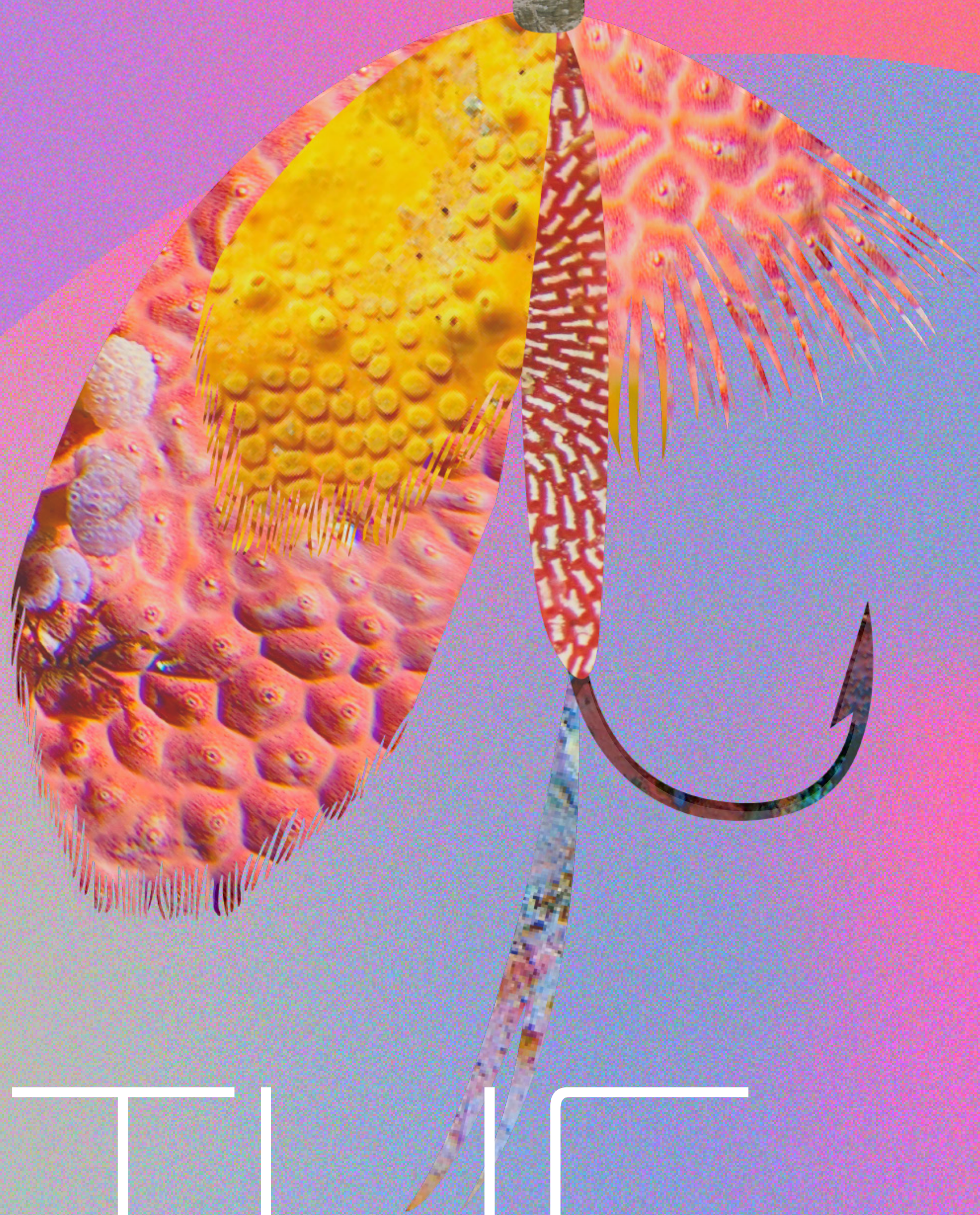


Fishing Fly

#4



THE  
FLYING  
EYES

Karin Amimoto Ingersoll

I have salt stuck to the nerves woven throughout my body. My limbs stretch out 11 feet in diameter, into a perfect circle, although most of the time I lay limp across a shoulder or on a hook. I have several arms, legs, and feet, but these are nothing compared to my eyes. I have many, many eyes. My human calls my eyes *maka*. They sit in the spaces between the lines of my body. My eyes are all exactly 2-inch wide. I know this because the human used a wooden gauge to space out each *maka* precisely as she wove me into life.

