

## BRIDGE FISHING

By Joe Dahut

The rat's nest of rusty lures & braid  
braided further into headache

on the telephone wire shakes in the wind.  
I'd like to add my mistake to the nest.

From the bow of an expensive boat  
driving very fast under the bridge, I glanced

up and saw the guys jigging  
ballyhoo and pinfish for anything hungry

next to the slick pylons. Once, I was a bridge fisher  
throwing out my shoulder & cursing

the boats flying beneath me. And before that,  
I spent years largemouth fishing on my feet.

Snipping worms into pieces, slipping pieces  
onto trebles and spinners by the lake.

I'd still rather get my feet wet.  
There are days, even in my belonging

where I think  
I don't belong.

