Unsuccessful Assault Upon a Prey Thought Unsuspecting

by Con Chapman

The fox stands hidden among the reeds at the edge of the tidal pond.

He sees a duck he thinks he can catch.

I stop to watch: I could intervene with a shout but I let him play his gambit out.

The duck is placid, unaware, or so it seems.

The fox bounds forward, pushing on
through the water, but is no match
for the water fowl, who lifts its body
out with a beat of its wings, its life not in doubt.



The fox stands in the water, his eyes beads that follow the duck in flight. He's been conned by the look of innocence, his slyness is no match. Out of his element, wet, bedraggled, outwitted, homeward he straggles.

I know how you feel, pal, I say to myself.

I went after one whom I thought unsuspecting.

Instead, I was caught unawares,
the tide coming in against me.

Now I'm up to my neck, defenseless as thee.