

Offering

It is the likely half-net of my life.

I stand
casting and casting into a
tumult of surf
heaving the shoulder high swing
of heavy roped fisherman's net.

I release,
and it sails through the air
before plunging heavily
through clear green water.

My Net
sinking.

Arcing,
slowly,
gracefully,
lethally
over it's
yearned for
(vital) occupants.

Before being dragged
hand over hand
back to the surface
to be checked for
it's wide-eyed offering.