

# The Angelfish Greet Odysseus

By Eisder Mosquera

Angelfish perturb  
the area  
around pink gauze,  
are the details  
of a threaded  
diamond string  
and its fake  
catachrestic applause.  
Like that of the angelheaded  
beast spreading  
its wings, as if to swim  
under the light  
of the glowworm  
and hyacinth,  
the fish are oratory  
and not.  
The pulchritude  
of bombazine  
on a shattering  
geoidal mid-afternoon,  
dribbling from  
sea rock to splint,  
the wing tips  
are hardly bleak  
accoutrements,  
their own swinging  
by the bay of a chest  
and a previous rock.  
Here we are stranded,  
pelagic with clot,  
and the fish  
burble with oratory  
and I kind of like them  
a lot.

Source: *Poetry* (November 2015)