

## Looking at Six Mile Creek

No fish from the creek today. Even the mudcat refuse  
a night crawler speared on a hook, suck what clings to the bottom  
instead. Behind me, a groundhog shimmers through weeds,  
supple & bright as a girl's hair in summer. She may be split open  
tomorrow, glistening white entrails curled on the asphalt,  
blood turning dark in the sun. Picked up with plastic gloves  
& burned as biological waste, her dirt-crusting brood in the nest.  
Son or daughter, my kid would have been nineteen this month.  
If Stephanie has a child now, I don't know. Lives in Virginia. Did.  
My line drops slack, the float lying still in the water.