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Sestina on Fishing

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should have confidence that God would not deceive us purposefully in that revelation. Similarly, if God also revealed Himself to us in spiritual accounts, by virtue of the fact that God is truth, he would not deceive us purposefully in the written account. Therefore, any conflict between our understanding of God from nature and that which we interpret from Scripture must be a conflict based in our ability as humans to understand God's revelation from either the side of nature or Scripture ... or most likely both.

What I am understanding from you is that God gives clues to His creation through nature and writings in the Scriptures, and evolution is one of those clues. Nature's revelations and Scripture's revelations cannot be in conflict, since they both come from the same truthful source. Unless one supposes that humans have been given the wisdom and knowledge peculiar to God, humility is called for in discussing the interface of science and religion. In other words, we, as human beings, cannot put God in a box. We have to accept that our idea of what God is and how God works may be faulty.

The idea of a theology of humility coupled to a science imbued with humility offers the best hope for progress in bringing these two polar ways of understanding the universe in closer proximity to each other as they seek truth. Science is not the enemy. Science, based on rational processes endowed upon humans by God, is able to inform our perception of reality. It need not be feared.

**There Are Stories to Tell**

This earth has many stories to tell
Of those who traveled here.
Natives, foreigners, hurt and well,
All who had joy and fear.

Every generation knows the places.
Some are kept in the same way.
We walk in them and feel the traces
Of people, events from yesterday.

We can still hear them,
If we listen well.
The earth knows many secrets: There are stories to tell.

Karen Thompson

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**Sestina on Fishing**

Hidden by the undercut on the far bank under an overhanging tree
Lies the trout. He knows I am waiting
For him to rise. I want him to feed; when a fish
Feels at the surface, he'll often take a dry fly.
I want him to feed. I want him to take
My offering. I want to feel him fight and make my reel sing.

When I catch him I'll want to sing.
But I must wait. I cast my line upstream and let it drift under the tree,
Over and over, watching for the take.
Without a good deal of patience, all this waiting
Would seem endless. I know this is the right fly,
The fly that will catch this fish.

There's different reasons for coming here to fish.
Lust for blood; thirst to kill. Standing in the stream, listening to birds sing
Is the peaceful contrast. Overhead other birds fly,
Soaring great arcs, occasionally alighting in the overhanging tree
And taking off again. At home, my wife is waiting
For me to return. She wants me to take
Her fishing with me sometime. Fine, I say. I'll take
You along. But you've got to promise to fish,
And not complain. She is tired of waiting
For me to teach her how to cast a flyrod. She asks why I sing
When I cast. It helps me avoid getting my line caught in the tree,
But I tell her it's for the rhythm. Casting a fly

With the proper rhythm makes the fly
Land right on the water. I tell her this is called presentation. It doesn't take
Skill so much as practice. She asks what keeps it out of trees.
Sometimes I think it's no wonder I go so far away to fish.
There ought to be more songs about fishing. I could sing
One, but I guess it would really be about waiting.

I'm sure I've spent a lot more time waiting
Than I ever have fishing. On my next vacation I'm going to fly
To the Caribbean. I'll fish like Hemingway, and listen to the Jamaicans sing
Reggae. I'll take
My flyrod, my reel and plenty of Pepto.
All day, then I'll lie down under a palm tree.

While I've been waiting, the trout has begun to rise. I can see the take
As he leaps out of the water after my fly. Now this fish
Is mine. I sing of sunny mornings spent fishing under a tree.

John Boots