Feather Fin

JUNE PERKINS

THE TANK

Featherfin leaps out of the water, even though he is not meant for carpet of forest patterns. He is curious, even if it means his death. He wants to know how it is out there. Large hands of a tall woman, cradle him back to the tank. The memory of being without water lingers & he longs now for the taste beyond carpet & water.

THE HOUSE

The woman with the large hands cradles the featherfin with a severe case of tank blues, back home, a tank filled with shipwrecks, skulls & plants (some fake), ‘silly fish’ she says yet she too longs for aromas beyond windows, doors & house with the splitting windows spilling into light, sky, stars & a place to swim with salmon.