

The Crab

Salty blue waves,
like hands grabbing anything they can,
a crab sidestepping up the beach,
seaweed weaving through its prickly claws.
Waves sweeping over it like a broom,
it vanishes into the smooth, soggy ocean floor.
It's captured in one spot
at the bottom of the ocean,
trying to scurry back.
It's too long of a distance.
The crab can't make it.
Dolphins navigating a school of fish,
zipping by,
the crab swirls and camouflages itself.
It has to find a safe shelter,
a slick slimy eel
revealing itself from the dark.
It chomps in the water, missing the crab.
It pinches and claws its way to safety.
It finds a hole in a small seaweed.
Nothing pops out.
The crab can finally rest.

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