

The Minnow Bucket

Five dozen minnows
are the usual lot
It is true
as is often said
they swim together
and swim fast
Fast swimmers
leave the bucket last
Little do they know
beforehand
their fate is the hook
How different the wall-eyed
pike whose ferocious bite
is meant to kill
similar to hungry perch
snapping the minnow
until it holds still
With feigned kindness
a crappie inhales its prey
A world is theirs
a water world
in which they swim
Like us creatures
with lungs
do fish give thought
to who are the ones
pulling the strings
Be it field worker
or president
or nameless arms
with beggar bowls
who are the ones
manipulating their souls