

## BENEATH RIPPLES

...Odd wake vectors  
draw me, and silence pushes  
aside my dread  
of what is hidden.  
I stand on the dock  
above silver flashes...

A grub tail hangs  
from a weight and hook;  
invisible line  
ready to flick out  
over this mystery,

to part and sluice this surface,  
to offer the false promise  
that all is balanced,  
all welcome.