My human knotted these eyes throughout my body so that when I am thrown into the sea, I sink and entangle the gills, fins, and mouths of sweet fish. It's quite magnificent being tossed up toward the clouds, my body dilating like a mushroom so that my many feet kick out in flight. I am in my most glorious and exhilarated state when I am full, expanded, and perfectly spherical. My heavy lead feet spread out at the ends of my many legs, which are actually also my arms. Then I drop gracefully but heavily with a violent splash through the surface of the ocean, surprising all life below me. Sometimes, I even surprise myself.

My weighted feet pull the rest of my string body down, scraping my knees and elbows as I descend upon rocks, reef, and sand. I know these seabeds well. I love them with all my heart, and I love to hug them close to my body. Most of the time I embrace fish and seaweed, sometimes small rocks and turtles, but my human always frees everything from my embrace. Except for the fish, of course. The fish are why she throws me. The fish are what she wants my many *maka* to seek and find.

One gusty morning, when the sky and sea blended into each other through the frequency of dawn, my human entered the garage and yawned. She shoved her feet into her black rubber shoes, rubbed her eyes, and plucked me from my hanging place on the wall. She slung me over her shoulder, as she did every morning, and we began our short walk down to the sea.

“Morning Tiana,” the old human who lives next door muttered to my human.

“Good morning, Uncle Joe,” my human responded with a tired smile. I bounced against her lower back as she walked us down the sandy path. “I’ll be sure to drop your fish in the outdoor fridge on my way back.”

“Mahalo nui, my dear, lovely Tiana,” the old human whispered, as he always did.

Tiana. Uncle Joe. Humans seem to find comfort in naming things. They have names for each other, for different types of fish, plants, and even the stars in the night’s sky. If they give something a name, they can discuss and analyze it. I prefer not to remember the names I hear humans call each other, animals, or even me. My purpose is simple. My purpose is to see. I don’t need to know the names of the fish or the stars for that. When I’m thrown, hovering above the ocean’s surface, my many eyes see all the things I have no names for. Yet, because I see them, because I simply observe and pay attention, I understand how they fit together. I see the patterns in the movements of the fish, the rhythms of the waves rolling in from the horizon. I hear the streaks of currents, I feel fragile bubbles rising to the surface, and I taste

the floating bark from the shoreline trees. Even though I have a skeleton of synthetic fishing line, when I look with my many, many maka, I dissolve into the space around me. I become part of the seascape.

My human can become part of the seascape, too. To effectively fish, humans have to stop being human. What I mean is that they have to stop engaging in what have become “normal” human behaviors. They have to still their busy bodies, quiet their chattering tongues, calm their swirling minds, and look.

When my human crouches low over the jet black rocks, I know she is ready to transform. She sits, watches, and listens. A few of my legs drape over her left elbow, the rest of my limbs are divided between the fingers of her right hand. She breathes slowly. She watches with her eyes and I watch with mine. While we are waiting to transform into lava rocks, I listen to the sun move up into the sky. Burnt black crabs scurry cautiously between her feet. Muscles taut and stable, we wait. We watch.

Slowly, the obsidian rocks rise up and into the soles of her feet, and she is connected. Now she can go undetected by the fish, birds, and limpet. If she needs to move closer to her fishing hole, she waits for a wave to splatter white foam across her lava rock body, and then she moves inside the wave, unobserved. Inevitably, fish will emerge from their holes, no longer detecting human vibrations or scents. With the next wave in the set, my human will spring up, unwind her torso like a corkscrew, and release me up and forward. Up I

fly and spread as every one of my eyes dilate. I see everything with my many, many maka wide open and free.

That morning there was something different about my human. Her shoulders sloped downward, which meant I kept slipping off her back. She walked with less ease, stumbling several times on the rocks as she headed toward the point where she likes to fish. "Damn it," she released between her clenched teeth. Her big left toe started to bleed.

I remembered the conversation I heard between her and the other human in the house the night before. Their voices were elevated and sharp. "I can keep some good food on the table," my human pleaded. "I always catch something."

"Tiana," the other human shot back gruffly, "this isn't about what little fish you can catch. We have bills. A lot of bills. And that's not even taking into account our student loans."

