

80 Fly-fishing Through the Blues

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I live in the most scenic, sensual, extreme place—Jackson Hole, Wyoming. There's mountain healing all around. But I'm sensitive. I need more than mountains.

To lose the blues I go fly-fishing. I find a secret Rocky Mountain stream and watch as my fly floats naturally down an easy current. My husband, Alex, is somewhere nearby, but out of sight around the bend. I love the quiet space.

All of a sudden the fly line zings. The weight of something animated followed by a silver streak forces me to realize the necessity of living in the moment to land this fish. Letting out line as the wild thing dashes upstream, I stumble on slick river rock. Yet the crazy bend in the rod tells me something remains connected. Heartily, I'm reeling in the empty slack of the fly line, reeling until a trout emerges. I run my hands through the water and hold this fascinating creature. The Snake River cutthroat trout wiggles furiously to show me its health and independence. I watch the mouth chomping dry air, admire the bold ginger slash on the jaw, a cutthroat's unmistakable defining feature.

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It is time now to let it go. There is no room left for anything dismal when reality can be this fantastic and rejuvenating. We are as resilient as we want to be.

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