



There is More Microplastic in the Ocean than there are
Stars in the Milky Way
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Imagine yourself a fish:
thick, cool roil of current on your hot-day skin.

Already heavy with the bloom of eggs,
you're ripe.

You'd smile to your lover if
you could find him through the shafts of dancing light.

When night comes, stars fall from the sky;
you gulp up their glittering, laughing beauty.

Life is good;
except,

inside,
your belly bulges with indignation.
The weight and the light and the manmade milky way
have swallowed you, whole.