

I Blame You

The hammerhead shark is neither
a hammer nor a shark
but it is a head
just as Albert Einstein is a head
albeit transferred to fewer T-shirts
but no less terrifyingly
from the shipwreck point of view.
For the publication of “Cosmological
Considerations on the General Theory of Relativity,”
The New York Times sent their golf reporter
to interview Einstein, another similarity.
The nurse shark is so called
for its humongous mammary glands
which secrete not milk but schnapps
which baby sharks find quite nourishing.
Sharks of course spend their entire youth
utterly blotto which accounts
for the superiority of their high school productions
of *Macbeth*. Some people capture great whites
for consultation on surfboard design
but generally, it is best not to approach sharks
with your dumb, self-serving schemes,
particularly Jehovah’s Witnesses piss them off
although, as you know, sharks do not
urinate, they ululate.
Of the thirty-seven species known
and the sixty unknown
and the sixteen mooned over
by prepubescent girls,
particularly the glittery unicorn shark,
most live in water
yet have never sent a synchronized swim team

to the Olympics which is our loss.
When Beethoven hooked his first shark,
he couldn't hear the captain yelling,
Let the fucker go, you idiot!
so his last symphony is unfinished.
But it is far too easy to blame the shark
for our own snafus in the brain department,
we who need not keep swimming to breathe,
we of so few teeth and those mostly ruminant.