

## Ah Chee's

We fished, that summer, in Ah Chee's,  
Flicked spinning celta with the breeze  
To dark recesses of the lake.  
We fished Ah Chee's for fishing's sake.  
Saw the darting damsel flies,  
A myriad insects on the rise.  
Watched cautious caddis swarm at dusk  
Strong scent of lemon thyme and musk  
Spotted eddies, trout at play  
By stony shore, that dreamy day.  
A tightening line. A splash! At last.  
A big one. Several pounds or more.  
Bring him gently to the shore.  
But not so fast. A flick, he's free.  
And I'm on freeze-dried now for tea.

*GRM's fair e-tales*