Deep Pool

On Carolina pocket water

I wade the river tunnel tandem,

purely content, with my fishing buddy.

No one will love Darcy as I do

for his grace when he wades, swift

over slippery rocks, fluid on felt soles.

He does not cast long but drops

the fly over a rock to a hidden pool;

he who hesitates unsure on shore

is confident in a stream.

Every other cast catches a trout.

I am like no other woman

he has ever met.

We share this: wet feet,

fly-hatch in green leaf-light,

joy at trout leap,

cataract and calm.

Intent on trout I do not watch the sky darken

early, a front whipping up the escarpment.

Darcy who fears lightning will strike

insists we stop fishing. He could not have

contrived the storm would drive us to shelter.

The tin roof slopes too low to stand.

We shuck neoprene waders, share my apple

and cheese, recline on winter leaves.

Outside is other light, other time.

I have his complete attention inside

the wind and walls of water. The air

is mist, one drip strikes the floor.

Darcy says, "Your heart is a deep pool."

I say, "I thought my heart was a fish."

"No," he says, "your heart is the deep pool."