

## **The Sea of Cataclysm**

*after the glacier paintings "Lost Beauty" by Alberto Rey*

Glacial images captured in darkness  
in shades of malachite and teal--  
seas of earth's truest color

emerge tonight to melt, but slowly:  
ice boulders like henges, or islands  
of ribs, or ghost boats of bone, or

scapulae piercing dark cavities, or  
final gasps of some extinct  
tetrapod whose mammoth spine

twists, agonist of the deep. Under-  
neath the surface parts lie  
refracted, stippled by wind and moonlight--

ice mountains and universe converse,  
crackle, break. A great jaw crumbles  
as it utters guttural sounds we've never

heard before. Ice matter and watery  
antimatter float in the Sea of Cataclysm  
as we take the shallowest of breaths.

*--Kathleen McCoy*