

Under Tattenweir Bridge



I cast my fly under Tattenweir Bridge

and as it floats back to me,
overhead, I hear a forty tonner roar
carting packed pallets of "best before"
to vast warehouses of plenty

I cast my fly under Tattenweir Bridge
and as it floats back to me
I hear the sighs of famine men
lift stone after cut stone
clacked into place
to form the perfect arch...
I wonder, to stave the hunger
did they ever take a rising trout in May
or graze the November salmon on his lie

I cast my fly under Tattenweir Bridge
And as it floats back to me
I see you, crouched in the long bank grass
flint spear by your side
no catch and release then
for salmon, trout or thirsty deer...
river food, brought back to rath or home
beside the standing stones
of Ballyreagh or Topped

As darkness falls under Tattenweir Bridge
and little trout lie side by side
the heron leaves his redwood nest,
begins his river valley glide.

Frankie McPhillips

Image: not Tattenweir Bridge at Tempo, but the old stone bridge at Manassas
by Dave Sandt