

**Starfish**

I found this echo,  
this crisp skinned star,  
pointing to death's five faces,  
among the kelp-weeds,  
dry and brittle  
as a simple skull.

She's an ornament of the long sun  
setting in each of us,  
the ocean's sweet mutation  
celebrating  
the death  
of small eyes.

She knew the dream of water,  
sang its spiny praise  
for the salty source  
that sustained her.  
I should bring her flowers,  
sing songs.

Sing the senseless moon  
brittle tunes  
of spinal finality,  
thorny hulls  
drying like thistles  
at the lips of the sea.

It's her parched skin  
that offends me.  
I am uneasy  
by knowing  
how thirsty  
she must have been.

*Fredrick Zydek*