

Sitting Outside a Church Parking Lot, for Fish that Fly on Fridays

I sip on pamplemousse La Croix that tastes the way
Lake Michigan smells in the spring-
when the fish are new and haven't had time
to tire, or flay upon the frittered shore.

The salmon are crisp now, smiling,
like dollar bills the color of dimes,
like perfect sisters, finding visions
In the moon-like bellies of their twin.

I think about the minister, inside,
who has never brushed his hand in water,
or cupped his hand for fish to eat his bread,
who has never made the long strokes of a swimmer,
or entered, naked in his peds.

I'd like to take his papers, pull his file cabinet
as a boat, dump every sermon that he's ever wrote,
spread his ink to blue the surf.