

Grass Shrimp

Having lunch,
in a restaurant,
located on the water
in a large public park
over-looking busy docks;
boat ramps, as very
expensive looking fishing
boats; trucks
with expensive looking
trailers attached,
backing up and down
the ramps,
as fishermen
come and go
off the lake.

In the distance, a fluttering
beyond the boat ramps;
appearing, almost as
an afterthought,
an old man,
standing on the sidewalk,
his back to the water,
rapidly scaling and gutting fish-
scaling one-side, then
flipping the fish over
to rapidly scale the other,
then gutting the fish-
all on top of a municipal
wall that separates
the park from the lake.
A wall upon which
also supported an
upright, worn bicycle

A wind-worn, old black face,
crowned with the whitest of hair,
the old fisherman wore a worn
ball cap, worn khaki work clothes,
and worn tennis shoes.

I commented on his good fortune,
asked what he used for bait.
Grass shrimp was his reply.

I further inquired, where
one could purchase *grass shrimp*?

The old fisherman looked at me oddly,
then smiled, *Don't know, was his reply.*
I netted them up this morning.

The old fisherman
left the restaurant, passing
the lunching braggarts, none of
whom seemed to notice him.

However, as best I could tell,
the smell of raw fish quit
the building with the old fisherman's
quiet departure.

by Gene Moore, Esq.