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Ballad of Scales

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Ballad of Scales

Victoria Rajkumar

My fish jumped out the window.
Waving goodbye, he said,
“I am headed out to sea.”
Shocked, I replied,
“That’s quite dangerous.”
He shook his head at me
And spoke of the land people
With their incessant drudgery.
Claiming that we look out windows,
Vying to explore,
Yet turn around and shut the blinds
And say that life’s a bore.
Underneath the surface
Towards the ocean floor,
Ten hundred thousand worlds lie beneath—
Far from the balmy shore—
Waiting to be discovered.
“I wish I could take you,” he said to me.
“But you would surely drown;
Sorrow is such a heavy burden
When you’re going down.”
Before I could utter a word, he glanced at me once more.
Tipped his hat
And kindly smiled.
Then pranced off the sand
Into the grand
Depths of the shining, emerald sea.