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To: Hettich, Michael
Subject: poems

Dead, In the Water

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There's a silhouette blackening out my name
I feel death in my bloodstream
It's drying up my veins
Where's the medicine to control my oxygen?
I'm like a fish dead in the water
Is there nothing to control these red and blue hues?
Like that box fish,
Free float in the water
I feel myself letting go
It was picked up and tossed,
So stiff and cold
Mouth agape, eyes wide open
They will find me the same
'Cause I'm free float in the water
I'll be like any other fish
Dead in the water

Bravo! You're at the bottom of the bottle

Toss a flower into the ocean and say a prayer

"Bye, bye beautiful"

What a shame they've all become

Bottles and garments on the beach

What could that all mean?

Is she dead in the water?

Didn't you ever listen to what they'd say?

"It's a matter of time before the clock runs out"

It's hard to see clear with alcohol in your bloodstream

But she'll see everything in blue soon,

Your hopes and dreams

Are now under seas

And here we are, cleaning the beach,

Greeted by your bottles and garments

I wonder if you're under the sea

How blind could you be the get drunk at the beach?

All I have to say:

Bravo, at least you made it to the bottom of the bottle

Devoured Into the Unknown

A dream vacation,

Getting lost in the water

He begs to differ
Wadding in the water
He's terrified of what's outside
All he knows, is that it's all unknown
Holding his breath, he dives to see the depths
It's like a dream,
An endless quest in the dark
There was nothing to see,
But creatures to feel
How can it be there is so much?
But yet we can't see any of it?
Pipe fish slivered past his feet
Puffers floated behind his back
Scorpion fish swam in front blind eyes
No one would have known without nets
There were all consumed into the unknown
With blind eyes to what lay in front of them,
Only nets could capture and show the obvious

Dizzy views out the looking glass

Parrot fish, dazed by poison
The scorpion fish released poison in the tank,
The strong will survive and the weak will parish

The poor parrot fish didn't have a chance

As the container passed amongst the students

The fish slowly stopped swimming,

Were they dying or passing out?

And here we stood studying the action

It makes you think

In this world where there is a being called "God" and other beliefs and beings

Could our existence be in a container?

Are we trapped in a container, being held by a higher power watching out every move

In distress and struggle, when we feel as if we could faint or let go

Is that being watching us?

Pitying us?

Are we dizzy fish looking out a looking glass trying to find hope?

At the mercy of a higher power, without our lives in their hands

Can dizzy fish see beyond the looking glass?

Lost and Wandering

"Crabs are so dumb"

It's amazing how discredited animals are,

And how "evolved" humans are from them

Although if you leave a small child on the streets,

They all look the same...

Long paths with houses on them

And when you watch a crab,
He's trying to find his home...
To us it just looks like a bunch of holes in the sand
With homes in them
Child and crab search frantically
With one common goal in mind
Which home is mine?
When it comes down to it,
When all things are lost and wandering,
We all want to find our home
So are humans dumb?
We have the same desire as crabs...