



## A COMPLAINT . (NOT CATCHING)

T WAS ON A MORNING DULL & RAW  
T AT BY A RIVER BANK I SAW  
IN COMFORTLESS POSITION  
A MAN BENEATH A WILLOW TREE  
WITH HOOK & LINE — THE HOOK & HE  
BEING CLEARLY BENT — ON FISH'N'  
WATCHED HIM PLY HIS PATIENT TASK  
AND OFTEN FELT INCLINED TO ASK  
IF HE HAD HAD A NIP  
BUT EVERY TIME THAT I ES-SAYED  
TO SAY A WORD, THE ANGLER LAID  
HIS FINGER ON MY LIP —  
A AND SO WE WATCHED WITH EAGER LOOK  
THE LITTLE FISHES ROUND THE HOOK  
(THEY SOMETIMES SMELT & SHOOK IT)  
BUT SOMEHOW THEY WERE UP TO SHUFF.  
A SMELL WAS ALWAYS QUITE ENOUGH.

THEY'D SHUFF THE WORM — AND HOOK IT —  
THE LIVE LONG DAY WE SAT TOGETHER  
UNMINDFUL OF THE DAMPISH WEATHER —  
ONE END IN VIEW — ONE WISH  
FORGETTING MEALS AND EVERYTHING  
FOR GETTING ALL BUT FISH —  
THE SINKING SUN A PARTING RAY  
SHOT THROUGH THE MURKY AIR — THE DAY  
WAS TURNING INTO NIGHT  
AT LENGTH WE ROSE, AND GAVE IT UP  
FOR I HAD HAD ALL DAY NO SUP  
WHILE HE HAD HAD NO BITE —  
WE WANDERED HOMEWARD ARM IN ARM  
AND SOUGHT A DROP OF SOMETHING WARM  
WHERE SUCH SUPPORT IS SOLD .  
MY DAY WAS NOT IN VAIN, NOR HIS  
FOR HE HAD CAUGHT — THE RHEUMATIS  
AND I HAD CAUGHT — A COLD —

HOWARD