

FISH

Kendyl Link

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As I sit in my dad's car, I am holding the world between my fingertips. He always let me sit in the front, and I worried that I might lift and fly with all this power—the car was always cold. Icy. We never spoke on these drives. The world is gently gripped between my crackle chipped nails, and the fish rests warmly in my lap. I would pray that the fish wouldn't float away with me; I would squeeze my eyes so hard that it almost felt like crying. I held the fish between its home and mine, I waited until we turned the sharp corner that I knew all too well, and I squeezed my eyes tighter. We never spoke on these drives. The silence between us, I could never tell what it was. Understanding. Excitement. Delirium. Misunderstandings. It's alright, though. Dad and I repeated this drive once a month, because fish have a clever and incomprehensible way of dying. This bagged fish does not know the world like I do. Sit in the front, hold the fish. Squeeze my eyes and pray and take care as much as I can. Stay silent, for noise disrupts the fish.

