

A CROSS-SECTION OF A FISH

All silver under the blue light

Sending out fresh sprays of salt water with miniscule smug eyes that are jittering with the jaundice in the room.

They are squeezing themselves shut at the wound.

That are pretending to take it well as the knife slowly embeds itself below the fluorescence of it

Finds the soft whiteness that envelopes the ribcage

Eyes squeezing shut at the mundane cruelty of it

Skinning the iridescence off, all the tiny little streamlining fins and gill flaps and purple tinted scales that are weeping with salt sweat and bloated weight

Eyes squinting at the tedium of the task, at silver knives edges glimmering

as though they were God

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Tiny silver creature

clenching onto the fabric of time with hooks that once lodged themselves into the body

Hooks shaped like the delicate invisible curve of a tentacle right before it snatches you only to place you in another hungry gaping mouth leaking with black ink

Holding onto the fluid warmth of space, holding onto the rapid magnetic pace, holding onto the existential mewling and the wet garbling of its still pumping lungs, holding onto the privilege of ventilation, holding onto the spike of neurons as the knife goes deeper with nanoseconds stretching themselves and bathing in the white opium of it.

There goes the iridescent blood- flowing out,

seeping your Persian carpet until the light blue of it turns murky