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?