

Christmas morning at the trout hatchery

by [Diane G. Scholl](#) in the [December 6, 2017](#) issue

(for Greta)

Your small shadow with its cupped
hand poised above the tank
transfigures them with joy.
Leaping from dark water, so many
copper filaments, they break
the surface, curve into slippery
arcs, and disappear to feed.
Some day when you ask if miracles
are real, you'll remember this:
bare branches and a sudden splash
of light, how love is born again
from winter's need, an open palm,
hopeful, generous, a clear voice
calling, calling to the fish.