

Fishing, His Birthday

*By Michael Sowder*

With adams, caddis, tricos, light cahills,  
blue-wing olives, royal coachmen, chartreuse trudes,  
green drakes, blue duns, black gnats, Nancy quills,  
Joe's hoppers, yellow humpies, purple chutes,  
prince nymphs, pheasant tails, Eileen's hare's ears,  
telicos, flashbacks, Jennifer's muddlers,  
Frank bugs, sow bugs, zug bugs, autumn splendors,  
woolly worms, black buggers, Kay's gold zuddlers,  
clippers, tippet, floatant, spools of leader,  
tin shot, lead shot, hemostats, needle nose,  
rod, reel, vest, net, boots, cap, shades and waders,  
gortex shell and one bent Macanudo—  
I wade in a swirl of May-colored water,  
cast a fine gray quill, the last tie of my father.

*The above poem appears in Michael's book *The Empty Boat**

Poet, essayist, yoga and meditation teacher, **Michael David Sowder** writes about wilderness, fatherhood, yoga, Buddhism, and spirituality. Professor of English at Utah State University, his books include *The Empty Boat*, *House Under the Moon*, and *Whitman's Ecstatic Union*. You can find his work in such places as *American Life in Poetry*, *Five Points*, *Green Mountains Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Sufi Journal*, *New Poets of the American West*, *Pilgrimage*, *The New York Times Online*, *Shambhala Sun*, *Poetry Kanto*, *The Bombay Review*, and elsewhere.