

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Hooked on Fishin' ~

There once was a guy named "Nick"
Who'd hooked everything but his dick
He loved to go fishing on the Bay
But his leaders would always fray.

He snagged a rod while in its holder
Spraining his back and a shoulder
All his knots would come undone
And the fish would run, run, run.

The very next cast caught on the bottom
His spirits sank for he was solemn
Breaking his line with a mighty tug
He looked around for something to slug.

One last cast was all it took
A little old Lady took the hook
She hit the air with his yellow jig
He was determined to save that rig.

His screams were heard across the Bay
He'll never forget this horrible day
The hook was cut and pulled through skin
And Nick yelled. "No! Not again!"

He now sports a brand new shirt
Trying to forget how much it hurt
Scanning the water for something to bite
If he's lucky, his line will go tight.

Life goes on and nothing is new
Old habits stay for only a few
The pain of fishing is pushed far away
Until the hook of fate shows up one day.

I once had a friend named "Nick"
Who hooked everything but his dick
The scars on his body will tell you a story
Of a fisherman seeking his own glory.