

By Mary Morris

The war was over.

We sutured the wounded,

buried the dead, sat at the bar
with the enemy, near the blue

throat of the sea. A sushi chef
slivered salmon into orchids,

etched clouds from oysters,
as they rose snowing pearls.

From shrimp and seaweed
he shaped hummingbirds,

which hovered above
our heads.

With the world's smallest blade
he carved from yellowfin,

miniature flanks of horses.
They cantered around our hands.

Source: *Poetry* (January 2016)