Fishing

by Danielle Legros Georges
Fishing

*Psychoalphadiscobetabioaquadoolooop*  
—George Clinton, Aquaboogie

and don’t  
“close”

The first word learned  
In this language: fish.

My eyes: sharks poised  
at mouth openings

returns dissolves  
to stir a tango

to feed when lips and teeth  
engaged tongue to propel

of idiom. Each flip  
of his foot grounds

sound forward. I gulped  
greedy for decoding,

each flip of my foot  
seeking ground, I say:

my new world  
tongue coated

*fout!* He says:  
Now the dance.

curled about  
inflexible consonants

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“Fishing” was first published in  
*Ma Come`re*, Volume 1, 1998

like a great whale exerting  
Its continental tail.

Here lights that  
“turn off”