

# Angling

Jo Clement

To fish, it is necessary  
to wear green. Only rain

could wake this wax,  
the paisley still damp

with river sweat,  
pockets cornered

with split shots of lead,  
baked pellet bones.

See how my wrists  
are small in your sleeves.

I unfold the taut steel  
of your pocket knife

from its tang  
and an angled arm

refuses to give silver,  
reels back and forth,

until the pivot locks open.  
Worn by whetstone,

sharp to touch: these fingers  
dare not close it.