

# Ocean City

By Jamie K. Reaser

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Some 400 million  
years ago a departing  
and a reconstruction:

Fins for limbs.  
Gills for lungs.  
Eyes capable of spotting  
what was needed or  
needed to be avoided  
across long horizons.

Now they say:

“The seas are rising!”

The oceans are coming  
for the land that something  
crawled out upon.

“Build!” they say,  
imagining grand escapes  
into floating cities.

I advise:

“Hire the humpback!”

She should be in charge  
of all the necessary  
filtration systems.

“Bring the lantern fish!”

They’ll oversee the anglers  
jellies, and diatoms. They’ll  
operate the bioluminescence  
farms. There will be light.

“Enlist the octopus!”

I think something should  
be fit to a place, look like  
it belongs there. Creation  
should not be an outrage.

Seabirds for chickens.  
Walruses for pigs.  
Oh, aren’t we lucky  
to already have:

Cowfish  
Horsefish  
Ponyfish  
Goatfish  
Hogfish  
Rabbitfish  
Dogfish  
Catfish

You can laugh, but  
what if that which  
is considered futuristic  
is actually our soul’s  
grand plan  
to go home?

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Kohimarama Sunset, Auckland, New Zealand  
Photo by Samara Doole