

*Fish Tank*

Look inside  
These bland beige walls  
And watch the fishes  
Learn and play.

Can you hear the laughter?  
The ring of the bell?  
The stampede of feet?  
A call for help?

The crystal walls  
Must be clouding up  
Years of algae  
Yet to be cleaned

One fish's gills  
Are clogging up  
Eyes clouding over  
Fins breaking down

How many scales  
Can she lose  
Until there aren't  
Any left?

The best years  
Of your life  
Implies that  
Things will only get worse

We're tapping  
At the glass  
But you can't hear  
Our cries

Or do you  
Just  
Choose  
Not to listen?

