

ALAN JURD

FISHING

down the dirt road that leads to the sea  
then out again like a half-drowned sailor;  
coughing the dust from a four-wheel drive fisherman,  
chasing the tailor like they are silver paper  
pinned to guide posts.  
we follow his magic rod  
as it unclips from the racks  
and rises into the salt sky.  
we bait up with young fingers  
and even younger bait,  
we follow the moves and the plonk  
beyond the breaking picces of blue water colour.  
but nothing comes to our bait  
as we soon realize,  
the fish are no whipper-snappers;  
the fish are foxes,  
with their wake-fanned brushes  
they play the chess of the deep.