

ONE HOOK

I knew it was too late
when these blue fish
moved coolly out of the painting.
Klee, what have we done? I said.
But he was fishing, madly fishing.
Make hooks, he said.

Some of the fish slipped smoothly
into the cunts of little girls.
Some hung ties around their necks
and worked for IBM.
Some raised hard fins
and swam on highways,
fishmouths honking like horns.

And everything they touched turned
to fish.
The stars wore slime,
the moon grew gills,
trees darted quickly away
in schools.
They ate the grass,
the weeds, the people
like kelp,
and laid their eggs.
While sturgeons in white gowns
came out to round us up.

Klee! Klee! I said. What is happening?
What do we do?
But he was fishing,
madly fishing.
Make hooks, he said.