

# The Fisherman's Bite



A Poem by

Robert Prins

# The Fisherman's Bite

It was the perfect day for fishing as they loaded up the boat,  
The sun shone hot, the sea was calm before they set afloat.  
The fishing lines were loaded in, the bait was warm and smelly,  
As three old men all climbed aboard, they should have been on telly!

On casting off they drifted out into the open sea,  
The weather here was not so calm as it was s'posed to be.  
Brave sailors, though they claimed they were, were no match for the swell,  
And one or two of the old men began to feel unwell.

At last they finally reached the spot and anchored far from shore.  
One old man could not hold down his breakfast any more,  
Leaning over starboard side, he made a sound like thunder,  
And fed the fish a burley load of breakfast flavoured chunder.

The others baited up their lines and had a quiet laugh  
At the expense of their dear friend who felt the need to barf.  
The fishing lines were thrown out with swivel, line and bait,  
Very soon the fish would come, they only had to wait.

Soon their friend stood up again, a little worse for wear  
He wiped his hand across his mouth, his eyes filled with despair.  
He stared aghast at waves outside and tried to see beneath  
And then cried to his friends aboard, "I think I've lost me teeth!"

Sure enough the gummy man was standing there forlorn,  
His pearly whites had gone for good, pink gums where they were worn.  
"Oh well," his kinder colleague said, "We'll have to fish for Jaws  
And see if any of his teeth are anything like yours."

One by one they pulled up fish, it was a marvellous catch  
But no one fish had any teeth remotely like a match.  
And then at last a big one, the monster of the day,  
They pulled it up inside the boat, it didn't get away.

It's teeth did not match either, but one joker had a plot,  
He figured he could have them on, and they'd all laugh a lot.  
On cutting up the monster, he pulled his own teeth out,  
He placed them in the smelly guts, and then he gave a shout:

"Your teeth! Your teeth! Just look at that, been swallowed by the fish.  
It's your lucky day, my mate, I think you got your wish!"  
The seasick man, he looked agog, reached out, "I'll have them please,"  
Then rinsed them in the water and dried them in the breeze.

What a lucky chance it was, he grinned a toothless grin,  
Then opening wide he lined them up and popped them right back in.  
He rolled them round to fit for size, but something seemed quite wrong,  
It seemed to be they didn't fit – and it wasn't just the pong.

He pulled them out and gave a stare, "You know, these are not mine.  
Someone else has lost their teeth, mine had much more shine."  
Then in a flash he threw them in, "The fish can have them back!"  
The pearly whites sunk out of sight until the sea went black.

The Joker's face was white with shock, he'd now lost his teeth too.  
He licked his gums, with vacant eyes, stared out to see the view.  
His teeth would not be coming back, and though they'd caught a few,  
Fish fillets they would not enjoy, it would have to be fish stew.

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A true fisherman's tale told in a hilarious way through the medium of poetry. Three men in a boat, sea sickness, a haul of fish and the ones that got away. But all is not what you might think.



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