

the ice is not to preserve the cold fish
a little too late to stop
its cycle of death
the ice is to slow down what death means
so i can eat it without my death.

the cold fish stares at me.
i know the feeling as i stare back
making the choice for both of us.

sometimes the union of opposites
includes an uncomfortable
cold morning with cold rain.

weather like this.
wf.h.
2023