

## The Classic Angler

His motion terse, the line controlled.  
Exactly loosed and gathered tight  
Against his hand, he swept the pole  
In patterns through the first small light.

He knew the cost: bare impulse crushed  
To clear intent by careful hours,  
The struggle with the stream's blank rush,  
Becoming what the mid empowers.

The stream was now his own. He worked  
The lure precisely with the flow,  
Choosing its path along the murk  
At the riffle's edge, and let, below,

Degrees of tension as it slowed  
Reveal the nudging mouth arrive.  
He struck deliberately to know  
The unimagined fact, alive.

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