

Meanwhile, the sea

moves as we move carrying her train of thoughts, her jewels,

her longings and griefs:

it's been so long since the last seismic shift

each year inevitably

she rises—so little it almost feels like an itch,

a trick in the eye—

something to laugh about, I'm sure, to shrug off

I grew up in a city made up of seas

of coastal jewels: oysters, clams, shrimps, fish and sea urchins.

meanwhile she moves as we move

she swallows more

(tonnes and tonnes of)

our insatiate need for

Plastic

each year the snow bear will stand on a
smaller sheet of ice

looking toward a hazy, distant future
the seashells become a little more

brittle to hold

think of the garden below

this surface for a minute.

don't look at me, just think

of the sun-facing kelp beds that cling
to rocks

of the red algae, the colour of autumn from million years ago

of surgassum

that floods the beaches, chokes, displaces

of sea corals—

who feel our stress—

before we did

and we must map the ocean faster before it

you never saw

those shoals

of fish

the carp, the yellow croaker, the pomfret, the

golden threadfin bream