

Melanie Carty

Gone Fishing

You have just gone fishing, you finally have some peace,
The space to gather your thoughts, prepare for sweet release.
For months you had been waiting with a still baited breath,
For the respite and the freedom waiting for you in death.
So here you sit with cap on head and trusted rod in hand,
Your favourite river your friend, caressed by loyal land.
Smiling as the pain of cancer slowly ebbs away,
You'll stay here in wait of that perfect catch day after day after day.

You have just gone fishing, find contentment in your peace,
Until we meet again my love, embrace death's sweet release.