

### A Fish Story

Then comes to me a fish of undetermined length.  
Peeking out he spits and froths his hidden strength.  
“Hey fish” say I “what brings you here?  
What airy things do you hold dear?  
Why poke your nose at me? I fear  
Not anything you can do except your nasty smell.”  
Old Mr. Fish replies nothing but  
Disappears, leaving just a ring that ever larger  
Grows till also disappears just like the fish I never  
saw.