

It's Like a Near-Death Experience

by Nancy Byrne Iannucci

to write about the sea –
chimes of seagulls, plovers, and hybrids I call sea-lovers,
chant while waiting for bits of bread.
It's like walking twickly back and forth on delicate legs ahead of breaking waves
as the stained-glass sea opens, and the meerschaum pours forth:
a sermon preaching at your feet.
It's fierce, and deadly, like an orca.
Just when you think you've caught it,
it slips back out to sea, with the driftwood, and an old baseball cap.
You go Ahab mad pulled down by a cord of words.