

GHOSTFISH

They move between Labrador and Long Island Sound.
Heavy waves will throw them up on the hard beaches

in large numbers. What you can't get over is
how white on white they are, giving you back

whatever mind you have left now, wandering
along barefoot, trying not to hyperventilate.

Just don't go pettifogging, is all I can think
to advise. The fish ripple around your feet with

the sound of a kiss. It doesn't matter that you're
grown up now, know they're in the last throes of life.