One afternoon
some fisherman
with worn nets
pulled up a bottle
of sky-blue glass.
With sun-worn eyes,
one fisherman could see,
squinting,
a piece of paper inside,
algae stained,
with the words
"I'm alone.
Somebody
please help me."
They laughed about it,
they shrugged a little,
they brushed it off like dust.
They continued
pulling up silver flopping fish
like they had that day
and all the days before,
the bottle tossed to the side
where it rolled in a semicircle.
The fishermen
had a rich day
the creatures
with wide staring eyes
lay piled in barrels.
Giddy with fortune,
the men drank and sang,
the bottle, neglected,
clinked against the hull
with every lap of evening waves.
Before they turned in,
the most sober
picked up the bottle,
looked at it, thoughtful,
and let it fall back
to the water,
like a small fish,
where it shed bubbles
as it drifted down
out of sight.
In the depths
where it sank,
a watery hand
reached out
grabbing hold of
the glass body.
Slender arms clutched it to its chest,
sad, pensive eyes stared up
at the rippling reflection
of the lonesome moon.