

Ruth Hoberman

Bluefish

The road ends at the water—a slatted fence,
a cowbird staring from a post. I slide down
the sandy slope to where my husband stands
casting his line, hauling in seaweed-clumps

and casting again and again. The quiet
unspools me, frees my mind to sidle along
the silver flanks of fish and feel the dark tug
of cold. Overhead, an osprey's brown wings,

wide—I feel like prey, looking up. Another cast
and the rod arcs, bends back, the water roils,
a fish flips onto the sand—long, blue-black, frowning,
a hook looped in his lip like a strange cigar.

My husband dances with delight. I love his skill,
his patience, oh and his delight! But the fish
flails, sand clinging like breadcrumbs.
We'll eat him, or he'll throw him back.

Forgive me. I look away, shifty
and uncertain as the glittering bay.

Ruth Hoberman's poems have appeared in such journals as *Smartish Pace*, *Rhino*, *Calyx*, *Adirondack Review* and *Spoon River Poetry Review*.