

## LOVE POEM BECAUSE OF FLOWER FISH ●

Matt Zambito

Because I know what  
to be doubted out is, I know  
there's no doubt about it: We  
could chat for hours tonight  
about the murky world  
of truck-stop sex workers,  
but a few hours ago: *I named it*  
*"flower fish,"* our littlest said.  
I'd made a note of it.  
But what fish? What flower?  
What was her antecedent?  
When half of a metaphor  
falls in the proverbial forest  
and there's no one even imaginary around—  
to read or hear,  
to have it become part of one's memory  
no disease or over-medication can wash away—  
does it matter  
but for the possible comparison itself?  
I'm not asking for a friend  
other than you, my love, the best  
guide human this dog could have.  
The gall of my last lame analogy  
in light of hers earlier!  
She had no choice—what with  
chaos, and total free will, and every  
transmitter bumping around her  
neurons as if a speed-of-sound  
pinball, and riboflavin, and poison  
ivy that one time, and Mercury's gravity

moving dark matter—but rename  
something that’s swimmingly  
variegated in blossoming  
waves! What if  
here “fish” is a verb, “flower”  
the thing sought, and together: seeking  
out the most beautiful  
in a beautiful land; and giving  
it a gorgeous name; and being glad.