

EBB & FLOW

by Janet Ruth

the ocean's song
a symphony of ancient tunes
of whales and gulls—a force so strong—
the push of wave, the pull of moon
the salt that stings, then heals my wounds
the ocean's song

sun up, sun down
out of ocean, into lagoon
the liquid light, like waves that drown
the beach—rough salt grass anchors dunes—
I feel the weight of light at noon
sun up, sun down

tide rises, falls
the wrack line twists along the beach
lifts ocean skeletons—the brawl
of gulls shreds morning with their screech—
drags perfect shell beyond my reach
tide rises, falls

the octopus
eight arms—three hearts—set her apart
her cleverness so obvious
yet, what I need to help restart
my life from loss—her extra hearts
the octopus

above, below
smooth dolphin threads a stitch through waves
pelican plunges through the slow
sea's heave—but my breath held, I crave
the breach of whale from ocean grave
above, below

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