

*Old Octopus*

In the beginning he had many arms.  
Now he bumps along the ocean's floor,  
a lone tentacle slowly heaving,  
sniffing out the madrepores.

"You say I vent to hide or threaten.

It's not so. Ink is connection.

I vent to embrace. I vent to hold you.

Armless, I yearn, I stay in motion.

My ink is thicker than your water, but  
I am so small, a fist without fingers,  
and you are everywhere. I do what I do.  
I can't swim. I don't sleep. What I do is linger,

wait for the proper current. When it comes  
— it is here, now — I flood the deep with longing."