

i have started thinking every time
that i eat a fish
i am eating some and who knows
how many times removed relative
and it is not just because
we have salt in common.
there is something about the way
each of us stares at the ocean.
i have been groomed for this
without knowing it
in the old christian quarters
where we also learned
to eat the flesh of christ
and wash it down without
enough wine to say
we were not responsible
for the drastic path
down to the ocean of paradise
where we could swim in the divine.
the fish were there first
relatives we left behind
in the old world
and i needed to make room
for my swim lane
so eating fish flesh
older than salvation
did not seem out of place
even if we were family
from the same waves
and waves of light
carried away in different currents
of causality.

every time i eat a fish.
wf.h.
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