



Following Krill

We've been talking since I arrived,
sitting at the picture window
overlooking the Sound.
The sky is getting darker,
but we haven't yet admitted
that we were lost.

I watch the tide shifting,
ribbon-streaked, and when I decipher
what I see there,
I show my father a spouting whale.

Through binoculars, hump
and flukes roll into the light, shining
black as briny water silvers down.

My father says sometimes at high tide
he hears them blasting as they swim
close to the cliff. He wonders if they've ranged
too far off course, following krill
into the Strait, then down to the sound.
They are too big for this small water, and maybe—
my father never finishes telling me
the story of his life.

Diane Warner

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