

## THE SALE

The auctioneer held out the piece  
for all the world to see,  
then slowly with one outstretched arm  
displayed it teasingly.

An antique of old Scottish dogs,  
rich treasure of a find,  
was floating in his fingertips,  
a rare one-of-a-kind.

The bidders saw, but kept their tongues  
observing quietly.  
Though seeming unconcerned, all were  
appraising silently.

The auctioneer commenced the sale  
by opening at ten  
but when no bidder answered him,  
he offered it again.

A pause, then voices echoed back  
and climbing bids were heard  
as buyers pushed the price up with  
each escalating word.

"Now twelve, eighteen, now twenty-one,  
now give me twenty-three."  
Indeed they did as buyers bid  
to fix the final fee.

The rising price began to slow  
and stalled at twenty-eight  
as bidders who were bold before  
began to hesitate.

And by the time it staggered up  
to stop at twenty-nine  
all former interest had slipped  
in serious decline.

No urging from the auctioneer  
could coax another bid.  
The price had found its proper place  
no matter what he did.

Sharp eyes were fixed, attentions held  
until they all were told:  
"Now going once, now going twice-  
the Scottie piece is sold!"

by Lee Netzler