

In the Salt

Dad told me fish don't feel pain, metal hooks caught like jewelry in their lips, but the salt ran like cursive from my mouth, going on forever in the same way that itchy wind crept into every crack in my knuckles. Salt over and over again. They looked like puppets, pulled up and down with the wake. In fishbowls with neon rocks, pink and blue. You were still made of cotton and wire so forgive me for not believing when you said it wasn't my fault, that the fabric waters didn't wrap around the dock where you lay thrashing. Only once have I heard a fish scream, and what a terrible sound you made.