"So are you telling me to quit graduate school and put on some high heels for a corporate job?"

"No," the other human lied.

While listening, my eyes focused on a cluster of salt crystallines sitting very still on the skin near one of my arms. It sat tall, just above one of my eyes, which is why I was able to notice that it was swaying ever so slightly, even though we were sitting in an enclosed garage.

"Look," the other human continued, "this doesn't have to be permanent. Just until I find another job myself. I can't help that this pandemic has shut down the entire world and now my company went under."

“I’m not blaming you,” my human said in a very tart tone. “I’m just saying I don’t want to...” She stopped. I heard a bottle pop open and then land heavily down on a table. My attention turned back to the salt crystal. I looked at it, really looked at how it shone and shimmered in the still dark of the night. Suddenly, I realized it was a star. It was from both the sea and sky, which are interconnected after all. It had attached to my arm as I was pulled from the ocean. I had looked at many salt particles on my body before, but that night I saw its origin. The salt crystalline looked back at my maka with just as much attention. I stopped listening to my human’s conversation and focused on the salt. It told me it was pre-culture, pre-life. It was stardust. “Am I stardust, too?” I asked. Yes.

My human bent down to inspect her toe, and several of my limbs slid off her back onto the rocks. My human growled like a provoked wolf. She yanked my body back onto her shoulder. We walked to the edge of the rocks and looked. It was always so peaceful and magical to look out over her shoulder at the vast sea. There was never another soul around in these early hours. As we stood in the chill of the morning, my human began to slowly transform from the wolf into the wind. Her muscles soften and she slowly inhaled and exhaled the crystalline stardust blowing off the sea. Then I saw something occur I had never seen before. A drop of water with small specks of stardust rolled out of her eye and down her cheek. She immediately wiped it away before I had the

chance to see what it was trying to say. But I knew it was important. I knew it was big. Maybe as big as the ocean before us.

This drop of stardust water seemed to make the wolf want to come back. She was upset again and she started separating my body with quick movements, preparing me for casting. But she was yanking and tearing at me so hastily, I forgot myself. I forgot I was meant only to see. Not to talk.

“Why did that water fall out of your eye?” I said out loud before I had time to remember.

My human cocked her head toward me with her mouth ajar. Her eyes didn’t blink, and they were wide. I looked back at her, uncertain if I should disown my mistake or continue.

“Hello,” I kept going. “I have a secret to share with you if you’d like to try.”

My human froze. She wasn’t breathing, as if she was silencing herself in order to hear inside a different world.

“Hello,” I repeated.

“Oh my God,” my human stammered. She dropped me and backed away, but her eyes remained fixated on mine.

I lay there in a tangled pile of limbs and feet, quiet until she finally found her curiosity.

“Hello?” she whispered, leaning her head toward me.

“Hello,” I whispered back.

“What...is going on?” she said under her breath. “How are you talking to me?”

“I suppose I’m talking to you because I have something important to ask you.”

After several more minutes, my human slowly stepped closer to my sprawled body. I continued, "I saw the water with salt crystalline stardust fall from your eyes, and although it surprised me, I'm realizing that maybe you and I are not so different. We look different, but if you have stardust inside your body like I do, then I have an idea."

"What?" my human was struggling to be with me in that moment. I could see she wanted to run. I could see that she was afraid because all along she never thought I had a voice, or any stardust inside me. She assumed I was inanimate. But I knew she would stay and listen to my idea. I knew my human well enough to be sure of this. I simply hadn't had this idea, nor the need for this idea, until then. But here was an opportunity for change.

My human sat down on the cool rocks, crossing her legs in front of me. The sun hadn't yet risen above the line of coconut trees behind us. "Okay," she said with a quivering voice, "I'm listening."

I told her how I had heard her conversation the night before. How I had spent all my life watching and listening, and how this practice had taught me a lot. When I saw what she called a tear fall from her eyes, I realized she too had stardust inside her.

"Stardust?" she asked.

"Yes, the salt crystalline told me it was made of stardust, and that so was I."

"What does that mean?" she asked. "Did you decide to speak to me because you think I'm made of stardust?"

"All of the many, many eyes that you have



knotted into my body, help me to see above and below the sea much better than you. When you toss me open, I can see the birds' tongues flicking in and out of their mouths. I can see the arms of the octopus extend forward and then curl under it like strands of seaweed nestling in for sleep. I can see the colors of the coral blending together with the currents. I can see the fish hiding in their holes. Would you like to see what I see?" I asked hopefully.

