



Heaven's Fishing Hole

For years, the riverbank was
where
Your soul felt most at peace
Your heart was most content
when there
With the fish and the geese.
But then, your spirit came to rest
Where angels chose to roam
And once equipped with ten-
pound test
You made yourself at home.
The sky became your deep blue
sea
The clouds became your shore
And there, for all eternity
You sat with friends galore.
Each angel was a fisherman
Who had traded his pole
For golden wings and a game
plan
At Heaven's Fishing Hole.



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