

FATHER FISH II
After Ocean Vuong

I ask for nothing.

But let water brush a scene onto my skin:
Let me swim along your corridors.

Miles of red sun—and I open my mouth and vanish

underneath, the pool rushing inside,
you slipping everywhere,

our heads bobbing over wet film.

Another blank day.

I'm imagining things, I think.

But there's a field you'll walk across,
slowly, as the air trembles.

Slowly, as the sirens swell like a diaphragm.

Slowly, I walk in circles until I think
I see you: by the window veiling

my apartment, by the pool curled across my legs.

I can't speak, so I write you down.

Every night, your face surges in,
gleaming like a mangled wing mirror.

Or a shattered lake.

Write me into your voice,
that quiet sound you never made,

floating like that duck over the Atlantic.