

Fishing off Fort Vic

Just like an old fashion post card
Or painted picture

The little pub in the distance
A terrace
A persistent noise of a car
A mixture

High tide between midnight and first light
Salt fish bait
Stay up late

Cast the reel in
Clinking sounds
Boats and bells
After a while the sound grows thin

Hands holding
Hanging on the reel
Carp, Dog fish or Eel

Blood spattered fish
Close my eyes
Make a wish
I feel ill

People go fishing
Some go missing

He lied

I cried.

L C S