

Our Ocean, Together

Noah Kula

The boat, a glimmering shine across the dark blue waters
Of the San Juan's, speeding to find the ideal spot.
Grandpa brightens the mood,
Laughter, as we wait patiently
For a fish to grab our bait.

Line zipping, pole bending.
The words "I think I got one" from my Grandpa's deep voice.
He reels and fights,
An orange rockfish. Endangered.
Protected in the cold waters of the Salish Sea.

And so we throw it back,
To survive, just like us, together.

Then, an eagle, bleached white neck and elegant wings,
Swoops down over his ocean, our ocean,
Leaving us damp with cold splashes of the water that unites us all,
As he brings his family food and comfort to survive.