Fish story

I hooked a little minnow here
To celebrate a marlin.

The big fish splashed
A mighty wave of ink,
But sadly floundered
Later in the drink.

The trophy
Turned to bait
As gaze aimed
In a barrel;
Yet story end
May console
For my obscure dry
(and not shark-battered)
little minnow landing.

April 6, 2021

Inspired by my memories of reading The Old Man and the Sea in my 10th grade English class, circa 1970 and by what I have recently learned about the end of Ernest Hemingway’s life. Hemingway’s tragic death has suggested to me that I have been blessed with a not-too-traumatic life and happy obscurity as an unfamous teacher and father or four.