

## The Other Side

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [February 2025](#) issue

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The river wild, current  
fierce against my legs,  
feet unsteady, I watch  
fish rising on the other  
side, too far to reach,  
each cast, line snatched,  
fly dragged downstream.

Water deep between us,  
there is no crossing over,  
though I am old now;  
sometimes clouds part,  
sun striking trout who  
leap, translucent, into  
crystal air beckoning.