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Silverfish Chorus

John Surowiecki

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SILVERFISH CHORUS

Strophe

We embrace face to face, antennae trembling,
sparking even. We lunge forward, step back,
run for our lives before regrouping,
telling ourselves to act like what we are, for chrissake,
namely mercurylike blobs mad for starch and sugar,
madder for toothpaste. Flush us down the sink
and we'll return hungrier than ever and more convinced
that the world was created to delight.

Antistrophe

We are maddest of all for books, glue and pages,
incapable of imagining beauty without melancholy,
art without decay. Don't you find what's sweetest
at the coda of decomposition, the instant
before it all goes bad? We like the classics best,
the brace of salt and bitters, the quotidian
apochryphas, but in a pinch we'll eat rayon
or tin foil or any goddam thing at all.