

## Sanctification

by [John C. Van Dyke](#) in the [November 18, 2020](#) issue

Knee-deep and half-frozen in the Tellico,  
You cast and watch and wait—  
    While the morning shroud lifts  
    And dawn pierces the forest's evergreen  
    In silence on every side—  
Wait for the rise and subtle strike  
That you know may never come.

You cast again, longing for the back eddy  
Along the far bank, under fir cover—  
    Only to tangle and catch  
    An Unruly knot:  
    A damned nuisance!  
So, reel in, eyes squint to work out  
What took a moment to work in.

And the river rushes past your knees,  
Over boots wedged in time-worn stone:  
    In that clouded water, rainbows  
    Dart in and out of currents,  
    Dashing upstream to deep pools,  
Before you ever get the tangle undone  
Or look to see the morning sun.