8-5-2011

I Won a Fish at the County Fair

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Recommended Citation
Bodi, Elizabeth (2011) "I Won a Fish at the County Fair," Booth: Vol. 3 : Iss. 8 , Article 1.
Available at: http://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol3/iss8/1

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I Won a Fish at the County Fair

Abstract
It wasn't gold or even close,
but more an apricot.

Keywords
goldfish, life, death, prize
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.