

as a crab: i am taking small sips of the  
last undomesticated wave (the forefront  
of which taunts life). voyeuristic  
oceans long to host me, caulked put  
with an irrevocable crustacean pain.

as a crab: i have never encountered a human  
heart, let alone one embroidered and  
reused. instead i am affectionate of claw,  
forever safe in my carapace. absent-minded  
stippling has consumed everyone i adore.

as a crab: i am hurting. my friends  
and i go soft in ironwood, instead of  
bleach blonde. someday i will falter  
and my body will resound from the  
benthos, primal, more than death.

as a crab: i want nothing but lush marine  
greenery, to be seen scuttling silently amongst  
old growth and wind and sand. there i am,  
some bright red alarm formed from foamy sea  
residue. (currents continue. i seek food.)

as a crab: i am a vessel of god. my devotees,  
my little hungers, rise up to meet me. what devil  
could pronounce self-aggrandizing with this  
much righteousness? what devil is this able to  
exist? what devil is this able to exist alone?