## Cellan Jay

## You Can Raise Trout in Your Back Yard

Plant the seeds in dew
a leaf collects, wait a day or two
for a blind pod to form, slake it with rainwater
hook its hunger with worms.
When the trout outgrows its leaf transplant at a depth of five inches into sandy soil, riverbottom silt if you've got it. Let night's
shadow pass over the fish
thirty times,
moondust will silver its scales, carve fins and gills.

When you sit within your porch light's orb, cast your night fears at the garden plot, your crop will gorge on them, spin its copper spittle.

Your trout will grow nose up, open its eyes when ripe.
Make sure you pick it right away or you'll lose it. A trout would as soon turn tail swim down to the water table to drink the wine of freedom there
as grace your table as filet or avant-garde bouquet.

