

# Toyfish

Silver carp,  
fat goldfish in a cosmic pool,  
you were my little-girl god;  
you were where the thread  
crooked  
filled the invisible spool  
head to tail.

Still swimming like a shuttle  
you weave bright  
lightyears  
between the stars,  
those silver pegs where  
knots of matter are  
on the black frame  
of the spacetime loom.

I've made a toyfish,  
much like you.  
Slender, three-finned  
it ascends, heaping an overspin  
of fire behind it  
a trail too fast  
unravelling

My new fish dives  
like a needle  
toward the cratered button  
of the moon,  
and threads it,  
and heads for the dozen big  
buttons, grey and marrow-red  
and the asteroid  
scattered necklace of seedpearls  
flung between the worlds.

Silver carp,  
slim goldfish in the cosmic pool,  
when you've unwound  
from argent head to tail,  
when you're a skeleton,  
a fishbone wishbone  
by that first knot  
dangling from the finished thread,

My toyfish  
that is much like you,  
and you,  
will make a dark rendez-vous,  
a docking manoeuvre  
over the last black rent;  
will bring you thread enough  
to silver the separate spaces  
into one whole sun.

By Kathleen Moore