

SEVEN p.m.

Someone has left a shining heap
of trash fish on the dock; mostly silver,
some dappled brown, and those flash silver
at the gills. Each scale is a prism;
yellow leaf, crimson vein, gold-edged cloud.
One fish is flipping, eyes reddened,
slapping against the stiffening
heap beneath the helpless sun. *Trash fish,*
as though that were its name: *Pergamentum piscis,*
or *pescis non volo*. Beneath, the water
taps the dock, nearly still, darkening.

- Anna Scotti