

Looking at Six Mile Creek

No fish from the creek today. Even the mudcat refuse
a night crawler speared on a hook, suck what clings to the bottom
instead. Behind me, a groundhog shimmers through weeds,
supple & bright as a girl's hair in summer. She may be split open
tomorrow, glistening white entrails curled on the asphalt,
blood turning dark in the sun. Picked up with plastic gloves
& burned as biological waste, her dirt-crusting brood in the nest.
Son or daughter, my kid would have been nineteen this month.
If Stephanie has a child now, I don't know. Lives in Virginia. Did.
My line drops slack, the float lying still in the water.