



Solo Verse Speaking : Open

Age 14 : Boys & Girls

## **The Trout**

*(for Barrie Cooke)*

Flat on the bank I parted  
Rushes to ease my hands  
In the water without a ripple  
And tilt them slowly downstream  
To where he lay, tendril-light,  
In his fluid sensual dream.

Bodiless lord of creation,  
I hung briefly above him  
Savouring my own absence,  
Senses expanding in the slow  
Motion, the photographic calm  
That grows before action.

As the curve of my hands  
Swung under his body  
He surged, with visible pleasure.  
I was so preternaturally close  
I could count every stipple  
But still cast no shadow, until

The two palms crossed in a cage  
Under the lightly pulsing gills.  
Then (entering my own enlarged  
Shape, which rode on the water)  
I gripped. To this day I can  
Taste his terror on my hands.

BY JOHN MONTAGUE