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Fishing For Monsters

Sheryl L. Nelms

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it was dough balls
and stink bait
mixed days
before

then we had to wait
for the night
of the full
moon

we'd go at dusk

spread out
Grandma's old quilt

bait the hooks
loft them out
set the tensions and wait

In the darkening night
with the water-cooled breeze
chattering the cottonwood leaves

we would listen
for the whine of a reel
or the flop of a giant cat

as the cicadas packed seventeen years of buzz
into one blitz

and late in the night we would eat
white bread sandwiches
of cheddar cheese and mustard

and I would squint
at the moon-rippled water
from the spot
between Mom
and Dad.

and imagine
my life

FISHING FOR MONSTERS

BY SHERYL L. NELMS



ILLUSTRATION BY KEDRON SMITH