

Staring at Waves

by Bill Yarrow

“In sequent toil,” my father was quoting
Shakespeare, “all forwards do contend,”
but I wasn't listening; I was staring
at the waves, all green and gooey, all
pommes frites, ruinous, insolent, half
fractal, sawing like insolvency, Swedishly
benevolent and Irishly violent, in whose
reflection I saw deciduous shellfish
nibbling a fragrant net; fit minnows
winnowing a wave; sunfish at worship,
contiguously religious. “I'm talking to you
about your future!” he was saying.
Me? I was wondering about the smug land,
the politics of weather, the insurgent sea.

