

## **Fish Catch Celebration**

(see <http://hopeinlight.com/Forest-Play/content/ MG 2894 Edit large.html>)

dockside, beachside, stilt-side  
I've broken down outside some stilt village  
on some edge of the Borneo Sea

just off shore  
the horizon is broken by waves and  
mangrove mazes

the tide floats me in  
through some progressions of human ecology

it happens this way  
    first I grasp the hands of white and red mangroves  
  
    salt licks for the soul  
  
    second I grasp human hands pulling me in  
  
    me and my broken boat  
  
    brought in by the waves where I've been swept upon some community

Understanding is apparent  
the motor has become flooded somehow  
we change spark plugs  
drain water  
I pay for new gasoline  
we share some snacks and laugh

between waiting for the tides I go fishing  
with a needle and nylon line

I now carry spare fishing line in my pack  
lines to link to a greater world  
pieces of human ecology  
communities we need  
people we need  
food we need  
all strung together by fishing lines  
we can hold in our hands

if we learn listen to an unfamiliar tide

if we trust ourselves  
if we trust others  
we have thoughts and feelings and messages that go beyond language  
heard in the patterings of barefeet on dock  
laughter of the catch  
the sound of fire on beach sand  
the action of turning our hands to cook fish  
connecting ourselves to one another  
with each turn and touch

we build entire lives this way  
entire relationships  
with the food we share  
broken down into the sound of the catch  
with feet running on dockside  
a fish in the hand  
makes for all kinds of possible friendships

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