

## Mighty Fowl of the Water

*By Sheila Johnson*

My fascination with the fowl of the water came at an early age. My cousin went fishing most weekends and would always share his catch with our family. Perch, catfish, trout, and buffalo (very bony) were just some of the types that I remember. Both of my parents were excellent cooks, so there was never a doubt that the meal would taste good; what grabbed my attention were the beautiful colored scales that each one wore. They were always dressed in their Sunday best, fit for swimming, of course. I have chosen an excerpt from my book of poetry written in 1998. It describes exactly why I would love to be a fish, mighty fowl of the water.

Oh fish, mighty fowl of the water. You have been used by God's only son to feed a multitude. Your oils have healed many. You have even fallen prey to feed your own, adding a unique flavor to the Universe.

You are an humble servant; many have seen you cleaning the ocean's floor bed. You are filled with grace; swimming with effortless movement, defying every rule of gravity.

You are musical; your scales reflect colorful notes from the water's rhythmic motion. You are royalty from Heaven, carrying the international symbol for Deity.

Thank you for your tranquil, silent message. Oh Fish, mighty fowl of the water.