

Fish and Stress at the Chicago Aquarium

I stopped to marvel
At the Magpie Morwong
And gawked
At the Hornyhead Chub—

Children swirled
With shrieks of joy
And fish drifted by
With content confinement—

Surely the Clown Loach
Wouldn't recognize
The heaviness in my chest
Or my fractured introspection—

But I'm so grateful
For the Horseshoe Leather Jacket
And of course
Playfair's Killifish—

Small bits of wonder
In a far away place
Giving us space from ourselves
And the trials we face