



## Rock Pooling

by Mims Sully

Our eyes scanned the depths  
of salt water fringed with kelp.

We crouched at the edge,  
dipped sticks, churned up sand;  
unearthed the fragment of a razor clam,  
turned it over in our hands,  
watched as the colours moved.

We leant across and combed  
back fronds of Irish moss,  
felt them wrap around our wrists,  
tickle our skin.

You rinsed clean a shell,  
held it damp against my ear  
for me to hear the sea.

I showed you a crab I'd found  
tucked beneath a stone,  
sleeping.

That's when the light changed;  
when the rock pools glowed  
like treasure left by the receding tide.

