

MIKE MADILL

AQUARIUM

I'd like to know if fish ever get depressed,
bumping snouts against glass walls,
squiggly sprints stopped short
by some shadowy fin.
Do they ever struggle upstream for a while,
or do they resign themselves
to endless circular lunacy
like legions of Nascar?
Do they gill their way around
the idea of free will?
Maybe all they know is their own swish.
When they blow bubbles
it seems so human, gets me hoping
one will hop out of the tank, flip-flop
on the ledge, coaxing its school-mates to
Come out, the air's just fine.
Instead, they only hover, mouths munching
like gum-chewing outfielders,
fresh-water freedom twenty gallons tall.