

Light Fish

“Take your mark” rippled through the ocean wide.

At the dark surface the clouds cleared, there was the open sky.

The mysterious white ball cast hooks towards us all, we had to take the bait.

Reeling in I couldn't help but wonder, “What would be my fate?”

I looked to my left and I looked to my right, I could see the whales falling behind.

I was now competing with the smaller fish for the rights to the finish line.

As we got closer I began to doubt, "Can I, a lousy trout, really win?"

I then felt myself losing wind, becoming victim to the gravity of “Should have been”.

Fearing regret I felt the cutthroat desire to make it to the light.

I shed my thoughts, sped past the flounder, and said goodbye to the night.