**THE LAST DECOY**

***Ed Sessa, Fort Myers, FL***

**There can be beauty in simple lines,**

**an elegance in gentle curves that**

**mock nature’s works.**

**This the carver knows.**

**His hands, gnarled and nicked by errant strokes,**

**still feel softness in the grain.**

**Eyes, though failing, see symmetry in folded wings.**

**What makes a good decoy? Is it the shape, a head tilt,**

**outfluffed feathers here, there, an attitude,**

**or is it the chips and shaves removed that**

**find their way to workshop floors, and pieced together**

**like a puzzle would mirror the drake.**

**Perhaps both.**

**And what the man? The weathered wizard whose gouge**

**sings out woodie, widgeon, canvasback but,**

**outside the shop, his domain,**

**just a dusty old man to strangers,**

**or what he leaves behind:**

**wife and children who love him dearly,**

**caring friends, gentle words,**

**an act of kindness, and more.**

**Perhaps both.**

**This white-back will see no shooting rig or mantelpiece,**

**its only lure its captive master.**

**He will set it free,**

**see, it floats, just a gentle urging into the lapping tide.**

**Today he will come along, to weave between the rushes,**

**like Moses, making his way to open waters**

**rocking, bobbing, a blackened silhouette**

**etched into the rising moon,**

**bobbing, rocking,**

**across the bay to quiet distant shores**

**and virgin wood.**