Word Fish

by D. Ohana

Looking with his ears, Hearing with his eyes,
Not really mute, he simply didn't know how to speak.

One word, then another string together,
a crack spreads across an ice covered lake.
Now there is an open channel, and his thoughts roil the water.

Currents rise, word fish leap into the air,
their scaly letters glisten in the sun.
Splashing onto the page
they are caught at last.

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