

THE FISHERMAN

by Katie Vautour, St. John's - Senior Division Poetry

The fisherman paces docks, by-passing boats

lit here and there by sputtering lamps.

Hunching his neck into his silver coat

furred with droplets from mist,

he notes others taking inventory: tugging

mesh nets, slinging coils. Twisting

ropes splash into the sea. The grey

fisherman stretches long legs,

steps into mirror water. Claws clutch clay,

pearl eyes scan the seabed.

Poised, lance angled down,

he lingers, stalking fish. Cocked head

calculates refraction. Strikes

with spear. Skewers feast.

The needle-nose sniper

flips its mackerel—lustrous scales swirl.

Throws throat back. Swallows.

Glass surface fragments as the fisherman unfurls

wings, rowing forward in flight.

His cry ricochets off low clouds,

disappearing into the abyss of night.