

Spill

by Sara Fitzpatrick Comito

No tag and pull, nothing approaching a downward yank, just a dawning awareness of a heavy current counter to the attitude of my rod's reaching tip.

A partial reel to check, and as suspected, rising in a mound, the turtle grass prop-sheared or dissuaded by the brown algae, given advantage from runoff upriver.

Amidst those grey-green blades, a clown grimace of grouper. It is an unexpected catch. The biggest fish I've ever had on, and besides little rocky structure,

I'm fishing from shore. The beachy slope never draws such goliaths. My trudging revolutions bring him near faster than reasonable.

Is the thing swimming toward me? Ashore now, the fish gives way to an upright form. Tall, lithe, with flashing eyes, he speaks with apology in his strangely accustomed tenor. We are together until the turning of the tide, this new love and I. In the morning, all the tourists are evacuated.

A breach at the plant, for too long under wraps, has been proven by the loudmouth researchers to cause mutations among the sealife.

The health effects to humans remain unknown.

