

# Pancakes and Fishing

By Glenn Currier

The alarm got us up before the sun fully awoke  
we pulled our sleepy bodies out of bed  
got on our grungies not even fixing coffee yet,  
got our gear together in the pickup  
and headed for the peninsula  
where we hoped the sand bass would be schooling,  
searching for some breakfast of worms or flashy things that looked to them like food.  
If we were lucky we hooked a few which we would cook later  
or save for the freezers back home.

When we got back to the campground  
we'd comb our hair brush our teeth and head into town  
for Pat's Cafe who served the best biscuits, eggs, hashbrowns, and pancakes in the region  
and if we were lucky Pat herself with her long black hair and sexy lips  
and substantial hips  
would stop by and in her Texas twang and charm  
she'd tell us about their farm  
we'd speak of our wives  
and some of the small details of our lives  
and how we loved that large beautiful body  
that sparkled and sang to us each spring  
and how we savored dipping into Lake Whitney.

In late afternoon we would laze about the RV  
discussing Theilhard and Jesus and Charlie  
he'd speak of Bob Wills and we'd share  
trying to make sense of the spirits there  
and how they made us leap and soar.  
We spoke in sync and explored  
lines of novels, and fascinating texts  
that made us eager to discover what was next  
that would make us laugh or shed tears  
of all those memorable years  
we'd been brothers  
afloat of the same waters  
becoming men who hoped to make their mark  
spark something good in the minds  
of other seekers who also drank wines  
fermented in corridors of learning  
who had the same yearning  
for knowledge and truth  
embedded early and deeply in our youth.

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