My human blinked. She thought and then said, "Yes."

"Alright," I began. "You'll have to trust me. You'll have to let all your old belief systems die. You'll have to let go of your logical mind, as well as your physical body."

"I think that's already happening," she said as if she were making a joke. Then she exhaled and furrowed her brow. She grasped her hands together in a nervous gesture, rubbing her thumbs back and forth.

"Alright," I continued gently. "Close your eyes. Now, think about all the maka that you have tied in my net. See them, how they're shaped, how far apart they are from each other, and how they open and close as I move."

I waited for a long while, letting her inner eyes find mine. The waves were lapping and crashing in our ears, and the sun was beginning to warm our skin. Finally I asked, "Do you see my maka?"

She nodded, still closing her eyes. I knew she could see me because I felt her eyes hovering around mine. I wasn't exactly sure how I was going to help her cast this spell, but I knew she

could transform, I saw her do it every morning. I knew she could become my maka, too. “Feel my eyes with your fingertips,” I said, “and then climb inside.”

She cautiously raised both trembling hands, and began pulling open part of the air in front of her. She was spreading out my body in her mind so that my eyes were wide and inviting. Then she did something I did not expect. She deliberately brushed her fingers against her two eyes, as if she were picking diamonds from a tree, and placed them into mine.

“Fantastic,” I whispered.

My human smiled, and asked, still with her eyes closed, “Should I throw you out now?”

“Yes,” I answered a bit distracted at the sensation of having two human eyes inside two of my maka.

She stood up and she prepared my body as she had done thousands of times before, and then we watched together through my net-body. We waited and watched, and then we both saw a large school of fish outside the reef, a zone her eyes hadn't been able to see from the shore before. She moved into the water, walking, stalking, sliding her feet in rhythm with the current, until she unwound and cast us both out and over the surface. We soared, eyes never leaving the large school ahead. Then we descended rapidly and heavily, imprisoning all of the fish beneath my arms.

Her body waded out to us, smiling like a child experiencing the delight of playing peekaboo for the first time. Her arms pulled mine into a ball, and as her legs walked us back to the shore, she

shouted over the waves and wind and seabirds, “That was incredible! Absolutely amazing!” She threw her head back and laughed from deep inside her belly. “I could see everything! Oh my goodness, I saw the surface of the water slipping along pathways. I saw colors inside the air! I saw hues of blue and green, mixing and flowing into yellows and oranges. And the fish, oh the fish! I cannot believe how seeing the fish allowed me to understand them. I just knew where they were going to turn. It was like I was inside their brains! How did I know that? What just happened?”

Laughing like a madwoman, my human scrambled up the rocks and rested my back upon the warm lava. She was holding my feet together, keeping me upside down in a ball so the colorful, bouncing fish wouldn't dance their way out. We were both silent, dripping water and salt, both gazing out at the sea, which held all the answers to her questions.

“Can I get my eyes back?” she asked humbly. “Or do I stay part of you, and the sea forever?”

I thought about this question for a moment. I had never imagined my eyes as being separate from the sea or the land, or even from my human. I didn't know what she meant by getting them “back.” When I observe with my eyes, the world becomes my mirror. The ocean reflects the blue starfish back into me, and the moonlight, too. When you watch something, like a strand of seaweed, for a long time, you realize how connected you are with it. You realize it is talking to you, in the same way I am telling you this story. You cannot hear me narrating unless you

really see me. So, when my human asked me if she could get her eyes back, this is what I said, “I cannot tell you how to separate from me, the ocean, or the fish in your hands. But I can tell you that your eyes are still with you. They never left. They just expanded and connected.”

My human stood still for a long time. She was listening to the white birds circle above and to the whales singing in the deep. She was feeling the ocean’s crystalline particles. She was smelling the octopus’ ink. She was tasting the greenness of the algae. Then she raised her hands into the air and carefully, but with a knowing she didn’t have before, picked her eyes from the ether and placed them back into their sockets. She opened them slowly, squinting into the brilliant sun. Then she smiled from inside her chest, cradled me tenderly in her arms, and we walked up the sandy path home. But not without stopping to drop ten large fish in the old human’s outdoor refrigerator.

