Goodbye Isabella Wang

When I returned to the university again three months after pandemic closure I cried the koi in the pond were still there tails waving by lilies overhead the same blue dragonflies with gilded wings circling poised like miniature helicopters of the campus biome animal companions

No one knew how long the pandemic would last

say we'll be back by summer

then fall then maybe next year . . .?

No one took care of them changed

their algae-grown water

The fish so used to the passing reflection of students carrying textbooks and heavy back packs were sick bugs were dying

in the pond
and the fish were feeding off
of the decomposing remains of their young
like forced scavengers
making best of a poisonous habitat

The koi were my favourite part of the university symbols of strength in my culture

My favourite amulet
a koi carved in jade — a departing gift
from my grandfather
I asked him why he did not give me a dragon
my horoscope as was customary
and he said koi
was the ancestor of the dragon

the koi were stronger

I'd look for one swimming up against breeze over current and be reminded that once it took a koi 100 years to journey to the top of a waterfall

that once there the Gods

turned them into dragons

the koi were comforting

that way

I didn't feel as alone in the semester

the fish sensed

my coming

my hand as if sensing

a foreign stick

or bread crumps though I didn't have any

the biologists rushed to my aid

you shouldn't do that, they said

we are testing the water

this water is not a substance you want

to be exposing to your skin

there are pathogens in the water

it's really polluted

And I knew better than to ask why

why is no one changing the water

I wanted to scream it but I only cried

I knelt by the brim of this pond

and whispered

goodbye

whispered so softly

my sound startled

a dragonfly