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The Old Fisherman

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The Old Fisherman

The sun curls over the tips of waves
and the old fisherman's figure goes black
against the flaming backdrop.

He plants his feet on the wooden floor,
steadies himself, rocking, rocking,
in the dawn with the ocean shifting beneath him,

full of life unseen, while he is above,
distant as the rays climbing to greet him
past the horizon.

The warmth will come soon, he knows.

One must be a fisherman to learn patience,
waiting; to learn such hope
that the light will rise again.

And the old fisherman sees it first,
eyes heavy, eyes aching,
from his small rocking boat
as he always does.

Beating the sun to morning.