

TROUT IN THE SPRINGHOUSE

Ron Rash

Caught by my uncle
in the Watauga River,
brought back in a bucket
because some believed
its gills were like filters,
that pureness poured into
the springhouse's trough pool,
and soon it was thriving
on sweet corn and biscuits,
guarding that spring-gush,
brushing my fingers
as I swirled the water
up in my palm cup
tasted its quickness
swimming inside me.

This is the first Western Hemisphere publication of this poem that first appeared in the Australian publication, *Quadrant*.