

Flounder
Daniel Funk

Construct a bridge to Pulley Ridge
Designed one hundred miles long.
For paradise, it's worth the price;
The fish abound in patient throngs.

Groom me a beach on Big Pine Key
And terraform its foreign shore
With golden sand from distant lands—
Home's plastic luxuries galore!

Release my pain through ancient veins,
Left drowned beside my battered soles!
With patient dread, I float instead
And wait to snag the reaper's pole.

Then when I'm snagged and coarsely dragged,
Abandoning my Midas race,
To worlds untouched, I'll flounder much,
Endure, or be erased.