

## **Flowage in the Fall**

by George Vukelich

The old man has fished this place for years.  
We fished it only yesterday.  
One last pike for old times sake  
before the winter takes this lake.

He was not too big but big enough.  
Still the old man put him back.  
Gently, I thought.  
He hooked two more and let them free.  
He put down his rod  
and packed up his pipe.

We were the last ones out of the slough  
again.  
Next spring, the old man smiled.  
Maybe next Spring.