

**In Depths Where Nets Struggle with Fish**

We court turmoil, apply names  
wrenched bodily from lexicons,  
know with a sigh how seldom it  
will do, the one chosen. To identify  
the senseless motion, the flutter  
in regions where air waves are never  
disturbed, sound waves either, is  
something better left alone, better  
accepted for its own sake. We  
know instinctively the right time,  
the struggle at last abandoned, to  
haul the catch, free gasping gills,  
sort edibles from discards, thrill  
to the heaped and shining light.  
Whether they were aware of movement  
upwards, does not encourage query;  
we know only that it was time  
to expose them, that they are here now  
in shocking reversal, in substance of  
their life, our death.

— *John V. Hicks*