

Perky Poets Society National Poetry Month Contest

WOULD-BE FISHERMAN

I love to watch the fish
jump out of the water,
even if they do so free
and against my wish
(that they be attached to
a hook on my line on my rod
in my hand) that's not to be.

Before my pointed hook will meet
with bass or bream or perch,
I'd have to dump out all my bait
for them to eat.
Even then, slight chance I'd stand
to feel my line give lurch.

A lump in my throat I'd feel
if such fish I could land.
And if by such catch I could gain the seal
of "Fisherman"
I would proudly wear the brand.

But the only way I will ever
live my dream (I know)
would be to pump out
all the water from this stream (bayou)
and pick them up by hand.

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