

A Fly Fisherman

*At the early dawn when the air is crisp
And you're standing knee deep in a beautiful rip
You see a trout rise to an unknown fly
Then your heart starts to thump and you wonder why
You're a neophyte fly fisherman.*

*You can measure and cast and study the lie
Then lengthen the line to make your first try
As you check the rod to get a good presentation
You hold your breath in solemn anticipation
You must be a fly fisherman!*

*The fly floats gently on its way to the trout
You know it will "take it" without a doubt.
You're all charged up and ready to strike
But the fly floats by because something's not right
You are still a fly fisherman.*

*You open your fly box and select a new fly
Then lengthen the tippet before the next try
Change your position to help with the cast
And hope that you have made the right decision at last
Now, you are a doubtful fly fisherman.*

*You wait a moment to settle your nerves
Then make your cast with a right hand curve
The fly settles down and the float looked good
But the trout refused it and there you stood
A dejected Fly fisherman.*

*You looked things over and were not yet beat
Then changes flies again and were ready to repeat.
The next try was poor because you rushed the cast
But the trout turned and "took" as the fly floated past
You're now a happy fly fisherman.*

*You played the fish as hard as you could
And wanted to land it and knew you would
You netted the trophy on the second try
Then released it quickly and wondered why!
You're a conservative fly fisherman.*

*The trout righted itself and swam slowly away
You hoped you would catch it another day
The day was a success and you enjoyed the thrills
Then prayed it would not be caught by the one who kills
You are now a bona fide fly fisherman!*