

The Apocryphal Anglerfish

by Marie C. Lecrivain

Many people will
postulate, or comment
with frustrated smugness.

Some will weep
and mythologize.

Others will sneer
and provide scientific proof
as to why this scenario
is nothing but a charade.

Like many others,
I wept as you drifted upward
with what felt like a purpose.

But there's beauty
in your departure.

Your small lumen
winked on and off,
like you were sending
a morse code to the sun
to say, "Wait for me!
I'm almost there!"

When you broke
through the veil
your life went out,
as you merged
with the Light.

You've shown us all
we're just like you,
a lost soul who longs
for their final moments
to mean something,
or make a difference.