

Ish the Fish and the Mother of Stone

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*Ish the Fish lived in the sea,
He came from the sun,
As bright as can be—*

Ish came down as a sunnyray gleaming. He alighted in a shallow sea with a sandy bottom. The waves waved, the sunlight played and he glittered and swam on the sand. He darted quick as lightning—a golden fish with golden eyes and golden scales and a golden, glittering tail.

Ish the Fish swam away; he swam by night, he swam by day until he reached a tragic shore. On the shore there played a child, and watching the child a woman. Dark was her hair, dark like a raven's wing, and her eyes were dark like stone.

The child played on a rock. Below the rock hissed the turbulent sea. The woman came behind the child, her eyes dark like stone. The child didn't notice—but Ish did. Out of the sea he jumped and landed on the rock. He flipped and flopped and gasped for breath. The woman stopped.

"A golden fish, Mama. A golden fish!"

The raven-haired mother picked up the golden fish. It was weighty. She took it home and the child followed.

She ate the fish and gave the child none—but he found a bone and licked it. The child began to shine. Gold was in his eyes. The mother saw, she saw, and the light in her eyes met the light in his eyes and the stone of dark was gone.