

for the Love of the Sea

**Janet Kuypers poetry
about aquatic animals
read in Salado, TX 5/7/22**

*ced magazine
supplement bonus
ISSN# 1555-1555*

Uniqueness Finds Love

Pacing inside my walls, I was trapped in this cage after hearing the news of one lonesome whale roaming the Pacific with a 52 Hertz mating call—higher than what any other whale could hear.

Discovered by Naval researchers, this one whale pulled on the heartstrings of many generations, because we all to painfully know that loneliness and that desperation— can anyone hear our pleas.

Pandemics force us into isolation, which further restricts any chance for connection, days become years as we are forced into this separation, and we suddenly now connect to this one lonesome whale.

So in our new isolation, we sit in our boxes, type questions to our Internet corporate Big Brother—and realize we weren't alone in loss, as newspapers share, musicians croon, and researchers... search,

to no avail: until they found audio records of that one singular sound— in two places. There was another. Without finding the whale, they instead found hope—that no matter who you are, no one is truly alone.



Bismuth

in an ocean of one

Janet Kuyper®
1/12/22 • Twitter-length poem
for Periodic Table element #83, Bismuth (Bi)

only tiny bits of Bismuth
are in the pacific... not unlike
the one lonesome whale
the navy heard, at 52 hertz—
higher than what any whale can hear

media, musicians mourned,
we all understood that loneliness—

until ocean audio heard two 52 Hz sounds,
proving no one's truly alone

						2	He
						10	Ne
5	B					18	Ar
13	Al					36	Kr
31	Ga					54	Xe
51	Sb					86	Rn
81	Tl					118	Og
113	Ni					118	Og
66	Dy					71	Lu
98	Cf					103	Lr

Twitter
verse
Periodic
Table
Poetry

Janet Kuyper
Twitter-length poetry
for every element
in the Periodic Table

Sears Publications

Only Recourse

Kittens watched me walk away
before I stepped on a plane
flying me sixteen hours away
to a time zone eleven
and a half
hours early

Stepping off the plane, exhausted
I saw hundreds of fish in a long
glass aquarium along the floor
as they advertised a fish “pedicure”

Now, I’ve swam to ocean floor sharks,
I’ve had barracuda circling my feet,
so, I thought,
‘an all-natural way to feed fish
and relieve my feet, what a treat’

So, I sat down
as hundreds of fish swam by for a nibble,
and I couldn’t stop giggling
the entire time



Now, I'm a lover of animals
I wouldn't kill them
to wear them or eat them,
so only years later did I learn
from the *New Delhi Times*
“aa bail mujhe maar” (आ बैल मुझे मार):
the problem humans caused
exploiting thousands of animals
to create some extravagant,
unnneeded, unnecessary niche market

These little fish, called Garra rufa,
are specially grown in tanks
and imported into India,
eating human flesh when *starved*
of their plankton and vegetable diet

These mistreated fish suffer
with systemic bacterial infections
for their eyes, mouth, gills, abdomen

and their excrement has all this in that water
we humans are all charmed into
immersing our feet in

I mean, some of these foot baths
may even cause Hepatitis C and HIV

as I said before,

what a treat

This water was once tested in a shipment
where a slew of different bacteria thrived,
resistant to most antimicrobial medications,
that cause soft tissue infections —
and since this isn't a medical procedure,
there's no oversight whatsoever

I put my feet in a tank like this once,
thinking I was doing something good
for these fish.

Silly me.

I should remember that when
it comes to humans,
the first thing they think
when it comes to animals
is abuse,
so, in this case,
we should think about how to help
these thousands of animals instead.

I mean, I believe
I am a concerned citizen
to help women trapped
in physical or sexual abuse,
I immerse myself in other cultures
to assist all who do not fit
the Caucasian mold.
And I think being a vegetarian is enough
to help all animals on planet Earth,
but...

I once inadvertently
became a willing participant
in a system to support
the torture and abuse
of thousands
and thousands
and thousands —



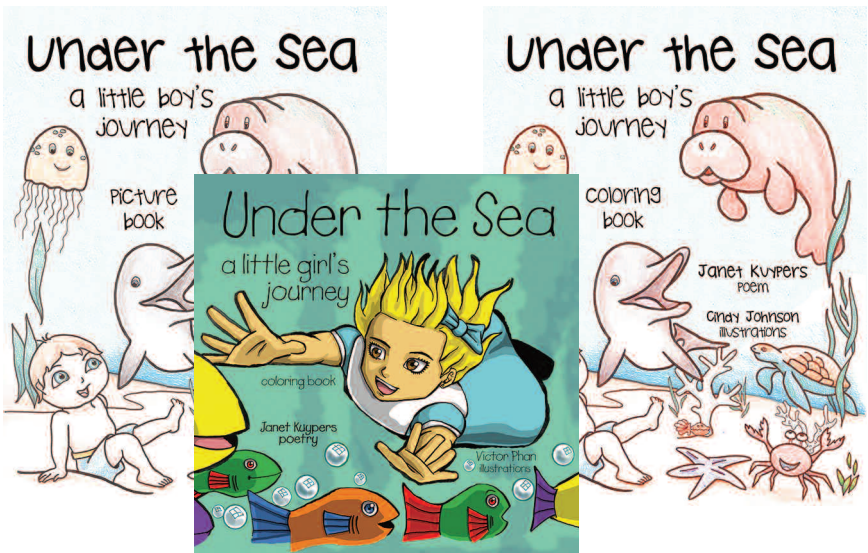
and I giggled about it the entire time, too.



It makes me wonder:
did I mistreat the fish I kept in an aquarium,
including the Blue Gills from a lake
that could have become
someone else's meal?
Well, I didn't starve them,
where their only recourse
was consuming human flesh...
because,
really,
if we're all about love,
how do we show it
if we turn a blind eye
to give concern to our comfort instead.
Because, *of course*, giving ourselves comfort
is all well and good,
but wonder the real cost of a feel-good,
step back, and embrace the big picture.
Because when we see the good one thing can do,
that's the *real* comfort — for everyone.

Under The Sea

I'd like to be
Under the sea
To see the fish go swim,
I'd like to squish
A jelly fish
And then let go of him.
I'd like to grab
A soft-shelled crab
And take him for a walk
I'd like to hurdle
Over a turtle
And teach dolphins to talk.
I'd like to see
A manatee
And then go play by him,
I'd like to do
All of these things
If only I could swim!



for the Love of the Sea



<http://twitter.com/janetkuypers>



<http://www.facebook.com/janetkuypers>



<http://www.youtube.com/ccandd96>



<https://www.pinterest.com/janetkuypers>



<https://instagram.com/janetkuypers>



<http://scars.tv/ccd>

**Janet Kuypers poetry
about aquatic animals
read in Salado, TX 5/7/22**

*cc&d magazine
supplement bonus
ISSN# 1555-1555*

