

The Leatherbacks

Mother buries us at dusk
while dark eyes watch from the woods.

We sleep soundly in sand
as the stinking sea rolls
and stutters and cracks,
black and blue beneath the moon,

until rough claws clutch our nook,
and a snarling snout, knifemouthed,
selfishly stabs my sisters,
dribbling down puddles of pink.

Huddled hard against crushing clay,
only we few remain,
saved by a skulking wave.

Fetid flames bake us for days
as swooping beasts howl and shriek.

Dry dreams and whispered winds
sift silt to soft powder,
twisting and shifting
and razing our hoary roof.

Then, propelled from long slumber
by a tickle of flippers;
trickling under falling stars,
we surge together swiftly.

And we run at the rising sun:
scuffling for the surf
without wondering why.