

Plenty more fish in the sea

The net, at birth, is safe
It balloons before me, accommodating my growth and progress,
Gossamer-fine
Invisible
Only my mother knows how she made it, strong as spider's silk
Unbreakable
In truth, made more for her than me

The day comes when it starts to stick and cling.
I'm tearing at it, straining, stretching
It cuts my mother's hands until she lets it go

I claim it as my own, this trailing net, restore its proper purpose.
But the holes are her holes, the knots her knots.

I think I am in my power.
I can cast a parabola wide across a silver sea
I think that all I want is to be seen
By a cold and ruthless eye

A gaze of equals.
But,

Once netted,

Glassed over, the eye turns meek and milky.

I wanted a shark.

I got a guppy.

My bycatch flouts every law and lore.
It all goes overboard.

Not I.

Now I'm washed up on the shore

Observe my slight impression in the sand,

A yielding of the earth.

Some scant acknowledgement soon washed away.

Beneath my feet the lacy cauls of foam form deform reform

I gave my son a trident
Raised him to bestride the ocean
Like a colossus.

He, wise boy, has laid it one side.
He wants no blood, no piercings.

My net will pass to no-one

We'll burn together on the fire

The last bright fish scales glinting amongst the sparks.

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