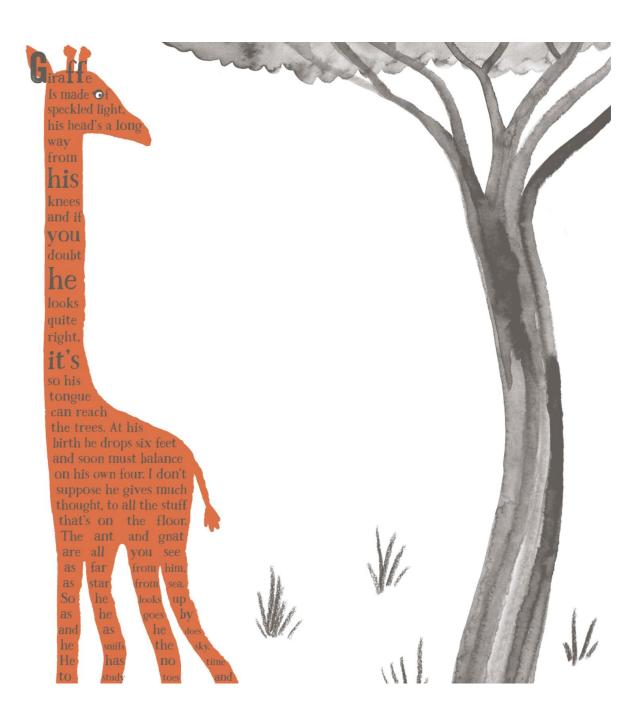


## SEAL

SH-D

Seal asleep am Ong the rocks, resting like a shaggy sack, you're rusty as an ancient stone a voice that's cracked, all grunt and moan. Yet if you slip into the sea, you're so graceful, soft and sleek among the weeds your rust turns gold and where you dance, the waves unfold. I wonder if you ever wish you could sleep there like a fish. green, the songs On a pillow of salty of shells to fill your dreams. But you must lumber filled with lead to slumber on your rocky bed picked on by the bully gulls, glitter drying like soul. your

by warm sharing feather, some in the centre hug, some out, all take their turn, and turn about. Their layers of feathers form a roof to make them wind and waterproof. They keep their chicks warm on their feet, and can recycle body heat, their bills and flippers small in shape to help stop any heat escape. Penguins sound like trumpets talking and look most comical when walking, but on their stomachs they can ski over the ice fields to the sea, and when they dive in, 'just like that', they from acrobat. turn clown to



she wanders in a ceaseless, starless night. Quantersea, a sea star sighs, no bistir no blood, no beating heart, no eyes ou says Sea in her son sale and sale and moon, sea in her son sale and sal

