

# fishies don't have feelings

maybe as one underneath-the-bridge dweller said to the other, it's okay to bash the brains in once we cross the line to colder-blooded, to suck the heads, un-mourn the dead, de-shell or de-bone, find out the hard way whether anyone's home, and if we're all alone after all and there is no extra-solipsistic set of gills to listen in, maybe it's okay to rubber-band their claws together, go on a whaling expedition into the ever after, mastermind a dolphin holocaust off the coast of japan, mistake a trip to seaworld for seeing the world, and hurry every crawfish to shuffle off this mortal boil, dip your coke nail in the caviar and praise the good lord for multiplying the two fish and five loaves into a ghost brigade of scapegoats created only for to swim your throat, that awful waterfall of mucosal groans that somehow knows to choke back the crabby madness, savor the flakey something-lesser down the foodchain of your face and simply swallow, as if your stomach and the ocean had always been the selfsame place

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