

The Truth is As Intimate As The Teeth Biting Off Your Legs First

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*After Sean Barry Parsons*

"This is based on my therapy session yesterday  
where for some reason I thought  
it was a good idea to tell a licensed therapist  
all my insane fears about" the ocean.

"Stuff in there." Whales older than electricity. Sharks.  
The U.S.S. Indianapolis, the screaming days  
the final boys who lived discuss on YouTube,  
if you're into that. No judgment. Really.

If you've listened to Jade Daniels like you should,  
you know Jaws is a slasher, that shark grown  
fat off the Little Boy carried by the doomed Indianapolis,  
back to set things right by tooth and fin,

back for the fear of sharks carved into  
mostly white mostly America, the demonization  
blockbuster that almost destroyed an ecology  
of dinosaur age, back for a fragile masculine

that jams their teeth in chokers to pick up  
girls who love Jimmy Buffett, lays waste  
upon the sharks as we have always done,  
though they're less dangerous, statistically, than

a loose plug you can't afford to pay the electrician  
to come fix, sparking putative house fire.  
Fear of fire doesn't embed itself like a megalodon  
come to eat the Orca and all who sail in her, vengeful

woman king of apex predation dragged to  
unwanted consciousness by hubris, Adam  
Frankenstein come back for his slasher revenge  
gender swapped, a woman finally biting back,

the vagina dentata of it all, queen come  
for the reckoning, ancient cousin of kaiju,  
mother of a million sequels, a billion screaming  
mouths agape, the ocean's jaws closing.

The problem is there are...other things,  
than just sharks, who mostly are not vicious,  
just struggling to continue against the new ecologies  
we gave them, poison in the weave, like we always do.

There are things that live where the sun has no dominion,  
who suck heat and light and food in a darkness so total the tiny flashes in it are the stars  
behind your eyes after they hit you,.

Hell yes I'm afraid of the ocean and Freud  
can go hang. I greet her like a mother with  
a mother's power, avoid her like Mom,  
stay inland, to the water that wants me.

No good comes of people like us and oceans.  
They are not made for me. Reducings  
plastic waste, thinking of Tetley and Fuckwits,  
dreaming Great Garbage Patch dreams

the size of Texas after the armadillo have  
all run to Tennessee to spare the heat.  
It's a good life, if you don't weaken.  
Don't go around picking fights with someone else's god.