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# GREY SEAL, LOCH ETIVE

by Heather F Reid

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Thumbprint between sea and sky,  
air-sucking, puckered-nosed bull's-eye.  
Storm-skinned, dressed in west coast weather,  
overstuffed sofa, cheap and leather  
but quick and slick as oil.

Here I am  
here  
    here  
    here.

Bubble-eyed, dog-headed,  
ebullient, glorious.  
Cigar-shaped, but Churchill's –  
fat and victorious!  
Traacherous buoy, fish farmers' no-go,  
shape-shifting decoy, new tourists "go slow,"  
there it is  
there

    there  
    there.

Thick-needed seamstress,  
lace-stitching wave rider.  
A fragment of chaos, a piscine outsider,  
reflected in the shattered glisten of salmon  
on the wrong side of a net.  
Here we are  
here here here.