Ocean City
By Jamie K. Reaser

Some 400 million years ago a departing and a reconstruction:

Fins for limbs.
Gills for lungs.
Eyes capable of spotting what was needed or needed to be avoided across long horizons.

Now they say:

“The seas are rising!”

The oceans are coming for the land that something crawled out upon.

“Build!” they say, imagining grand escapes into floating cities.

I advise:

“Hire the humpback!”

She should be in charge of all the necessary filtration systems.

“Bring the lantern fish!”

They’ll oversee the anglers jellies, and diatoms. They’ll operate the bioluminescence farms. There will be light.

“Enlist the octopus!”

I think something should be fit to a place, look like it belongs there. Creation should not be an outrage.

Seabirds for chickens.
Walruses for pigs.
Oh, aren’t we lucky to already have:

Cowfish
Horsefish
Ponyfish
Goatfish
Hogfish
Rabbitfish
Dogfish
Catfish

You can laugh, but what if that which is considered futuristic is actually our soul’s grand plan to go home?

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