

**KURT VONNEGUT
NARRATES MY DREAM
ABOUT NATURAL
SELECTION**

ZEBULON HUSET

The bluefish had always been crafty.
It's how they got by. In flickers.
They stalked while others hunted in rows.
They ate when others starved.
One bluefish noticed dangerous tidepools
forming around their hiding prey.
By morning, the rotted, sun-cooked
baitfish trapped in the shallow pool
returned to the ocean, were inedible.
But bluefish were bigger, stronger.
So a bold bluefish made a go of it.
His rotted, sun-cooked corpse
was inedible by morning. So it goes.

Bluefish began lurking near the rocks
which formed the tidepools with exits:
divots or cracks where the water drains,
but only to a point, as the tide
pulls its silk cloth slowly back,
leaving rotted fish, inedible by morning.
One bluefish found he could push himself
across the rock a little, holding his breath.
He ate more than any other bluefish.

He had strength to mate more,
to defend his females more fiercely.
He did not starve, and nor would his children
who also had strong fins and lungs,
as their children would have. So it goes.