

The serenity, the peace,  
Patience is a virtue but silence is a gift,  
A stream gurgles to my left , a loon sings to my right,  
The wind blows though the trees like silk on satin,  
The grass ripples like a pebble dropped in water,  
A forest grassland,  
And I dream,  
I dream of love, of joy, of hope,  
I dream of flying skimming the trees, the wind in my hair,  
And then I snap back,  
A tug on my line,  
Finally the moment I have been waiting for,  
I jerk the rod up,  
Pulling out a wormless hook,  
Again.