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 Joyce sets the table—
Turns thanks and serves up our fare share from the cutting bench tonight!

1/20/2013