

# 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.

