

Fishing Line Floater

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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.
They poked and prodded
Jabbed and kicked but I
lay still and face down In the water bobbing for breath and
hoping they would buy it.

Through a long straw I did breath, floating in my own pool of blood
I thought I was Oscar convincing.
... I would have believed my own con.
But I heard someone splashing my way. He rolled me face up, and there I bobbed with that straw in my
mouth.

Nice try, I thought...an A for effort, but that commie wasn't born yesterday.
He pinched my nose till I opened my eyes then index-fingered a Shush.
With a wink he departed with my gold ring, and he left someone's Zippo in my pocket.
I rolled over hoping no one was looking, and thought I just might make it.
Then felt a bayonet jabbed in my back, and too quickly I did sink.
Well I gave it a try, no time left to cry...night falls faster when you're dying.