

Ruth Bavetta

Fishermen at Night

So many lights, scattered
like forget-me-nots across the dark sea.
They could be reflected stars
but the sky is clouded over. The sun,
like an old fox, has disappeared
into its dark den, and the moon has yet
to creep over Cristianitos Ridge.

Do the men on those little boats
call out to each other
in encouragement, do they argue
about who took the best spot, banter
about the Dodgers' last game?

I have faith in fish and in the multitude
of creatures that live beneath membrane
of the ocean. Little boats, just past the breakers,
it matters what you catch,
it matters that fishermen get older
and their faces change.

Ruth Bavetta's poems have appeared in *Rattle*, *Nimrod*, *American Poetry Review*, *Tar River Review*, *North American Review* and many other journals and anthologies. Her fifth book is forthcoming from FutureCycle Press. She was an Associate Editor of *Good Works Review*, and a Best of the Net and Pushcart Prize nominee.