

# 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.