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## An Old Man Fishing

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## AN OLD MAN FISHING

"The fish are gone," the old man thought:

"Small miracle, but once I caught

A hundred in a single day."

But the fish were gone, gone away.

"How could it be?" the old man said:

"Just yesterday, why me and Jed . . .

Or was it the day before? I know

It couldn't have been long ago."

And as he fished and watched, he wished

That he could be the boy who swished

His bare feet in the water there,

Beside the crudely-built raft where

A fine, long string of fish hung, too.

Then, where they went, he thought he knew.