

O Fish

O fish

we've come so far together—  
you, so quietly from the start  
I never saw, and  
only felt you when we rested  
after hauling ourselves up a climb,  
mowing on a summer day, the primal  
surge and flow of coupling.  
I could count, then,  
our shared rhythm for what it was,  
pounding clear and separate from the bathwater,  
flicking, flicking from side to side.

O heart

is it all the times I gave you away,  
the shattered you I received back,  
that I wasn't careful enough of you?  
Is it how I asked you to be big,  
needed you to be strong,  
tried to keep you open after all that,  
"bleeding," they like to say, if I chose  
not to be -less?  
Stay yet a while. I promise not to change.  
That, you can trust.  
Old couple that we are, I know you, too.

O fish

why this flopping,  
the thrashing against ribs  
as if truly a cage, when  
they only ever sheltered?  
Is the great salt beckoning, calling time  
at a pitch beyond my hearing,  
the long inevitable tsunami rising?  
Tell me: is it now we go back,  
by quiet undertow back to the wild?