

# Grunion Fishing

by Ed Higgins

*"Of course, most of the things I look back on fondly I never actually experienced." —Jon Favreau*

As spilled on a sandy Corona del Mar beach  
both in moonlight and starlight so lovely  
and strangely sad as if receding still  
on the waves there in lost time or no time at all  
except for nostalgia now, or as it actually happened maybe  
those flickerings of pale silver on thousands of grunion  
making the whole surf-pounded beach alive  
with the magic incandescence of slender wriggling fish.

And we two once waiting under bluish moonlight at high tide  
that long summer's night ago while giddy in the crashing waves  
with scooping up whole handfuls of slippery small fish  
into buckets bright with overflowing moon.

Using flashlights so as not to scare the fish  
watching the female arching her body  
as her tail sinks deep into the fluid sand  
while the male curls around her  
milt flowing down her silvery sides and belly  
fertilizing buried eggs beneath.

Then later wrapped in one another's arms  
listening to the sound of ourselves  
pounding in our veins as the waves recede.

Overwhelmed ever after by the ability to catch  
starlight's incandescence ourselves:  
far-traveling light and flecks of photon stars  
which must stay momentarily or forever in the mind.

All beneath the spawning of that bright above us sky  
on a warm California beach.

