Sailing Fish

A strange fish floats high above
Whose inquisitive beauty is unparalleled
Its elegant, broad fins dance along the winds
As the creature passes, skimming turquoise waters
At night it moves on,
Never ceasing to rest

Then the heavens began to weep
The angry claps of thunder
The howling voice of wind
Wrathful waves buffet the fish—
Its majesty, drenched

Terror above rages on
’Til down here the fish ventures
Laying soundly amongst rubble and sand
Finally asleep
Never moving
Never alive.

Roland Cartagena