

The Catch by Nathanael Zuellig

There was a time
When you and I
Used to row our humble boats
Gently down the stream of dreams,
But that was quite a while ago.

These days, our heart strings
Are virtually always taut—
We threw out a good many lines some time ago
Fishing for compliments, glory, and awe,
And our hooks all got caught in the jaws
Of what we thought were a handful of prize winning catches.

And ever since, they've been madly dragging our poor little boats
Up and down this restless river while we hold our breath
For what feels like forever.

It's not uncommon, either,
That I get frozen, stuck in place
With one desire pulling one way,
And another pulling the opposite—
And my heart strings tug and tug
'Til the tension wells up in my chest
And it feels like I'm about to crack up.

...

When I was young, the old folks used to talk about, "faith,"
And I always figured they were just being religious
For religion's sake.

But now, I'm afraid
That if someone doesn't come quickly and take
These schemes, dreams, and plans out of my hands,
Then I'll inevitably be buried in my own wake.