

Love
by Greg Rhyno

I wrote your name in beach sand,
But the tides took it
And scattered you across foreign waters.

In the Atlantic,
The first letter became a lamprey,
And fed off a small population of haddock
Near the British Isles.

The third became a vermiform
Living in the kidney of a bottom dwelling octopus,

While the fourth became a more notorious member
Of the order elasmobranchii,
And devastated tourism and trade in Fort Lauderdale.

But the second letter remained unchanged.
It floated across the Adriatic,
Like a small life preserver,
Around which the others gathered,
To circle beneath my toes.