

Waiting

Keith Waterland

August exhaled its inferno breath,
sending the sun to a molten grave.
Evening splashed cool
on two bare-foot boys,
waiting with fishing poles
fashioned from willow saplings,
string, and safety pin hooks.

They awakened at first light
on adrenaline's exotic,
electric, excitement
remembering Dad's promise
of secret fishing places.

Practice casts and cork bobbers
nibbled tortured patience,
as time stretched itself out
like a summer sun cat.

And now they wait
as shadows lengthen
stretched to dusk,
for a father—lost again
to the seduction of the night.

Stabbing headlights promise
and then quickly fade,
illuminating two little
forgotten faces...
Wishing they may
with all their might
Hold back the twinkle
of the first starlight.