

Self-portrait as a Crab

My backward, crustaceous gait during thunder
Pinches aptness: to endure hydrostatic pressure,

A kaleidoscope of collected coral amber where
Palm trees constantly stumble as dwarf stars

Containing brilliance, the mistakes of 99
Million years ago eye stalks, light-sensitive,

Scouting sun and moon, and I instantly
Disguise in shingles, instead of any positive

Capability, periscope skyward biding on boons
To blink, pincers navigating bleakness, cold ocean

Bottom, knee joints stuck toward the sides, flattened
Swimming, to have swam, gulfed and scavenged,

Acquired gills to sunken sulk and store moisture
To crop up, to claw myself toward my mouth.