

# Feather Fin

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## 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  
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.