

MORATORIUM

You were wet and *squirming*
and free to be caught
in fishnets
with no legs to run.

Gutted and salted,
laid out to dry
on splintered tables
by weathered hands.

Damp air was all that stood between
caught and digested
there was *always* more—

—now there's nothing left.
Bodies dragged out of bodies
of saltwater
netted clean.

No one left.
Not you, not us.
Torn from the sea
and turned to dust.

We strapped our homes to our backs.
Swept over seas
or under rugs?

Engulfed by Saint Lawrence.
(No one cared about us.)

Because:
the sea had been panned of its swimming gold,
the silver cup was empty and rimmed in rust,
and they told us platinum tar
wouldn't tarnish or corrode.