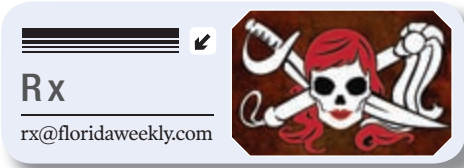


MUSINGS

Ode



*Oh, let us sing in praise of fish, bony,
jawless, cartilaginous.
Our ode is owed, there is no doubt.
All is exists to sing this out.*

I have had a friend, a fish who died.
You have the right to wonder why
this is musing worthy. Before all, fish
begin in masses of eggs set sail in end-
less clouds of milky sperm. Quantity
rules, for mortality is ever lurking. Fish
are food a-sail, assailed by their obsoles-
cence from genesis.

Even pet fish are merely briefly
noted in mother talks with children,
then flushed away with confused object
lessons of managed emotion and politi-
cally correct bowel motion.

Yet they have such excellent parts:
Fins of beauty dance, lateral lines that
scintillate to motion, scales like perfectly
shining mosaics, endlessly deep mouths
in endless rhythm, gills of undersea air
feathers.

And their eyes: Their eyes roll in the
ten directions, sensing with an intel-
ligence of total equanimity. This is not
coldness. No fish is cold. The nature
of fish is that of complete responsive-
ness: Temperature out is temperature

in. How can this be named cold-blood-
ed? After all, this is the passion of
extreme connection, of total union, of
no separation.

Here there are no walls. The fish
and the water are one. And so it goes,
rippling out. This oneness is not to
be intimidated. It flows beyond itself,
beyond the fish, beyond the sea, beyond
the womb, beyond the dish who ran
away with the spooning.

So let us sing in praise of prey, eaters
of fish and ewe and eye.

Pirates all, this prey is prayer, in earth
and heat and sea and air.

Perhaps the sun has shone for five
billion years and will shine for five
billion more. And we prey, all, on its
light, photosynthesis transformed. Ode
to plants who channel this to fish and
beyond.

Ode to the supreme plants, the trees
from whom hang suffering servants,
spiritual savants. Ode to ewes given in
sacrifice, blackened rainbows chased
into the desert of sand without water or
fish. Ode to eyes plucked from heads,
given as oblation, ablation in hope of
wisdom.

Ode to our Odin, who gave this eye
gift while hanging between earth and
sky, who gives to worthy poets the mead
of inspiration, who leads the hosts of
the slain in the wild hunt across the sky.
Ode to these hosts of hunters, the eaters
and the eaten, all slain in the unraveling
reveling.

Now my friend who died is wrapped
in white, swaddled in a blanket, baby of
the universe. He is in the earth. And
so the earth is less solid now. Now the

earth moves
with the grace
of the sea. We
live in and walk
on a Perelandra
of possibility,
for his pres-
ence under the
earth swims us
into that.

Now we are
able to prey
upon the rub-
bings in our
mind, the onsite
records made
in haste while
we stand ready
for the hunt
that we missed
millennia ago.

Cave paintings of the hunt, of tainted
pains, are unfelt in the act of remember-
ing. Countless eggs in infinite sperm
smoke are hooking up for the dance that
we try to capture in our stories.

But despite our narrative glue, there
is hatching in the seeing, in the sea.
Then there is the crawling onto land.
From bubbles in water to footprints to
bubbles in air to stories in mind, and
then to fish for me.

Yet it is I who have been caught.
Hooked, strung along, longing.

But now there is no more glass sepa-
rating us. No more transparent shield,
unyielding, creating pretense of vision
that is no more.

That eye given for wisdom is now
mine. I have prayed for it, and I have
been preyed upon.



With fish I swam, with fish I died,
with fish I dance into the earth-sea.

Do you want to come?
Will you recognize me? Will you
know my scales?

Will you slip me on like a wet suit,
inside out intention, you in tent of me,
intent, content, relenting? My eye intent
on you is ewe sacrifice of praise. I am
ode. ■

— Rx is the FloridaWeekly muse
who hopes to inspire profound mutiny
in all those who care to read. Our Rx
may be wearing a pirate cloak of invis-
ibility, but emanating from within this
shadow is hope that readers will feel
free to respond. Who knows: You may
even inspire the muse. Make contact if
you dare.

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