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Fishing on Silver Lake

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FISHING ON SILVER LAKE

The sun glares
across the bleached dock,
bathing Daddy
as he dangles
a wiggly, metallic perch
from a plastic wire.
Laughing,
he tips back
his canvas hat,
a broad grin
smearing
his boyish face.

I peer
into the wicker basket;
glittery perch and bluegill,
gleaming new coins,
slowly shiver,
now pathetic, paralyzed.

The heavy basket
pricks my arms
as I stumble
to the dock's edge.
Like a rainbow,
the slippery fish fall,
flashing in the sun,
mirrored underwater.
Breathless,
I hug the pot
of golden straw,
heedless of Daddy's shouts.

Diane Dragon