

## The Duck Farmer

On the quiet backwaters of Vembanadu Lake  
the sun peers gently over the horizon.

An aged man, with leathery clove-colored skin  
steps into the water for his morning bath.

A ripple eases forward  
merging into the velvet-green water lilies.

In the distance appears a lone figure in a canoe.  
Shirtless, head protected with a wrapped cloth,  
He glides with soft strokes of his oars  
Not wanting to disturb the blanket of feathers.

Some sleep with beaks tucked under their wings.  
Others squawk and attempt to walk on water  
Only to promptly fall back in.

With his stern call, the ducks move into place.  
For the stragglers, the master saves his wrath.

Onward the bunch sails together until out of sight  
Floating together towards fate.