

Sea Bream

Erin Hunley

She is a hollow
Log, pulled and pulled smooth by the
Hands of the green sea.

Gills feathered and still,
Dusted with grit, clogged and burnt
Raw red by low skies.

She is small on the
Beach crust, relinquished by the
Hands of the green sea.

The jelly film of
Her skyward eye an egg yolk
Ruptured by flies' feet.

Let me set you back
Into those green hands, though they
May again let go.