Jigging for Squid

All the windblown men on the boat
were fishing for rock cod,
their long lines weighted

the many hooks
baited only with yellow
and red yarn.

But the cloud
of little squid beside the boat
swirled faster as my line fell past them,

so I kept it there. Jigged it up and down
to see what would happen.

They attacked.
As I pulled the line in, there were three,
five – no, six squid attached.

The deckhands thought I was loony –
who needs squid? –
as I held the slipperiness in a bucket of water
to take it off the hook, so slow

with each one. The men couldn't see
what I saw as I took my time:

the shining skin changed colors
in an instant—blue, then green, then pink
and emanated light, flesh blinking in my hands.

As if these iridescent creatures –
hunters, seconds before –
could camouflage themselves from death.