

A SINGLE DOLPHIN

A single dolphin breaches
between surf and sandbar. Beach
walkers stop, braced against the undertow,
riveted by this graceful creature
of the universe.

Not a fish—dolphins are whales really,
if you check the biology—
descended from ancient land crawlers
forsaking rough terrain
for the silken, primal sea.

Was it easy with time
to watch their land legs shrink?
Forget the warm slush of sand
oozing through toes,
the lush scent of flowers,
wind spirits singing in the trees?

What solace did they find
adapting fathoms deep
between breathless leaps skyward?

I do not know.
I have never scuba dived—
snorkeled only one
turquoise Caribbean cove,
awed by flashing neon fish,
scarlet weeds waving in the current.

The dolphin swims on. I follow
down the beach—
one foot floating on sand,
the other ocean grounded—
trying to learn how to live
at peace in two worlds
like a dolphin.

~~Teresa B. Falsani