My human and I continued to set out together every morning to catch nets and nets full of fish. She started to sell her fish at the daily fish market in town, and was soon making more money than she and the other human in the house had ever made before. All the humans from the big island we lived on started coming to the small fish market to buy her fish because hers were the biggest, tastiest, and most abundant. Humans started to call her “The Fish Whisperer.” They even came with cameras down to the shoreline with us at dawn, watching her watch the seascape with her eyes inside mine, and then throw us into pile

after pile of fish.

“How do you close your eyes and know where to throw your net?” people would ask her again and again. Some of these humans had video cameras and others voice recorders. Others were young humans who’d run alongside us as my human fished. Each time my human responded the same way, “Seeing is really from the inside.”

At first it was hard for my human to put her eyes into my maka when other curious humans surrounded us at the shore. She practiced though. We would go down to the edge of the water at night, when the wind seemed to bite more ferociously, and the black water’s surface rose into small, sharp peaks. We would just watch, sitting together until our bodies merged. Soon her eyes could travel immediately into my maka, and then she’d throw us in. Not trying to catch fish, she would just let me sink to the ocean floor and be still. We would observe, sometimes for hours, as surges would rock us back and forth, setting us in rhythm with the sea. The dark reef we laid upon swayed too. It was very slight, we had to watch the coral beneath my feet and limbs for a long time before we could tune in to its flow. Tiny and glistening fish would dart in and out through my maka, while the bigger ones approached curiously, then darted away. Deep purple and pink urchins waived their spikes, inching sideways as they nibbled on algae.

This is how she learned to forget the noise and distractions. The more she saw in the seascape, the easier it was for her to become it. She learned to just witness the world instead of having

opinions about it. And because she could see so much more, she could connect to so much more. She realized that everything she needed to see was already inside her. Catching fish became a bonus.

One day a large human walked noiselessly into my garage. I had never seen him before. I watched his eyes dart around my home. I saw fear in them. He skulked over to me and began to poke, pull, and rub my arms and legs anxiously. His eyes rolled around in their sockets like a crazed robot. They were moving too quickly to see anything, but they were intense. I tried to connect with them, but they were too anxious. He yanked at my feet and then he took out a knife and sliced through three of my arms, taking three of my feet. Then he ran away.

When my human found me in my injured state she clasped her hands around her mouth. She stared at where I had been cut until I said, "He came to understand, but he couldn't."

My human nodded her head sadly, then gently picked me up and brought me inside to mend my three legs and fit me with three new feet.

"We don't need to install an alarm system," my human said to the other human in our house as she worked to mend my body. "It was just one person thinking my net had some kind of freaked-out technology in it."

"But it's not just this guy, Tiana. The whole town is talking. They are saying you're some kind of witch, and people are no longer enamored with you. They're scared of you."

My human exploded into a tense laugh. Then she re-centered, stood, and gave the other human a hug. She carried me outside and we walked down the sandy path to the ocean under the faint sliver of the moon.

We reached the end of the rocks and I could feel the stardust raining down from the crashing waves before us. "Someone is going to find out about you...and about my eyes," my human had a tightness in her voice.

I didn't respond right away. Then I asked, "When you put your eyes into my maka and we dive in, what else do you see other than reef and sea life?"

My human was silent.

"When your eyes are in my net, are you worried about anything that happened in the past, or might happen in the future? No, because all you are doing is seeing. There is only now. You are just a witness. A living, timeless witness of the passing seascape. You are witnessing yourself not reacting to any other human, or fish, or distraction. You are just seeing yourself inside the seascape. You are just seeing connections and that means you are seeing possibilities."

A few mornings later, my human and I stood quietly again at the edge of the sea. Gentle waves licked at the rocks. The wind was only whispering, blowing me quiet gifts of last night's stardust. My human said to me, "Let's submerge." Her eyes joined mine and she unfolded my body beautifully like a blooming sunflower over the glassy sea. We sank slowly, and my eyes focused on the thousands of grains of sand rolling together in

one direction, pause, and then back in another direction. They rolled back, and then forward, again and again. I listened to them chattering about how peace lives inside them.

Suddenly, I was jerked upward by a pair of gloved hands. My legs and eyes were squeezed together and I was dumped into the bottom of a rubber boat. I heard the roar of a motor and white water sprayed down upon me as my body bounced ferociously against the ocean's surface.

