

The Fish

Elizabeth Bishop

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I caught a tremendous fish
and held him beside the boat
half out of water, with my hook
fast in a corner of his mouth.
He didn't fight.
He hadn't fought at all.
He hung a grunting weight,
battered and venerable
and homely. Here and there
his brown skin hung in strips
like ancient wallpaper,
and its pattern of darker brown
was like wallpaper:
shapes like full-blown roses
stained and lost through age.

An Abstract.

Questions

1. What is the poem about?
2. What is the purpose of this poem?
3. How did the poet caught the fish?
4. What comparisons were used in this poem?
5. Have you ever caught a fish?
6. What is the mood of the poem?