Remarkably Invective

The minister is aware and takes great interest. Lucky him. There is a shadow somewhere dark spilled across clear water. Undercurrents he can't explain but vexed by a shock of frost across his step he is taken back to be again remarkably calm and full of not so cheap invective. The earth seems a crust of bread and rivers run all colours, yes with someone's dark intent. O he coins it in of course handing little out with more or less to come, sometime.

Without regard to the clear road I dare a fish to leap in a trick of his fly trained eye. Then he settles the ripples return to placidity in an increasing fade. The banks are worn by walkers. A breeze revitalises the water. Immune to logic I try to hear his future breathe. He is well done to a crisp. I wonder then at his possible hurt and ours as he glides on to or by it.

They are frenzied as they feed. And after riot what? See the plate-glass window lose its distorted reflection and the light change with the water. Would they rather run in a river? Do they bleed? Are they wounded? Count your catch, farm fed mutant. The clear sky must be to such a small eye blue pain and anguish. I loved it then their flapping on a bank but now my unease watching the beset crowd.

Again the trees on the bank are steamy like fog & the beginning is way ahead held upstream in changed form. Outside of this recall a rubber extracts a fainter hue from bark. The anglers rest their rods to rest their bodies leaden by the day's pursuit, the leafy canopy like maple light over them. Here I began a little downstream the current swirling coal sludge, not now, back bent over with open hand for trout and small kudos.