

That Monster Sea

Jenny Macaulay

It sucks and regurgitates
day and night its briny foam
of creamy white
over sand and stones
or a rocky shore,
its belly hissing...
'Give me more!' And we do.
We serve those hungry seas
with the flesh and bones
of refugees—
served on a bed of rotting keel—
a delicacy...
an ocean's meal
sautéed well on a simmering sea.

The table's set with its knife and fork
and bowls of bureaucratic talk.
If one should reach our lucky shore,
'Send it back,' we yell.
'It's raw!'