

John Kooistra

Commercial Fishing Dream

Last night I went home.
I had my nets out
in the lake where I grew up
and there were fish!

The sea was blue. Rip tides
stretched off in the distance
yet the green shores were
there too and with them my house.
Fish jumped beyond the net
and they were coming,
they were coming.

Now I had all my life together,
the childhood where I felt
so much at home
and the occupation
of later so far away.

Sure, there were anomalies.
There's no such thing
as an ocean lake
but you can't tell dreams that.
They've got their own nets out
and fish, like glass slivers
jumping in the distance,
are coming.