

KEVIN IRIE

## **FISHING, TANTRAMAR MARSH**

A hook is indifferent to what it can  
kill. Trout, a blur

beneath the surface. Let out the reel.  
A line to keep moving failure

along. Winch the water up through itself,  
how even emptiness feels

its own weight. Pull in whatever  
hope draws toward you. How easily

loss finds itself water. How pain  
drags through a body

like a line through a pond. How a trout  
draws out praise from the end

of a hook.