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Selkies

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Selkies

by

Cameron La Follette

Seals wait in chill green brine near the river and glistening sands for the moon's late rising pale silver spell spreads out free all across the sobbing, foaming sea

> They lie heavy in a rolling surf at the edge of wave-bright shore a rippling pulls along their bodies under the starry midnight air and young maids breathe naked there

> > Selkie speaks on the rocky shore giving human love to bear our young and holding court on watered sands for the land beckons, alien but fair they are guests to our haunted air

> > > This is their long, sad yearning wrapped in call of the moaning sea gleam of fish and roar of blue tide the silvered selkie is bound as seal no love may sunder it, nor years heal

Their salt-glistened pelts are never far and though we court a brown-eyed seal the tide empties human hearts so if one gives marriage to you or me selkie will turn hungrily to the sea.

