

The Otter

The otter that swims somnolent somersaults around my dock most mornings--

Plays with her pups and lies calmly each evening in the shallow, rhythmic—

Cattails where it is my habit to toss fish heads and fins and hearts and roe--

Cut with a razor-sharp Rapala filet knife from the speckled perch—

Jack Lanier and I have caught every afternoon this January--

Trolling minnows and beetle spins on thin filament lines from the Scout—

Center console boat, which is newly arrived and a blessing to my house--

Warming *grand* Sara Miriam's heart strings when she hears the happy news—

Jack intends to stop by later and bring red-ripe tomatoes and collards--

Dew-ly picked by Homer from his hillside garden, choice, crisp and fresh—

Gossip, greens and fish simmer in the kitchen air, as *Joy* sets the table--

Turns thanks and serves up our *fare* share from the cutting bench tonight!

1/20/2013