It didn't take me long to realize that I had been snatched by someone other than my human. I turned every one of my eyes toward my human's, which were still nestled between two of my maka. I had never felt such pity for something. Her eyes were shaking, ghost white except for the coal black speck of her retracted pupils. We jostled and skidded around the floor of the dingy, stolen violently from our own selves.

"Remember, we are all made of stardust" I whispered as comfortingly as I could.

The humans tore us from the boat as it skidded up onto a section of the beach I had never seen before. My limbs leaped in confusion as a hand dragged me across sand and rocks up to a small shelter. One of the humans burst open the door and the other followed inside. The door was locked behind us.

We entered into a yellow living room fitted with a small rattan couch decorated with floral print pillows. The couch sat behind a roaring fire. There was no fire place. This fire was in a small metal container, clearly a temporary feature in the house. My human's eyes were fixed on the bright red and



black flames that danced eagerly and fiercely in the dim room.

The two humans were breathing hard. I'm not sure if my human's eyes were asking me to speak, to try to talk these humans out of what they were about to do. I am sure, however, that we were going to transform. So I did what I was created to do, I watched. I watched the flickering flames bite my skin as I was brought closer and closer to its many pointed tongues. My eyes were soft as they entered the multiple mouths of the fire. I slid, crackling and smoking, into a black soot at the bottom of the container.

"Be brave, my human," I shouted over the roar. "You have already learned how to see. You do not need your eyes anymore. The world is now your eyes," I said. Then, I transformed into fire. So did my human's eyes.

I lay in the black soot that was once my body. The stench of burnt plastic sat low and heavy in the room like an apocalyptic fog. A few of my maka remained as the fire wasn't hungry enough to eat all of me. My feet were scattered about the bottom of the metal container, under and on top of the soot that was once my limbs. Some of the knots my human had tied around my feet remained, but I could not see, feel, or smell my human's eyes. I then felt something I had never felt before. I felt lonely. I felt disconnected. I felt incomplete.

I sat in my sooty self as the sun was overtaken by the moon. Then the gloved hands returned. They picked up the metal container and carried me outside. The human dumped the container

upside down into some low-lying bushes a good distance behind the small house. My soot and metal feet tumbled into a newly scattered pile on the ground. The human walked away, and I looked up at the night's stars. I am stardust. After watching the planets shine powerfully above me, I reconnected. A small salt crystalline blew over on the breeze and landed on one of my feet. I am stardust, too.

The gales grew in strength and blew much of my soot away through the night. When the sun had circled around the bottom of the world and began rising over the ocean, I saw a group of people approaching. They were searching for something. They pulled back bushes, and kicked at the ground. Suddenly the other human from my home stepped on one of my feet. He lifted his rubber shoe, looked at me, and picked me up.

"Tiana!" he called excitedly. "Tiana, I think I found it!"

I saw my human hurrying in my direction. She was wearing black sunglasses. In one hand she held a long stick that she anxiously tapped against the earth. Her other hand was held by another human, guiding her toward me. Stumbling and buzzing with laughter, my human dropped to her knees and felt for me on the ground. The other human in our house placed my foot in her fumbling fingers. She stopped immediately and let her skin sweep down over me, feeling each straight and curve. She smiled and said out loud, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't keep us safe."

My human, and all the other humans began collecting every scrap of fishing line and each

metal foot, making sure no body part was missed. We all walked back to our house together and my human immediately began to weave my old feet into a new synthetic body. Once again, I began to have arms, legs, feet, and many, many eyes.

After several hours of questions, photographs, videos, and careful documentation of my human working, all the humans said goodnight. Soon after, the other human who lived in our house fell asleep on the nearby couch as my human continued to weave knots that spaced out each new maka.

“You know,” she began to speak softly to me as her fingers worked diligently, “I was terrified yesterday. I didn’t know how to run after us. My body was frozen in place without my eyes to see for it. But I saw who took us. Two guys I actually grew up fishing with, believe it or not. That’s how I found you. I knew where to find them, and I was hoping you’d still be nearby. I’m sorry it took as long as it did. It took my brain some time to find the audacity to speak about what really happened.”

