

## FROM THE LOCH, TO THE MONSTER

Thank you for hiding yourself in my body—  
for letting only me in on the mystery of you.  
I have kept silent and dark for so long, that  
the fish are all blind and I cannot recall what  
color ever was. But you, my sweet creature,  
were worth it. You've been banshee's song.  
Sonar-splendor, humming under skin. How  
many have come now to put ear to my water,  
to my murky heart? I'm no longer an empty  
lake of wanting. Tourists, scientists, even  
skeptics whisper my name like incantation,  
hoping if it is said just so, you will appear  
from obscured depths—a riddle's answer.  
Now is the time for the reveal, for release.

This world needs reminding the fantastical  
exists, even if unseen. Give more than fin  
or neck, blurred in photo—your fingerprint  
smeared from the scene. Show hard proof  
you are no driftwood, wake or hoax, but  
tangible anachronism refuged in shadow.  
Let your myth become fact become fame.  
Feel no guilt or worry—this is not so much  
a breakup, as it is a breakout. You deserve  
the limelight, and I the freedom to relearn  
sky. How I've wished for sun to skip over  
my surface like a stone, then sink beneath  
so I might shine from bottom up. Finally  
brilliant, able to be legend all on my own.

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