

FUTILITY

OR

IT'S DAM' NICE COUNTRY ANYWAY

## TRACTOR PLANT POND

Here is a pond  
That fairly writhes  
With fish most solicitous  
For their lives.

Here pickerel, bullheads,  
And perch abound,  
And just swim 'round  
And 'round and 'round.

Golden shiners  
And pumpkinseeds,  
Prowl here and there  
Among the weeds.

And now and then  
A bass will leap,  
(Of course, not big  
Enough to keep!)

You can stand  
Upon the shore  
And try most any  
Kind of lure;

And you can cast  
And cast and cast---  
You'll find their feeding-time  
Has passed.

The bullheads here  
That taste so nice  
Are caught, if any  
When the ice  
Has just gone out  
And nights are freezing;  
(The price you pay  
For them is sneezing).

The teasing perch,  
So very mean,  
Will leave your hook  
All nice and clean.  
They never bite  
So never rue it--  
The pumpkinseeds always  
Beat them to it.

Oh, yes, there's one  
I didn't mention;  
The sucker should  
Get some attention.

In early Spring he'll  
Bite and bite,  
And pull your line  
With all his might.

## BUTTERNUT BELOW THE BRIDGE

Here is a stretch  
That's barren of trees,  
The dry-fly flinger  
It's bound to please;

Here in the dusk  
The small ones snatch  
The product of  
The latest hatch--

Minnows, dace,  
And other fry  
Grab at almost  
Any fly.

Then usually  
If you stick about  
You'll catch  
A teeny-weeny trout!

## MYERS' MILL

Here is the jewel  
Of all the stream;  
A man can just  
Sit here and dream  
And throw his hook  
Beneath the dam  
Where once he heard  
The fishes swam.

If it is a sunny day  
You sit and sit  
And stay and stay;  
Here one can muse  
From morn till night  
And care not if they ever bite!

Near the grist-mill  
One the left  
A man can cast  
If he is deft;  
While 'neath the saw-mill  
On the right  
There's room for one  
To test his might.

Above the dam there  
Is a pond,  
Of casting there  
I'm really fond.  
Out 'neath the brush  
The big ones lay--

I really caught sixteen  
Here one day!

Above the pond  
They say there's trout,  
Tho' I have never yet  
Found out-----

I know there's pickerel  
In the pond;  
With them I have a greater bond.

If ever my days of fishing  
Should become a thing of the past,  
Dear Myers' Mill, be sure that you  
Will be abandoned last!

CRYSTAL LAKE

Oh, Crystal Lake  
Thou lovely fake!  
How difficult  
It is to take  
A decent fish  
From Crystal Lake!

The pickerel in this pond  
Are small,  
They'll eat most anything  
At all;  
Dead minnows, worms,  
And flashy spinner  
All contribute to their dinner.

When you catch them  
They're so puny  
That to keep them  
Would be looney--

So you throw them  
Back to mother,  
And hopetogod  
They'll eat each other!

No more in your  
Hot boats I'll bake--  
Love, lousy, Crystal Lake.

## THORPES' COVE

Oft have we pounded  
Thy long levels,  
Casting out our  
Bright dare-devils,  
When now and then  
A fish would rise  
Just near enough  
To tantalize.

From Gilbertsville  
To Bailey's woods,  
We must admit  
You've got the goods;  
Beneath thy logs  
And in thy pools  
The pickerel hide  
And they're no fools!

If you should chance  
On what they like  
Occasionally you'll get  
A strike;  
We caught some nice ones  
In the Fall-----  
It looks as tho'  
We caught them all!



SID'S

There's not enough,  
To make a story;  
All this stretch has  
Is it's past glory.

We used to catch them  
At each bend;  
The joint's been cleaned  
And that's the end!

## NEW LISBON BRIDGE

Above the bridge and down below  
We sometimes have our fling;  
We work the rapids and the pools  
And never catch a thing.

Even on Collis Harris' land  
Where posted signs are thick,  
The fish will never fall for it  
No matter what the trick.

Above the bridge it's just as bad,  
The creek is dredged out straight.  
The pools are filled, the trout  
are gone,  
We came five years too late!

## COPE'S CORNERS

This stronghold of  
Rural picnickers  
The angler should  
Pass by;  
The tales of pickerel,  
Pike, and bass  
Are obviously  
A lie.

The creek is green,  
The water's dead,  
It fairly makes  
You squirm;  
The only thing  
It's good for  
Is a place  
To drown a worm.

## MAPLE GROVE BROOK

This sterile stream  
Roars thru the woods,  
You'd swear to god  
It had the goods.

On opening day  
The bank is lined  
With fishermen  
Frying hard to find  
Just where that one  
Lone trout is hid--  
(I do not think  
They ever did!)

I know I ne'er again shall try--  
This summer the whole darn thing  
Went dry!

## FISHER'S POND

Ah, many a futile  
Night I've spent  
Upon your shores  
With good intent,  
In vain hope this will  
Be the night  
On which those  
Too-smart bullheads bite!

The pickerel here  
To catch are cinched,  
But they're never longer  
Than ten inches;  
A night spent here  
Will soon convince you  
That Nature's forces  
Are against you.

Across this lofty  
Hilltop gem  
The breezes  
Always blow;  
They rock your bob,  
And roil the pond,  
And drive the fish  
Away from sho' ---

## THORPES' BROOK

This lovely trickle  
From the hills  
The heart with joy  
And rapture fills;  
It matters not  
How rapt you feel,  
This brook will never  
Fill your creel.

The trout have gone down  
To the Cove,  
Among the lily-pads  
There to rove;  
If you want it plainly  
Put in words,  
It's a damned good place  
To study birds;  
A place to wander  
In the breeze,  
AND PHOTOGRAPH  
THE LEEKS AND TREES!

CODA

Oh BUTTERNUT, fairBUTTERNUT  
I reel (ah!) beneath your spell,  
If you can stay so beautiful  
The fish can go to (sleep).