Allogromia

You are like a micro sun

nesting on the sea bottom

shining in warm yellow

or vivid orange all day long

Your rays of pseudopodes

build a translucent mesh

When you cast this net

what do you catch?

Certainly algae and bacteria

during the weekdays

While on Sundays you might prefer to dine

on a soup of dissolved organic matter

But such a finely woven net

trawls for more than that

You catch the shadow of a cloud

that sails along the firmament

And the sizzling fury of lightening

when it strikes the ocean

Sunrays get entangled

in your pseudopodial web

and frolicking gusts of wind

that dress the sea with whitecaps

And sometimes you capture dreams

that have been lost or forgotten

and finally transported by the rivers

into the sea like fallen leaves

What do you do with your surplus catch?

The sea takes it and transforms it

into a stream of air bubbles

that raise from the ground

dancing towards the ocean’s surface

to the eternal amazement and delight

of fishes