

Sand Shiner

Kevin McLellan

I am narrow and precise.
I do not have preferences.
In the dark hollow of indiscrimination
I am not empathetic, just plankton-hungry
with pharyngeal teeth.

I disappear in and out
of the sunspots.
My ambidextrous eyes on the dilated lookout
for both green and shadow

because light is in love with the antagonist
and he is looking for my heart.

Transfixed, he hovers above
searching for the distance of longing.

But I am rigid
and almost lifeless like a drifting
piece of mica — a metallic amalgam
of desire.

Now I am a mirror. I am
who he wants to become and his exhaustive search
for sustenance turns its back like an allusive lover.
Yes, he will lose me in the darkness.
He does not know that I am consequential.