

Be Still and Know: Morning Fishing

by [Marjorie Maddox](#) in the [May 2023](#) issue

—after the painting Fishing by Jean Carruthers Wetta

In the blue-gray early mornings, when boy and man
say nothing, hear all—water, fish, wind, wave—
prayer weaves through air, a silent Amen

breaking the surface of ripple, enough to claim
a large-mouthed bass or an undulating lake of faith
in the blue-gray early morning. When boy and man

rise and ready—their rods soon casting the unspoken
across arch of sky—together they brave cold and fog, crave
prayer woven through air. Church-silent, their Amens

lap against boat, echo the language of fishermen
off Galilee's shores, how, even in storms, they share
this catch of blue-gray early mornings. Boys become men

in such weather; patience becomes praise. This is what men
teach boys while reeling day in—what to discard, to save.
This is how prayer, silent, weaves through air, Amens

arriving through motion or sun. The week the world began,
someone was fishing—water, fish, wind, wave.

It was God in those blue-gray mornings, then woman and man.
Eden's prayers wove through air: early, grateful Amens.