old fisherman stiffened
And carefully took up the slack.
The fish continued to run
Being relentless in its attack.

They battled each other
Thirty minutes or more.
The fish finally gave
And was turned to the shore.

The old man knelt in the water
To cradle the trophy in his hand.
Then he noticed the notched tail
That was always his brand.

“Hello my old friend,” he said.
“My, it’s been fun this day.
Now into the water you go,
Come back again and we’ll play.”

