**To Parker on Achieving Biting Sow Status**

*May 21, 1998*

Have you ever seen a biting sow?

The way she grabs and holds?

Steel trap teeth, jaws of iron,

Once she bites I’m told,

You’re bit for life,

Like a third time wife.

Simply give up and grow old.

Well a biting sow or a spinster’s grab,

May indeed seem the hold that binds.

But when Parker Folse a question asks,

Just answer please or you’ll find

He’s there again with a Texas grin,

And a phrase and a phrase and a phrase,

That articulates. The evader’s fate.

The ultimate price he pays.

He’ll ask you once. He’ll ask you twice.

He’ll ask ‘til your throat is raw.

Your temples throb. It’s just his job.

Better answer soon. I saw

Him bite old Otsuka once,

In the U.S. Consul’s store.

Osaka, Japan, May, ‘98.

He would not quit before,

He showed him notes, the minutes wrote,

With his chop and a translator near.

And as sure as I’m here, his eyes filled with fear,

As the I don’t recall was clear.

Said the biting sow to the bitten prey,

You say, We’re stuck with your words!

In Japanese, or English please,

Your confession must be heard.

Just admit you fixed

the poor fishers’ price

for the sockeye

of Bristol Bay.

And old Otsuka,

Fox that he was,

Knew the Folse trap

Had his paw.

Looking to right,

Looking to left,

Up and down,

All he saw,

Was that Texas smile,

With a bit of a scow,

And a chopped,

Starred document true.

So he finally caved

To the biting sow.

And partner, so would you!