

Trout, king of the stream

I the trout, king of the stream

Travel strong and lythe through beck and river,

Always waiting my chance.

Hiding between the rocks and in the shadows

I feast on nymphs.

In the late evening gloaming

I rise in all my glory

Shimmering and glistening in the light

Catching unwary insects.

My world is changing as the water becomes brackish.

In in the cloudy murk finding my prey gets harder.

The river often dries up with little water,

After heavy rain the becks roil and race downstream,

I am flotsam and jetsam, displaced and disorientated.

The brackish water changes, cloudier and darker.

I, who was the great predator, now struggle to find nymphs.

There are fewer insects, and I am not so strong.

I Wait so long to find food, my gills struggle to find oxygen,

I swallow fine debris and inside it hurts.

My world is choking and dying, dying around me.

Will my kind be the last or first to go?

Linda Bird

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