

GIBSON FAY-LEBLANC

Hermit

I looked out, armorless,
 at the tide-driven world:
the same surf beating glass and shell into sand
and querulous creatures picking at scrap-heaps.

I searched for a new shell,
 battled for larger whorls,
and dug at the beachhead with my one good claw.
I've scuttled, prattled. . . . My limbs grow back slowly.

Molt for me. Soften awhile.
 I'll find you a mollusk-home
and study your bared edges. We can eat
cuttlebone and sand dollars. I'll guard the hole.