

# *The Fish*

Elizabeth Bishop

1911 – 1979

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?