

Octopus Mother

I watched a documentary

about an octopus with a short life.

To make more of herself,

she had to die, she knew. She knew more than me.

To give and give until all her giving dissolved

from her limbs, now just swaying in the current,

the most strange cloud passing. She's too weak

to hunt, too weak to fight.

The sharks are swift with

her grey body, calling, "Come, I'm almost gone,"

and the creatures will have their way. Tranquil

while they pull at her meat, ripping in chunks, taut but fleshy still.

And she holds no malice,

no contempt, for their desperate taking. The small creatures come too,

and are worse in their own innate way, burrowing

her life for their own.

She used to be purple.

Now, only a faint resemblance while she makes her last flowing dance

underneath the white caps.

She used to play with the diver

she trusted.

Now, her tentacles are grazing the ocean floor, disrupting the still sand
in accident, in resolution.

And I cry for her,

the most true ghost the sea ever knew.

Even with bits of her missing,

digesting in some other creature's darkness,

she'll dance on.

She'll dance on.