

# Imagine That

by Joshua Fish

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My apartment is caving in  
like an human dug pond  
built  
by back hoes  
and cranes,  
lined with two inches  
of clay.

And after several years of neglect  
seaweed stacks of books build up everywhere.

My fishy friends call me a stacker  
but I prefer piler  
because piles are more collections than  
uniform organizations.

And I am the pilferer of the piles  
collections.

Frog and snake  
burrows lie everywhere  
but my cats will kill them  
and leave them lying in my kitchen  
as trophy's for me  
just like the mice.

Just like that  
they are pilers too.

And when the floor is  
home to anthologies of romantic forms  
and novels  
I'll emerge from the guck  
a tadpole  
with see through skin  
and little black eyes  
to a frog  
and unleash my tongue  
and eat the flies.

Just like that.