

*Cold Fish, or On My Inability to Love*

My closest, I think, to my own wedding  
ceremony will be the deep-sea floor

where I'd like to rest at death. I confess,  
mine's a frigid bed. Constant snowfall

of decomposing fish and microscopic  
organisms, the romance; bedroom eyes

of the mystery mollusk, the *do you?*;  
open arms of the spotted squid, the *yes*;

nervous creatures with their jaws  
unhinged, the less than conservative kiss.

I choose the deep-sea bed, I think,  
above all else for the weight

for the weight upon me would feel like love.