Sonnet on the Sorrow and Splendor of Salmon

I envy salmon their sense of purpose

That singular instinct shouting, “Swim! Swim!”

Such courage I imagine they possess

Much more than I can claim in one mere limb.

Beat bloody upon waves like butchers’ blades

Charging careless through a cruelly-cut course

Fins flung, free-falling from fingers of fates,

Salmon soar simply to seek their same source.

No, they don’t go for a desired mate,

Or to defy the deepening river.

They don’t know the grizzly lying in wait,

But if they did see they would not quiver.

They fly, die as any animal should;

They swim because Darwin said that they would.

return

the river runs in rampant rivulets of riotous moss and amber and cavernous blues containing lopsided knowing smirks of ancient artistry. plummeting and plunging to its plunder, asunder, and wonder at the careless creatures casually surrendering to its senseless shattering. the salmon are stones skipping, hopscotching, leapfrogging to and fro in froth, in foam. a hand brushes over wrinkled sheets, flattening the ripples flat. and the ripples return and return.