

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"The Fisherman"**

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#### THE FISHERMAN

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He told the story these days with hardly a trace of  
bitterness at all, he  
said god put that tree in my road to help me hear the  
call, you see Billy  
Bateman and I were fishing buddies for six long years,  
every single  
Sunday we'd hit the lake with our rods and a few  
beers, and my life  
was a simple routine that made perfect sense to me,  
didn't realize I  
was taking so much for granted if you don't look you  
don't see, but  
trust is like a tool that never gets taken out of the tool  
box, and it can  
leave your fishing boat smashed upon the rocks.  
The fisherman will always be lost, the fisherman learns  
to pay the cost,  
a world contingent upon the will of the fate, a life  
delivered to the  
palm of fate.  
We had some hard times and my Katie took a job at the  
plant; Billy was  
her boss, we celebrated that night I watched her and  
Billy dance a  
waltz, we all joked Katie what if your new boss wants  
more than a slow  
dance, she said you'd have to give me a lot more  
than a job to get in  
my pants, it was the best of times; seemed like nothing  
could go  
wrong, but "heaven has a trap door" as they say in  
that song, I've often  
wondered how Billy could bear to sit with me in that  
boat every week,  
but thinking back there were some days when he  
didn't hardly speak.  
Well when I first found out I couldn't believe it and  
then suddenly I  
knew it was true, it made more sense than the sense of  
two and two, it

was Billy's wife Alice that came to the house and told  
me that day, she  
cried and cried and talked about how she would make  
him pay, when  
she left I got my thirty eight and I really felt like I could  
kill, I hit the  
gas with a rage but on the way there I pulled off and  
just slumped over  
the wheel, it's all over now and god and the church  
helped pull me  
thru, and I will find myself a new bride someday; one  
who loves the  
lord just as much as I do.  
The fisherman will always be lost, the fisherman learns  
to accept the  
cost, a world delivered by the balm of belief, a life  
contingent on the  
will of grief.

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