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.