

# The Duck Economy

*by* Larry Strattner

It's early spring and rains  
leave miniature ponds  
not deep but attractive to  
a Drake and Mallard pair  
moving into the neighborhood  
settling quacking down.

Not sensing transience  
in their comfortable puddle  
they get on swimmingly  
bottom feeding on the roughage  
shoots and grubs appearing  
by springtime magic in the water.

I watch them frolic and enjoy  
abundance and abode  
until the welcome sun and gentle wind  
slowly picks their puddle up  
blowing it east to be a morning fog  
out on further fields

Their fragile duck economy  
collapses. They are forced to move  
no matter if they love the neighborhood.  
Familiar friends, acquaintances,  
all are left behind as they flutter off  
to start anew, beget their ducklings  
upon a better choice of real estate.

