

# Lights and Shadows

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## A Fisherman's Vigil

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JACKSON

A Fisherman's Vigil

I am a Fisherman of the Swirling Deep

Who upon casting his net

Awoke the waters from sleep

Without a particle of doubt

As to where they lie.

The sea is mighty and I

Admire its ferocity

That's why the day passes

Scorching my flesh as I

Stand watch for the Master.

The sea is a chance;

A chance I took--

Chance brings fortune

And takes away life

Without a whisper

As to why.

Yesterday, I filled my ship

With Time from fathoms deep;

It was easy then.

But now my weathered hands

Tremble as my net brings

Less and less each day.

So I stand and see and know--

The sea is mighty and I

Much respect its ferocity,  
That's why the day passes  
Scorching my flesh as I  
Stand watch for the Master.  
The sunlight fades, easing my pain.  
I'll sleep in my darkened boat,  
Among my nets and my gathered Time--  
Waiting for tomorrow  
    Waiting for the sun  
        Waiting for Chance  
            Waiting, watching for the Master,  
Ever on my vigil.

Touches my soul,

Igniting the flames.

Round and round, harbor,

Transcends the spinsters;

My hand drips dew.

I could linger on forever

In your ethereal glow,

But my soul withdraws

Is distracted by the air.