

## Lake Ola Fishing

Will the foreign future taste so sweet  
in another's mouth  
where the Minn Kota hums and whirs  
and churns the glass?  
Will a large mouth bass leap to eat  
in silver shallows  
while lily pads dance and bloom  
on Lake Ola air?  
Will forgetful fog blanket the morn  
or recall the past  
where I fished the weeded sandy sweep  
with my Zebco 404?  
Well-loved, let loose this earthly realm  
of word and rhyme  
Why? It's time to cast a better line;  
a grandchild's smile.  
Will you honor the host, the Planet Blue,  
the unborn child?  
Where I go, with all my heart and soul; heaven,  
I pray it be so!

By Roderick E. Billette