

Snakehead (Channidae Erectus)

Giant Squid

No further offerings of our own flesh and bone, the stranger found in pieces on shore, has limbs to spare, and can grow more

A sign, an omen, a living totem, a walking fountain of meat.
Asteroidean limbs grow again and again, pleasing the pool of teeth

Sacrifice anew of fresh sinew, his scent sinking like teeth in soup
Sentries arise from the halocline

Water will flow from elder to embryo, the driest of days are days of old,
Bring every bowl, fetch every pail, cup thy hands both dry and frail

We'll all be drunk with water again

When we've regaled the demons enough, bring our gift back up
And feed him well with the oiliest slop

Yank the rope and hoist him high, he'll regenerate overnight
When fins follow, let him drop