

Not Waving but Shivering

by Cooper Renner

Foamy on the sly, never an agile trained seal. I bit the hook, took in the shard too. Right to the jaw bone. Will you listen to it linger?

It's the friction of the wire against the snout, the tug of the undertow. Trapped in the gel. Skullcap of crabs. Will you record it as it rips clean?

Salt, the universal antiseptic. Worms, nature's clean-up crew. Under the tangle of stars and lamplight. The pink of every finger of coral.

