

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.