Erosion brought us here, to this minute world; 
microcosm of the sea, contained by land.

There are limpets on limpets and mussels like wings
as if the rock which has fallen from the cliff
might be lifted back.

Tiny creatures burrow down in the pool’s shadows,
leaving sandy trails like comets in the dark corners
of this cosmos—they have purpose, direction.

This is home. We are fishing around with small green
nets, breaking things, changing the set.

The blue mussels close as we touch them, each sea anemone
we graze retracts as if sore. Our playground, this.

But the waves’ applause grows louder and everything
must go. The tide will take us all away on waves
rising like dark wings; they close over this little world.

Except for the rocks, faithless and stock-still, we are all
pulled back by the moon.