

## ODE TO A SALMON WITHOUT A HEAD

To the king of the bay

silver cream bodies still

congest my dreaming you

engender the technique of

dreaming each night I sleep

to the frigid sea-spray

slapping my cheek towards what

multiplies along the curvature

horizon blue one hundred hours

of sunlight refract off fish scales

eight millimeters of neoprene

and the sing-song hydraulics

moaning for the genesis of

coming you beckoned me

to the mouth of the river

the first salmon I ever caught

had one hundred heads

no gill opening in no cheek

to slip my finger through

I didn't know where to hold you

the omen must not be good

but now is no time for speculation

one hand gently splayed across

the fragile tail my middle ring

and pointer finger along the

inner lining of your belly thumb

pressed on/against your chest

hollering hell yeah and grinning

I raised you to the red sky

over the midnight sun.