

I Sit, as a Fisherman, With a Tight Line on Memory

I sit, as a fisherman, with a tight line on memory.

The voice of my father

Clearly laughing up and hard within

And almost unable to cease.

God what a distance from now.

~~I remember the room of many padded chairs~~

~~And wealthy women~~

~~Not giving birth, but only reflecting on its being given.~~

~~The beetles do not choose to choose.~~

~~Let us seize rare moments of comedy when they come~~

~~And heartily laugh.~~

(1955)

