

# Terrestrial

Kevin Graham

---

He peels the plastic from his cigarettes, untangles  
his fingers so it floats for a second before  
catching in the wind and settling in the grass.

What's this downward motion? The moon  
trembles where we witness the bloating seas  
drown our children's children's voices.

All along the coast there's evidence of cost,  
man's predilection for putting himself first  
over the struggling cast of nature. Remember

when we drove out to Howth and gathered up  
so much rubbish it barely fit in our car?  
The seal poked her head above water to show us

her pitch black eyes, whiskers sparkling.  
Which reminds me of that feeling off Vancouver  
Island where a blue whale glided through

the depths in an overwhelming sense of calm.  
Or your favourite, sea otters, dozing beneath  
the restless sky, holding hands so as not to drift

apart. And yes, you're still there by the canal  
on a Saturday morning, high-vizzed and laughing,  
stabbing cans in winter light. And the local café

is ferrying over trays of goodwill, opening up  
conversation. And the only politics is the nature  
of habitat, the only election perseverance.