

Black Fish in a Red Sea: Somethin' fishy in these here waters

Poet's Prologue: I am the Invisible veteran. I recently read an article about the finding of a deep sea fish that was always there but was never seen. before. Think of that a second...something always there...but never seen. Like the GI Bill creating housing patterns that led to modern racial reckoning. Like a placid ocean that hides and buries tons of pressure. Let's see...what's under the sea.

I had a pale inlaw who bought a house for \$5 thousand dollars. Lived happily ever after. Sold it for \$5 million dollars. My dusky father was an outlaw and bought a similar house for \$5 thousand. Lived happily ever after. Couldn't sell it for \$5 thousand. In the words of philosopher Marvin Gaye, "what's goin' on? Someone tell me what's goin' on?" Yep, GI, this a metaphor about Bill and Redlining:

Fish be floatin', moatin', downright slow boatin'. A phantom miles under deep.

Dense immense darkness in a pitch black sea.

It is Something grazing swimmingly ... in whatever water is.

Gulping ... sculpting ... bubbles ... with an undulating phrenic peep.

Fish ain't hardly crazy about the pressure way Above. Not that it knows where-ever ...if ever ...of anything called Above. Nor able to think of nuthin' really. Not life, not liberty nor love.

Fish just be floatin'. bloatin' . motor boatin' and downright showboatin'.
Darting past the deep sea tripod fish. Ugling with the bony-eared assfish.
Evading the larval lionfish.

Holy mackerel, pretty damn Dark creature. An Ultra-Black blink of a fish in a bottomless Black sea. So invisible light soaks into its very scales. Why is a creature this creepy anyways, So far under deep.

No clue ... this file ... that sentients called scientists have tracked down their prey. Pixels in black n' white in something called Time Magazine. Yep, Chronically Unaware it is... 'Cause for Fish there ...is ...no ...Time.

Fish just be floatin, bloatin, motor boatin' and just plain showboatin'

It is ... as it and its kin have always been. Indigo, no where to go. Invisible, Mired in murky mud waters not of their making.

Suddenly, a whoosh of steamy red... vents its unawares and froths him up...up...up... to another level.

Where comfortable cold is beveled by jets of searing heat. Whatever heat or red is.

Turbulent Times. Down is now Up. Black is volcanic Red. Denizen density now Light. God what a fright!
(whatever god is)

Fish paddles fitfully about until it encounters something mystically enroute.

Brightness ! Stirring feelings on its face and it can suddenly...

See !?! Whatever face and seeing is.

See here now ... in the suddenly red lining. Critters are all about. Keep your head on a swivel. 'Cause
Now it stands out. Whatever stands means. Fish is certainly Outed...

Just in time to barely avoid a school of loan sharks that chase it back down to the depths of the sound.
Never ever to venture up again.