

Fishing Line Floater

(c) 2014, by Don Poss

I lay still, as if dead behind the rice paddy berm,
praying they would believe I was a goner.
Hours seemingly passed 'til I heard them
at last whispering in their gibberish—as I
slipped into the water.

They poked and prodded, jabbed and kicked; as I played
face-down-dead, while bobbing for breath, and willing
they would buy my charade.

Through a grasped straw I inhaled, floating in my own pool of blood;
believing my own con. Someone splashed my way—rolling me face up
and there I bobbed—a *breathing-dead-guy* with a straw in his mouth.

Nice try, I thought, an *A for effort*—but that Commie wasn't born yesterday.
He pinched my nose 'till my eyes opened and index-fingered a
wide-eyed *Shush*.

In a wink he departed, with my gold ring, leaving a Zippo in my pocket.
I sneaked a peek and watched him leave, thinking,
I just might make it.

A piercing-stab in my back—a boot stomp plunged me to paddy's bottom—
and with a twisting-yank, the bayonet came out,
they sloshed noisily away.

Well I gave it a try, no time left to cry—night falls faster if you are dying.
Not yet dead, I waited . . . and waited . . . clutching planted reeds,
sucking air, wondering what fate had next for me.

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