

JW Burns

MOLLY MILLER

flutters her cirri, fierce speck
in the tide pool's loopy eye.
Her life: limpets, tiny
crabs crushed as gifts should be
in dreamless dreams.

Ahistorical water
cares for Molly, strokes her scales,
teases out a killer soul—
torpedo-shaped, faster than fireworks,
Molly hugs the bottom,
fixes to the rock,
virtually extinct.