My human muffled a laugh under her breath. Without her sunglasses I saw her closed eyelids flicker and dance with expression as she spoke. Her eyes were still in her sockets but they were blank. They had burned in the fire. I knew she could weave herself new eyes, just as she was weaving my maka in that moment, but I wanted her to figure that out on her own. I knew she would in her own time. And that time was near. She was already using her inner vision of imagination, and expansion, and stardust.

She proceeded to tell me about how the other human in our house found her at the ocean later that day, weeping and full of sorrow. How she told him everything, about her eyes, my eyes, and the two men who took them all. How we were burned. She told me about how the other human immediately took her to the emergency room, and when the doctors confirmed that she was indeed somehow blind, he took her to the police station. It was a long story that my human told very calmly and with great detail.

“Now,” she said, gesturing toward the other human snoring on the couch, “he’s making me go to court to testify against the two men. What do you think about that? I mean, of course I’m angry about what they did. But so much has changed in me since that first day you told me to throw my eyes into the ocean. I know you understand how I don’t really need my eyes in the same way anymore. Plus, the judge and jury are not going to believe that those guys made me go blind by burning my throw net!” She laughed loudly, not trying to stuff it down this time. “They are going to think I’m insane and lock me up!”

I was watching the other human sleeping on the couch as she spoke. When would he be ready to put his eyes in my maka? When would the two humans who burned us in the fire be ready? I knew from observation that even the kindest human wasn’t necessarily ready to step inside the seascape or the forest-scape the way mine had. But it was critical that they did. This was their natural state. I could see their eyes longing for it. After all, they, too, were made of stardust.

When the day came for my human to testify in the court of law, she brought me along. I hung neatly over her shoulder as she sat down before a mass of people. All those eyes were watching her. They were watching me. Here was another opportunity.

My human began to speak to all those eyes, even as hers were closed:

We are all custodians of this planet. We are born from the sea. You all know this. Our creation story tells us we were born from the coral polyp. Seawater swims in our cells. But until recently, I had forgotten. I had forgotten to see the ocean, to see the fish I was trying to catch. Not all of you are going to believe me when I say this, but my throw net reminded me how to see again. How to just sit and observe, and listen, and be. You transform when you're sitting in that kind of a space. I did. I transformed to the point where I actually put my eyes into my net, and then I would fly them into the sea. That's how I was able to pull in the large catches I did. I could see underwater.

But I began to see more than just fish. I saw a truth that holds for all of us. And it's what our ancestors have always known. It's what they have always taught. We are the sea. There are so many distractions that we have just forgotten. We've got social media, grocery lists, we have to get the kids to soccer practice, find that sale online. These things are part of our lives, and they are great, but

they have put blinders on us so that we don't see anything else anymore. We don't see ourselves. We don't see ourselves in the sea, or the mountains, or the flowers. Because that takes time, and quiet, and stillness. Our lives don't naturally allow for those things anymore.

I'm not asking you today to prosecute these two men. They didn't know my eyes were in the net. They just didn't understand why my net was so powerful. Now they, and you, know why. What I am asking you to do today is to sit by the ocean and just watch. I promise, you'll connect to it. You'll see how you are the ocean. And you'll see how much power it brings you. Because separating ourselves from our environment weakens us. It separates us from our power because it separates us from ourselves. I don't need my eyes to see that. But I need you all to see that, too. This planet needs you to see that we all have flying eyes.

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**This story is a departure from the Native Hawaiian oral history of Nāmakalele (“the flying eyes”). Nāmakalele is a small land section in Moanalua Valley on the island of O‘ahu. This story tells of a fisherwoman named Keanahaki who fished by throwing her eyes into the ocean.**

# Fishing Fly #4: The Flying Eyes

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*Fishing Fly* is a serial publication of short fiction that animates vernacular and futuristic conceptions of marine life and human relationships. In the midst of shuffling the widespread disconnection with the ocean, the gathered fiction stories reconcile care, respect, and consciousness of possible more-than-human relationships. The state of the ocean and the marine life are also a reflection of human behavior that has often tended to extractivist, abusive, profitable, speediness, and selfish approaches discarding precious situated knowledge including fishing and cooking craft and the powerful rituals of storytelling. This series of short fiction infuses into the actions transmitted through generations to connect us with the salty waters and its many lives.

This series is conceived and edited by María Montero Sierra and published by TBA21–Academy, which has also generously supported an eponymous ongoing research project focused on marine and human relationships through the prism of eating.