Catch and Release

Trevor Taylor

You used to take us to Jefferson lake.
To me it looked more like a pond but all
lakes were small compared to Michigan. We’d
stand on the banks where the cattails grew and
watch the dragonflies dance in the summer
sun. We were all your babies then. Even
my dad – your son – you told me he’d always
be your baby. You taught me how to hook
a worm. My clumsy thumb slipped onto the
point instead, but you said fish don’t like the
taste of men. We never kept what we caught.
Neither does your memory now. It’s all just
catch and release. Names and dates have reached their
limit. But I hope your hooks are still in me.
Pierce me twice so I don’t slip away. Till
I’m swallowed whole at the bottom of the lake.