

Fishes

by [Jefferson Holdridge](#) in the [February 23, 2022](#) issue

A tissue paper wind sock of a fish
Conjured this poem about fishes.
A mold, or a handmade painted dish,
Imagined a seascape of wishes.

So here is your poem of a fish
Not of a fish, but about one. It vanishes
Into the waves from the hellish
Heat to a white-wine sauce, a sprig garnishes

The sea bass or the grouper, a knish
On the side, or better, butter varnishes
The fresh catch (this is becoming a niche
Poem) and everyone relishes

The chance to partake, except the fish
Who'd rather swim away. Delicious
Or not, the poem is like the fish.
It is no more than what embellishes

The fine palate, the mouthwatering wish.
The pond is empty but I think I heard a swish.