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Nothing Can Outpace a Tuna

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NOTHING CAN OUTPACE A TUNA

CHRIS CARTER

His side gleamed like
mother-of-pearl in a lustrous light.
His belly shone a silver white,
a slick, scaleless teardrop.
I've seen this kind of thing—
teeth flashing like homing beacons,
bleaching the character out of
the neighborhoods. Glinting teeth
like sarsen stones. Enormous,
supremely beautiful and unattainable.
We'd rather have corporate cool.
A singing abyss.
A gurgling whirlpool.
Noble proportions transforming
colors high and long:
purple, bronze, silver, gold.
A vast, golden skyscraper of
bouffant; all chrome, steel, neon,
plastic, hamburgers and grits.

I have come today
to have my sins absolved.
The paper cup in my hand.
The cold dregs blasting out jazz
from a couple of rickety speakers.
A mission from God.
A scourge visited upon the
unbelievers to save them,
to save us from all this.