

*A Fisher of Hearts*

By Rita A Simmonds

Fasting, praying, weeping,  
and not sleeping,  
I turn my mind to the sea;  
I will solve my problem  
with a line –  
there are still so many mouths to feed.

At dawn you come with counsel:  
“Cast, that I may fill.”  
Beyond all fathom,  
such a weight!  
I can't deny it's you.

I leave the catch to flip and gasp –  
the net cannot be torn.  
The greatest length is overcome  
to feast with you on shore.

“Do you love me?”  
is the line  
that sounds and probes my heart.  
It reels me in,  
unhooks my skin  
and measures not a mark.