



Seal Life

Bright spangles on the edge of the pool

Sliding, twisting figures break the plane

Crossing and recrossing

under the sparkling wet

Nowhere to go and yet, everywhere.

We course and dive and wonder,

“Is this the end? Will a breath of air be all?”

A grab for a fish? A belly full?

Or is the swirling,

curling,

winding

enough?