

Seeker

—Melanie Jongsma

alone on the bank in the wind and the gray
endlessly casting and reeling I sought
sending out lines through the roar and the spray
I found the seas empty—my lines never caught
casting and reeling
my lines never caught

patiently flinging and drawing I hauled
the wind and the waves and the cold never stilled
sullen green swells gave no heed to my call
seas ever empty—my nets never filled
flinging still drawing
my nets never filled

hopelessly I—now my fading strength gone—
yielded my lines, slowly turned from the sea;
surprised I discovered One there all along—
the Fisher of Men who'd been fishing for me,

patiently casting
and searching the sea,

endlessly casting and reeling

for me.