**On finding a body in the water tank**

"Frothy and discoloured" was how  
the newspaper described their tap water one morning.  
They would have used it for several things before the discovery,  
routine things: rinsing their mouths, a wake-up shower,  
a bowl of soup. At this groggy hour  
the body could almost be  
alive: the tank  
expanding, contracting  
redly, propelling blood cells  
to this household, that. The block of flats  
breathing. Twitching.  
  
This morning my father fetched the net  
hanging by the side of his fish tank,  
made a clean scoop. I wonder  
how the discus must feel, swimming   
under the shadow of their dead friend.  
Drifting by the surface, one glassy eye  
upturned, towards the dry world   
it cannot experience, the other  
observing quietly the inhabitants.   
It could almost   
just be a fallen leaf.