

Sea Anemone
Isabella Waldron

Alien flower clinging to rock
above the water
I, child and anthomaniac
stuck you with a stick
delighting in
your jelly fronds caving over
your soft glossy mouth

I laughed as I did it, I yenned
for your futile attempt to
 resist, spewed seawater

Now, woman myself,
I am sorry for it.
 the interruption, the transgression
the shock of a stranger
reaching into your precious self
gaping at briny sky

Looking at you bathing
in a darksome tidepool
I bring my ring finger to
your tentacles
 gently, gently
and you cling to me