

Lifelines

Waiting for a strike,
The fisherman watches the bobber.
A breeze sends the bobber tracking
Back and forth.....
Yawning.

When the bobber dips,
The fish is there.
The fisherman is here.
Is the fisherman the lure?

Suns set looking for the right bait.

The spider spins and waits
For something to jiggle the net,
To bring the bystanders
On stage for the play.

Patience tries the fisherman.
Waiting.....
The fisherman
Plays the play
In his head.

Maybe Doing doesn't Do anything.
Maybe doing is just finding
Something else to Be with.
Maybe Time is only looking
From one bobber to another
Among the fishers of men.

The excited bobber plunges,
The fish fights,
But the hook holds.
Once on shore,
The fisherman admires himself.

There is no end to the fishing.
Good days go by the catch.

The fisherman baits the hook,
The Spider repairs its net.
They wait
Poised,
Quiet,
Expectant.

Who is Catching Whom?
Who catches the fisherman
In the Web of Life?
Flash flood?
White shark?
Cancer virus?

Whose bobber is It?
Whose stage is It?
Who directs the play?

If Everything is connected,
If All things are One,
The fisherman is a player
Catching himself
While being caught
On a stage
That dissolves
Beneath him.

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