

# Glimpses

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From the plane, you look across the middle seat, past the person looking out the window. You notice that there's a little spot of blood on his chin. Probably a shaving accident this morning.

You look out the window as well. The plane is banking, so you see the ground as you look down. There are mountains. There is a sparse desert valley. There is a green line.

The green line is a field of cottonwoods, lush due to the spring-fed stream flowing near them. You look closer and see the stream, the big trees on the bank, and the water flowing over rocks.

You look closer and see a young boy, your son, sitting on his heels on one of the rocks, poking a stick in the stream.

You look closer and you see some fish in the water, in a small pool nearby. You see the boy's stick nudging some crawfish ever so slightly. They shoot backwards, throwing up silt in the water.

You feel the breeze, cool, and hear the gurgling sound of water on rocks, and hear the steady rush of a nearby waterfall. You feel the sun on your head.

You look around and see a faint image of your husband, barely discernible in the glare of the sun, with a fishing pole in his hand.

The plane banks back to level. You go back to your magazine, your ginger ale and chips.

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From your perch on the rock you can see clearly into the stream. With drifting bits of silt and bark as markers, you see the water's swift progress. You hear the water slapping over the rocks.

You put your stick in the water and see the stream flow around it, making a small wave and a bit of turbulence. You notice that everything that juts into the water, big or small, does this.

You look directly into the water and see fish of different sizes and shapes swimming. You know about all of them, just not their names. Some of them are loners, some travel together.

You look upstream and see your father standing on a rock, using his pole to gently coax a florescent line to move slowly across a still pond. You see insects land on the pond, float for awhile, then fly away. In the water you see fish looking up at the fly at the end of the line. You see their gills moving in and out quickly. You see that they are each making a decision.

You look closer at your father and you see that there are tears on his face.

You look into the water below you and see a crawfish. You put your stick up to its claw, and watch it scurry backwards, disrupting the water, leaving brown all around. You don't see where the crawfish went.

You hear an airplane and look up.

You look closer and see some people looking out of the window. You see some people asleep. You see a man looking out. He has a spot of red on his chin.

The sound fades away as the airplane disappears into the distance.

You stand up on the rock. You throw the stick into the stream, watching it float away. You climb over the rocks to stand next to your father.



It is quiet except for the sounds of the stream and a gentle breeze in the cottonwoods. You stand on a rock outcropping and with your fishing rod smoothly move the fly across the surface of the mirrored pond.

You look downstream and see your son crouching on a rock, stirring up a crawfish with a stick. You remember that he crouched on that same rock last year, and the year before that.

You look back in time, at this spot, observing yourself here over the years. You see your son go through his early growth here. You see him carry his own backpack for the first time.

You look forward in time to see him, not with you now, but with his friends. You see him later still, reverently introducing a girlfriend to this spot. You see him here as an adult, as big as you are now. He laughs and cries deeply.

You notice tears dripping onto your shirtsleeve. Loss and joy. You make no attempt to control them.

You feel your son nudge up against your thigh, quietly watching your progress with the fly.