Fishing in the dark

I was fourteen when my grandfather told me he had a tumor
In his brain and that we should go fishing again
It was in late summer, when the lake was high with trout
And he carried me on the back seat of his red bicycle
As we wheeled over patches of overgrown moss in the woods
He could not remember the trail to the lake
But we followed the rectangular signs until dusk
And we stood before dark waters to cast our lines
I watched as my grandfather’s arm dipped up and down
Holding on with care but thin as an old bamboo fishing rod
His other hand swatting at black flies, making arcs around them
We were standing for a long time in nature’s quiescence
Until the first ripples and waves signaled a presence
That would ultimately reveal itself from its surroundings
The trout is not the hard one to catch
He was silent for a moment and then let out a sigh
We stood together in the darkness of night with our lines ready
Fishing in the dark
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