Nainai says I have good eyesight because when I was born Mama fed me fish eyes and nothing else.

At the supermarket, the trout floated up in tanks and opened and closed their mouths like flowers. Mama chose the one with the biggest eyes and I felt their bodies glisten in my hands. We tied plastic bags with rubber bands, and like this, we drowned fish in air.

At home Mama plucked out the eyes and served them to me on a plate with nothing else.

++

She said, *eat until you are full.*
The airport in Shanghai
plays a projection of
a digital koi pond
on the ceiling: holographic scales
swim across blank
tiles. They look just like
real fish except
glossier. If you can generate
aura in a non-place,
then maybe there is no difference
between meditation
and oblivion.

+

I’ll still buy this trout
and grope it in the dark. It clenches
and unclenches
in my hands like a beating
heart.

       +++       ++       +
+++++++
In college, I dated a frat boy who told me about a hazing ritual where they were forced to transfer a raw egg mouth-to-mouth all the way around a circle without breaking the yolk. He said every time it broke they had to start over, and it took all night before they finally got it right.

I thought it sounded spiritual, like sharing water after sex.

+

I am looking for a belonging as visceral as that.

++