

# Staring at Waves

*by* Bill Yarrow

“In sequent toil,” my father was quoting  
Shakespeare, “all forwards do contend,”  
but I wasn't listening; I was staring  
at the waves, all green and gooey, all  
pommes frites, ruinous, insolent, half  
fractal, sawing like insolvency, Swedishly  
benevolent and Irishly violent, in whose  
reflection I saw deciduous shellfish  
nibbling a fragrant net; fit minnows  
winnowing a wave; sunfish at worship,  
contiguously religious. “I'm talking to you  
about your future!” he was saying.  
Me? I was wondering about the smug land,  
the politics of weather, the insurgent sea.

