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Bog Worm

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By Daniel Byford

Bog Worm

Went fishing
down by
the cat tail creek
was wishing
for some new
days

a blue

sky.

Peek

under a log

for bait and there lays

amazed

and straight

a little brown bog
worm.

Squirming

for a spell

under my gaze

he did well

to exist

on such short notice.

Then with a craze

of a twist

as if one

would not miss

him there in the sun

he spun

By David Sibby

I Left All This One Day

and deftly
left me
like a fool
with my arm
outstretched and danglin
(unwinding like a gangling
undirected spool).

Can a bog worm
himself bring any harm
or care
where
he's running to or from?

To dip and turn
And roll and slide
Stone's own will
Reminded me of the
Mastering of a thought
From conception to concrete
Or the mastering
Of one's body on the
Baller stage,
Or the mastering
Of the peculiar traits
Of a racing bull,

(Cont.)