



Bernard Wills

Eels

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Back then you could fill your bucket full of eels
and I did so, with my dad and many laughing cousins:
the whole damn clan was there with rods and reels
at ready to slaughter those fuckers by the dozens
and that's what we did- till night fell- half past ten-
though even then our innocent frenzy soldiered on
raising a ruckus for every slick beast taken
and dumped into the buckets. Our killing done,

we tumbled into the trucks to head for home.
I think we threw some eels to Annie's cats.
Others we froze. Yet others we skinned and fried.
But that was the last big run of eels. We tried
for years after: nothing. Those snot green rats
had buggered who knows where through wave and foam.

