

A HOMAGE TO ALGAE

in dust and stone she wrestles
a brush a call
flints and flakes of limestone
light up a once refulgent, slimy lair
her reciprocal stare
one frond at a time

and then a spore
close to the shore
where our mother once crawled
to lay her eggs

this they said was proof
the land was sea
the sea was land
the air and the sun
transformed us one by one
and made us green and blue