

Bottom Fishing

Herbert Breath

One hundred
dead flowers
floating by
our dory,
lure drops to
rock floor and
bobs, fake fish
hopping, so
alluring
a red fish
bites the hook,
and I haul
it up, the
lungs bursting
with air, and
so we toss
it on the
water where
it sits like
a balloon
target for
an eagle
swooping down.
I am the
red fish in
your poem.