

WHOPPERS

Peter Austin

Fishing in a dory,
On a placid stretch of sea:
What the doctor ordered,
For a landsman such as me,

Visualizing whoppers
(Half a dozen, at the least),
Gutted, spiced and griddled
To a finger-lickin' feast.

Sink a bit of squid-meat
(Having stuck it on your hook);
If you feel a jiggle,
Pull it up and take a look,

So the owner told me,
But instead of cod or skate,
Nothing's ever on there
But the squid I used for bait.

Morning turns to midday,
Turns to evening, turns to night;
All that I've accomplished
Is to rack my appetite,

Though, across the water,
I can see some juvenile
Landing one a minute,
Like it's going out of style.

Nothing to be done, though,
So I'm fixing to abort,
Jettison the squid-meat
And return, post-haste, to port,

When a squall arises,
And I upchuck in the sea,
Nourishing the whoppers
That I'd hoped would nourish me.

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