

## “Fishermen”

By Louise Moises

We meet again, my riverbank companion,  
I with limber rod and pocketed-vest filled  
with gear,  
hoping to lure a trout with a fly.  
You, in feathers bluer than the sky,  
balancing on a branch, bright eyes staring  
at the water.

A doe wanders from the willows,  
steps into the shallows, bends to drink,  
scaring the tiny fishes from their hiding places.  
In an instant, you dive, split the water with your beak,  
rise in an arc holding a silvery fish.  
I envy you: your grace, your precision, your fish.  
You are surely a master of your craft—a Kingfisher!



“Happy Kingfisher”  
by Ok Kyong Hanrahan