

## *The Flummoxed Flummoxer*

THOMAS DORSETT

Speckled guppies, young and old,  
almost worthless, 12 cents each,  
swimming in a tank of cold  
water I brought from the sink.

The little males with dot brains seek  
food and sex, pure fishthought, sex,  
sex and food and nothing else—  
Now I, their unseen god, bring Tubifex

worms, manna from heaven, live food—  
Tearing innocence to shreds,  
do they pause and think, *thank God!*  
*these worm balls taste like caviar?*

Hell, no. Guppies gulp what grub they get  
which they down between assaults  
without remorse, without recourse  
to Christfish who removes their faults—

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No saviors here. No fishmind's off kilter;  
they do not fear death or seek God;  
what crap they produce is removed by a filter.  
And the females, do they swim to be thin

and beautiful? No—all they want is to eat  
(even their children) and not be eaten:  
to them Hitler is as good as Christ;  
no gilled Eva Braun, no finned Mother Seton;

no love inside these goggle-eyed machines—  
Yet one could be in a worse mess  
than guppies. What—plus food and sex—makes  
you, Mr. or Ms. Self-fish, more—and less?