

The Seahorse's Lament

In the mangroves a father gives birth,
as his father did, and his father –
the contraction of 13 million years
from the distant hills of Slovenia to this night
in the shallows. A thousand bobbing heads
of fry will be swept into the cold currents.
Some will die in the shiver. Others –
will be eaten by creatures with hardier spines.
O forlorn patria, who remains by a father's side?

We must go on to bear more, alone, we must
see our way through the sweeping tides.