“Otters” By Padraic Colum

I’ll be an otter, and I’ll let you swim

A mate beside me; we will venture down

A deep, full river when the sky above

Is shut of the sun; spoilers are we;

Thick-coated; no dog’s tooth can bite at our veins

With ears and eyes of poachers; deep-earthed ones

Turned hunters: let him slip past,

The little vole, my teeth are on an edge

For the King-fish of the River!

I hold him up

The glittering salmon that smells of the sea:

I hold him up and whistle!

Now we go

Back to our earth; we will tear and eat

Sea-smelling salmon: you will tell the cubs

I am the Booty-brmger: I am the Lord

Of the River the deep, dark, full, and flowing River!

<http://www.excelsior-edu.org/showroom/user/1366971474034000042/gallery/b_1439136764489148429.jpg>