

Like a fish my heart

Jody Azzouni

Originally published in *Poem 91*.
© 2004 Jody Azzouni

When fish cry no one notices. Likewise
the ringing phone you do not answer
drowns me out.

So like a fish my heart breathes hormones
your touch releases. Now the red thing
dies in my chest.

Fish dream as you and I dreamed
hand in hand watching waves.
Fishermen hook them, reel them in
wake them with a death. Likewise.

Fish swallow the worm
that kills their voice.
So too my heart has no mouth.
And if my chest
collapses from the vacuum
I can think of the aching sea:
the holes fishermen leave there.