

Sleep With The Fishes

by Jennifer Donnell

“I dare you to finish what you started.”

- Brian Turner

A body turns fish when it floats down the river,
face up. She's a synchronized swimmer,
a performance artist, a deep sea diver,
a big fish in a little pond.

Pull her from the water and check
her pockets. Shouldn't death tattoo
a message on each palm it removes
the pulse from. She liked blueberries.
She felt the sand blow like bullets,
until the bullets were a sand storm
carving surrender into her salamander
skin. Her tongue licked the roof
of the buildings, but only felt her mouth.

She lay still. Her thoughts played hide and seek
and told her that the holes
were only to let God's light in.

