

"Shhh"

by Hugh Findlay

I fished her  
alone  
at dawn.

A deep line  
into her foggy  
pond.

Sound of breath.  
Smell of damp.

Not catching  
a thing.  
Just not  
worried about it.

Rippling.  
Rip

*pling.*

Hugh Findlay writes a lot, sometimes publishes,  
and would rather be caught fishing. He likes beer.

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