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Fishing for Meaning

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Fishing for Meaning

"It's been almost a millennium,"
 you said with horror.
 You wondered how you could have rippled
 gravity waves that long
 and still not have caught enough stars
 to really matter,
 but time casts life-lines into space
 somehow without tangling them up.
 You weren't patient enough—
 your fate was stolen,
 nothing else to do but reel in and start over.
 Floundering in the cosmic bubbles
 churned up by others' success,
 you couldn't help tumbling
 rod over reel into the truth:
 you saw on one fin the crispness of the water,
 its sure tides; then on the other,
 the workings of space, unbroken.
 And with one terrible heave,
 you flung your curved lead destiny
 into the brevity of time
 and ripped it open to reveal
 a brand new fishing pole.

—Bekah Taylor '00