

starfish

An unclenched fist
she is placid as saline, stoic

as a pinwheel on a windless day.
The sea star lays down

on the broken homes
of rubbled shells, spreads her

nippled limbs like an outstretching
yawn.

She bides her time on the bed, the floor,
a vertical face.

Anywhere she is flung she's stuck
a silent high-five.