

**Wilderness House Literary Review 14/4**

*Elizabeth Glines*

**TWO SOLES: A DEAD FISH LOVE STORY**

Every week the tide creeps closer  
to overtake its dormant sands.  
Time claims those that cannot dream  
enough to survive idle hands.

Two soles wound tight by hashing  
out their truths with every wake.  
And what's left dies drowning  
in an ocean of their own make.

If death is sure to part them  
every week, then why  
must they insist to swim together  
knowing certain they will die?

Well, no fish has climbed a tree till now;  
no air is so forgiving.  
For they are each other's wild things  
the time that they are living.