

## Ode to Emily -- A Crawdad Caught in Mammoth Pool

'Tis but a glorious life have we  
Beneath the sands of this fine sea.  
We seek some feisty neighbor out  
'Circling round we have our bout  
A quick pinch here , a fighting stance  
Across the sandy floor we dance.

Oh no! Your eyes have seen the glare  
Above the water I see you stare.  
A piece of bacon looms by you  
You forget the fight --this food is new.  
You clutch it in your precious claws  
You bite it with your tiny jaws.  
You feel your being tugged ashore  
But it tastes so good all you want is more !!

I watch you flying through the air  
The tongs come down but you don't care.  
Then into a pail -- the bacon's now gone.  
It was only a trick --what have you done !!

I fear; no, I know that no longer under sand or wave  
Will our pinching arms embrace.  
No tug-of-war -- no bursting fight  
For your eyes have turned toward that last light.  
You have little time before you die  
In boiling water you will lie.  
Your dear, dear body will turn bright red  
And we will know that you are dead.  
Your lovely tail will be broken off  
The rest of you will be simply tossed.  
You and I were such good friends of late.  
Now may you rest in peace -- on someone's plate.

By Gina Mae Asher  
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