

JAMES DOYLE

The Seals

God made
them obsessively, thousands
after thousands,

on the First Day to break the boredom
of chaos. Now all the seals can see
is a nation of themselves

with humans as little stick figures droning
the edges in a constant flutter.
The seals call night

and day around themselves and the only
answer is the workers' rasp
of their own voices

honing the air into seal-shaped crevices
where they draw blanketfuls
of fish over themselves

and nap to the certainty of God
bright on their sliding skins
like a sleek robe.