

## **One Night, Fishing**

by George Vukelich

One night, fishing from the pier  
I felt a living presence near.  
Turning to see, turning to hear  
I saw the bullfrog on the beach.

His marsh lay on the further shore  
away from here by a mile or more.  
But this night he sat at my very door,  
silent. Watching me, just out of reach.

Above us, man's new satellite flew by.  
I do not know if it caught his eye.  
I do not know if he watched the sky  
and knew the stars, with a name for each.

Mute we stayed as the night grew cold.  
I felt, then, something, something quite old.  
Something familiar, yet something untold.  
Had he come to study, had he come to teach?

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