

Bait Fish

by [Luke Harvey](#) in the [June 2025](#) issue

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Given that what we're after is a deep-dweller, our ramshackle craft not built

to weather but the smallest breakers, conditions are never, say, *favorable*. The one-

eyed witnesses have since been boarded up with their taverns, dock-

tales swapped for stocked ponds and earth-worms dirt-drunk in a styrofoam cup.

Added up, we're so far from landing it that no one would blame us a bit

if we abandoned ship, a mutiny we must admit we've flirted with

along with the 20-odd bartender too grounded to believe in

myths. What brings us back here, then, once again to this mist-thick shore,

tightening our gear for one more foray past the safety of the sand bar

like gulls on the wake of an ancient hunger that—at the end of the line—may

just as not exist? Look around.

Even on dry ground flash sudden

explosions of surface-shimmer.
Whatever it might be, this Big Beneath,
it troubles far more than our dreams.