

Selkies

I am salty.

My skin is sticky
with the tongue of the sea.

My hairs whipped.

I want you to taste me.

Savour the flavour
of my familiar
skin made scale.

I want you

to fork my hair.

Catch in kelp and wrack
as fingers twist
and spittle foams,

deep.

The coast wind flips
like a kite in song,
soft and taught. Soaring
we burn, then bake.
Crust exhaling dust.