

Sal Jones: Trout



THE TROUT

A mermaid she had longed to be
Dreamt of living beneath the sea
She used to hold her breath for hours
Particularly when taking showers.

Ran baths deeper than was told
Then lie in them 'til they went cold
Splashing with her feet and fingers
'Til finally her digits wrinkled.

One day she hoped for scales so shiny
She could flaunt them in the Briny
A swishing tail and spiky fins
She'd play all day amongst dolphins.

Her parents worried about her wish
To spend her life amidst the fish
They hoped that she would change her mind
And just resort to human kind.

She wasn't happy in the home
But only in the waves and foam
She hated dolls and frilly fuss
Would rather hug an octopus

One day a miracle of fate
Allowed her dream to culminate
Not quite as she had desired
Although some gills she had acquired.

Instead of heading for the sea
A confused creature she would be
Her father gasped at seeing his daughter
Heading upstream in fresh water

But before she could get that far

She'd landed in a reservoir
She whimpered as she flapped about
A slippery mess, half girl, half trout.

Sal Jones writes: 'I am usually a visual artist, a painter, but I have also written a few short poems or 'dark tales', if you prefer.

I wrote this last year. The image and title of this piece, 'The Trout', came about through finding an old vinyl record in a junk shop, I painted onto the cover, altering and obscuring the original image; the record had 'The Trout' as part of its music title. I wrote the poem in response to this image. It's a humorous, if cautionary, tale about being careful what you wish for. It is one of several pieces of comic verse I have written around the theme of 'Misfits & Misdemeanours'.

(I have been influenced by the kind of poems I enjoyed at various stages of my youth written by the likes of Dr Heinrich Hoffman, Dr. Seuss, Edward Lear and, John Cooper Clarke).

(artwork website: www.saljones.co.uk)'