

Casting It

by Angela Kubinec

What you said to me floated across our gulf
As it did, it split in soggy ways
Like bread among hungry ducks
Truth came out of those wet scraps
It was a little bug that hovered there
Moving on the surface under its own speed
Amazing and frightening to us both
We watched it on our knees, grubby children
Waiting to see what would happen next

