Yellowtail

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)