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
goidal 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)