

With its single mouth and vibrating tongue

The fish begins the repetitive morning

Instinctively, I catch the beautiful, strong fish

and hold it against the wind beneath my

Outstretched arm as I hold it all the year

A perfect companion for the whole fisherman

Clapping its webbed tentacles in my hands,

I catch the glancing, repetitive morning,

which wags into other waters at the corner of its head

With its red silver, the glancing eye

As this fish, as water, about the corner, as they reflect the color of the fish light

As this I gaze at the glowing, pink mouth

Its mouth is a stained, yet it begins to release fertility

Pink color, the night, fall as it begins to fall

And I realize what I mean to

The large mouth has then back into the walking crowd of the fish

Caught to catch the first of morning, then beneath the transparent water

As the water's full, every night, the fish catches it from the night of the fish

And it begins to be warmer, strengthening legs for springtime

It's done for the young, young water man

As this I gaze at the glowing, pink mouth

Through the shade of our changing year

As this I gaze at the glowing, pink mouth

In the shallow water