

# THE FISH, THE SEA AND ME

*Rumjhum Biswas*

I walked along the edge of a beach  
Where the white foam spits up its crest.  
Salt sprays rose up and stung my cheeks.  
My crusted hair fanned out to the tempest.

There, right there, I found a fish on the sand  
Floundering and gasping in agony, for life.  
I took it gulping in the cup of my hand  
And beheld this silver slice in a shaft of light.

I smiled. "Grant me a wish," I said  
"And I will certainly return you to the sea."  
The fish gravely raised its heaving head,  
Its eyes were glazed, its fins flapped bravely.

I lifted up my arms, lifted my fish up high  
I threw the dying thing back into the waves.  
Where the sea sucked it back in with a sigh  
For that is how the sea always behaves.

Then, I felt a liquid warmth ooze up on my hand,  
Filling my cup. As I looked down curiously,  
I saw the ruby blood seeping out like a brand  
From a bite or a fin lash—the fish's gift to me.

I knelt and put my hand into the froth and foam  
I needed to rinse my palm in the soothing brine  
I wept for the sea felt so silky soft and warm  
As it eagerly licked my blood, mildly sighing.

"The Fish, the Sea and Me" © 2008 by Rumjhum Biswas

*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 5 No. 1 2008