



*NIGHT FISHING..... Sep. 18-19 1982*  
*SALLY FLOOD ©*

Long winding lanes of cats' eyes  
Houses,--- lurk in shadow,  
Here and there a lighted window  
An insomniac? or feeding babe?

Along the avenue of uneven mud  
Cut out between tangled bushes,  
The fisherman sits in his darkness  
Intent on his luminous float.

Blurred lights on the distant shore  
Slowly give way to misty dawn,  
Shadows shift to bushy trees  
And lights, to man made moons.

Seven am saw the first duck  
Straddle majestically on water,  
The first gull take the air  
Fingered shadows herald day.

The transparent wings of a dragonfly  
Glisten like jewelled tears  
Beneath the first glimmer of light,  
Flirt with the first golden ray.

A white - breasted Magpie  
With wings like windmills  
Disturb the flattened grass,  
And disappear from view.

I focus on the distant bridge  
Where a Heron takes the stage,  
His throat and beak etched high  
Like a statue, tall and taut.

I watch the drama of the gulls  
Invade! to drive the Heron out,  
The hard heavy flap of wings  
That drive him thru' the sky.

I saw Natures' magic lantern  
Portray its' wonders on a screen,  
Saw the dawn betray its' secrets  
While the fisherman toyed with dreams.