

Ode to a Lobster

JOSHUA GAGE

Here, between thick-cut filets
and a sheet of crushed ice
bearing slabs of cod and salmon,
a tank of frothing water
and a lone lobster.

You are the last thing alive here.
Only you scuttled over the sea floor,
survived the cold, the primordial shadows;
only you: pocked, blue-brown witness
to that ebon sermon.

Somewhere, lemons and melted butter
await. Somewhere, a pot of boiling water.
But now, you are a stone with spider legs,
great claws, and two black jewels for eyes,
ever open, patiently navigating
the tides of my all too human trembling.