

Nana Log

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Pamela Anne Mitchell

I'm back

To the wild, wet Olympic Forest.

How many years gone.

How many yet to go.

I sit on the bank of the Dungeness

My son ahead casting flies into its peridot flow

His father now gone

Gone ahead of us

Gone with the years

Years he, too, cast in these waters

While I sat listening, watching, recording

Now his son, my son, our son waits

For the fly to dip; the trout to bite

Our grandson toddling ahead

His hair, his eyes sharply the color

Of his papa's

His temperament precisely the strong, shrill, wild

Of his papa's

Determined, exactly sure of his heart's desire

Trout

Salmon

All that fights for this life

All that excites the soul

Rendering the faith we all long to hold
As his father shared, in response to the question: why not let go?

Because, he said with great clarity

Because

It's still good

It's still good