

March 21, 1983

MY GOLDFISH - AN ODE

I have a golden minnow  
Entrapped in a crystal bowl.  
He struggles not to be free  
But swims, going with the flow.  
Currents of stress and strife  
surround his sequestered life,  
But they disturb him not.  
When his contented eye I see  
Methinks that I should be  
More contented with my lot.

Dear Kan:

The above, written several days ago, should now be titled MY GOLDFISH - A EULOGY, for he expired peacefully yesterday in the midst of a beautiful Sunday afternoon. The end, though a shock, was peaceful. Thank you anyhow for your confidence in my nurturing abilities. Better bring a pineapple next time.

Ever your friend and killer of plants and animals,

*Nils-Hå*



Kan Domino