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.