

## Catfish

Says you're only 20 feet away and he can smell  
you, whip your head around  
in the crowd, the afternoon lunch  
rush of walkers crossing the crosswalk,

hoping to find the love of your life  
some meet-cute that doesn't  
involve grindr, or tinder, or whatever  
corn-batter sifting system the world uses

as of late. All you want is a map to map the  
map, bottom of the lake, that leads to true  
love, the dance step rug, complete with  
arrows, you've only seen used in movies.

Says, always, something came up— might be free  
tomorrow, like that shitty palm reader just off I-35  
who told you your cat would die,  
even though you didn't have a litter-

box, another future that you swore would never  
happen, but your husband proved otherwise.  
And you remember the weight of *never*, how it  
made your pockets hang lower

like stones and plastic bags collect in the river,  
the bellies of bottom feeders, how much waiting in one  
place can bury something to the point fish will scoop up  
whatever comes their way.

Say, I don't care if *want* eats me alive, I'll take the bait.