GRACE CHUA

“(love song, with two goldfish)”

 (He's a drifter, always

floating around her, has

nowhere else to go. He wishes

she would sing, not much, just the scales;

or take some notice,

give him the fish eye.)

(Bounded by round walls

she makes fish eyes

and kissy lips at him, darts

behind pebbles, swallows

his charms hook, line and sinker)

(He's bowled over. He would

take her to the ocean, they could

count the waves. There,

in the submarine silence, they would share

their deepest secrets. Dive for pearls

like stars.)

(But her love's since

gone belly-up. His heart sinks

like a fish. He drinks

like a stone. Drowns those sorrows,

stares emptily through glass.)

(the reason, she said

she wanted)

(and he could not give)

a life

beyond the

(bowl)