Flounder sestina

The flounder is a cubist fish,
eyes close-set on filet-flat head,
as though a drugged artist, rebelling,
plucked and shoved them together.
Giving the lie to that Disney film,
antithesis of plump and yellow and blue.

In fact, the flounder is rarely blue.
It is a reclusive, sneaky, detective fish,
not flitting natural neon-bright on fickle film.
Rather, eons of Darwinian theory sculpted a head
and mixed browns and greys together
so that it blends with pebbles underfin, rebelling.

That is, if a fish can be seen as rebelling.
Can it really blend with the ocean blue
if it is grey? Perhaps the two together
cause the flounder, awkward fish
to stand out in the water like a bald head
in a homemade high school film.

Or is it my mind, with the perspective of film
and created archetype of rebelling,
that makes the flounder more than a flat head?
I see an odd fish and wonder why it isn’t blue;
I decide that its blending makes it more than a fish,
arrogantly, fruitlessly, bringing it and me together.

Also fish and Picasso together.
If this were some sort of arthouse film
I could insist on a visual metaphor: fish
as artist, fish as me, symbol of my rebelling
tied tight with twine and plopped in the blue
sea, a heavy burden for such a floppy head

because my rounded head wants a thin film
of connection brushed together over everything, rebelling
against the simple life of blue and clear and distinct, of fish.