**The fish in our beer fridge** is staring back at me when I stand on my tiptoes I yelp at the sight terrified of his gaze staring in the casket more than merely cooling Coors Light can I mourn while I shiver I can feel Death blowing hot smoke down my neck with scratchy exhales as I learn to gut a fish in the kitchen sink trying not to cry as my fingers slip over scales and pull my thumb through its jaw plop I look away as my dad holds my hands under the running water but even after I rinse with soap and leave the towel slung across the countertop I can feel the guts under my fingernails the way that regret of end trails to my bed left to slither under my pillow and when I wake I feel the blood and slime on my skin impossible to remove I use hand sanitizer goo-gone and bleach then I move onto wiping it across concrete sandpaper nails the Bible and Zoloft receipts I dug a grave in my backyard and set an empty shoebox in the dirt an impromptu tomb with lady bug stickers and all my questions for God the other casket was being used for spirits I will pray for forgiveness please God forgive for all my sins and please forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit please God forgive for all my sins and please forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit please God forgive for all my sins and please forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit please God forgive for all my sins and please forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit please God forgive for all my sins and please forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit please God forgive for all my sins and please forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit please God forgive for all my sins and please forgive me for the sins I have yet to commit.