

# Catch and release

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [May 6, 2008](#) issue

It was once in early May, a raw day,  
Bitter, on a western creek, I crouched  
Beneath a weeping willow, expecting  
Nothing, resting really, the black back  
Eddy smooth as glass when suddenly  
The rod tip bent with such great force  
I almost fell, but didn't though  
I couldn't move, it was that cramped  
Beneath the tree nor could I even raise  
My rod. I could only hold my breath,  
The reel singing, line spun out,  
Pulled by what I couldn't see, but  
How I longed for just a glimpse,  
A glimpse would be enough, I thought,  
Until a glimmer showed itself, a flash  
Of light deep in the dark, and then,  
Of course I wanted more, the all of it  
To see and hold before releasing,  
Letting go. Like life, the way we're meant  
To live, to let each breath be all there is,  
But seldom do; it isn't easy.  
Perhaps I prayed, I can't be sure, but  
Inch by inch, the fish drew near, until  
The moment, timeless, now, a rainbow  
Like a blessing rose, shimmering,  
A gift bestowed.