

A convincing demonstration of something

Loretta Lukaczer

Usually, you don't see this—the Sound
Without even a breeze to ruffle or crunch
It up, unreadable. Like Sunday morning
On the streets before the heathen stores were born.
Everyone inside at their *Times* or church.
But if you get closer

You see it, the inner movement coming
Up in roiling waves, the tearing power
Of the tide, octopii unfurling a thousand arms
A cold pod of orcas feeding through a dart of fish
And a whale backing out of a thin, dead-end bay.
You realize

This is always going on, even on a stormy day.
Now and then, a boulder shifts and bounces slowly
Down a sodden cliff or a hundred mile
Shoulder gives way. No peace in sight, in or out
Day or night. I wonder if we need more proof
We came from the sea, not the sky?