I Won a Fish at the County Fair

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Abstract
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but more an apricot.

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It wasn’t gold or even close,  
but more an apricot. No name  
because come morning he’ll succumb  
to fate, this transitory spoil  
of war, water-bound, unaware  
his life was meant for trade and pure  
commodity. I thought his eyes,  
alive and bulging, tunneled straight  
towards the guilty fact that he  
was second-rate at best, because  
the shiny car with racing stripes  
was what I wanted most. But now,  
I’m left with life I never wanted,  
a warden for a while, until  
the scales no longer shine for light  
and I am left, the bearer of  
an afterlife.
Elizabeth Bodi is an MFA Poetry student at George Mason University. She currently lives in northern Virginia.