



# 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 ever 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