

## *A Seal Story*

*Eleanor – Lost Seal in the Pigeon Bay*

*Hydra – Daughter of the Fisherman*

*Marcos – travel writer*

*The seals of Diamond Beach*

*Hydra in Diamond Beach.*

*White towels on a motel bed.*

*- Marcos, please comb my hair. It is wet and dirty,  
alas, not yet long enough.*

*Marcos mouth scent of morning coffee,  
silver bracelet around thin wrist,  
constant blood between their legs.*

*- Hydra, I fear to comb your hair. It will grow longer  
and stronger with nurture. Come here, sit with me sit on me.*

*Hydra and Marcos heavy and sweaty Hydras fingers  
somewhere inside Marcos in the midday sun two fingers only  
Hydra dreaming Marcos watching Hydras dreams.*

*Hair growing longer on the tops of her fingers around  
the belly down under the silk of her back gone thick  
hair making its way to Marcos' reality Hydras dream,  
the Seal Story.*

*- Marcos, please comb my hair. It is wet and dirty,  
alas, not yet long enough.*

*Marcos turns away walks away.*

*Eleanor lost seal in Pigeon Bay  
Under a white lighthouse with early morning sun  
Eleanor far away from the seal skin matt  
Of Diamond Beach.*

*Cold and wet Hydras skin naked pink  
Eleanor statue still, Hydra and  
scenic surrounds Icelandic lovesong, native land.*

*Eleanor, heavy smell, seal smell like a tree,  
majestic Eleanor, next to blood lime green knickers  
lazy days in a lighthouse.*

*- Marcos, please comb my hair. It is wet and dirty,  
alas, not yet long enough.*

*- Hydra, I fear to comb your hair. It will grow longer  
and stronger with the nurture. Come with me, sit with me sit on me.*

*Hydra and Marcos in their room, sat under the  
union of an owl and a pigeon.  
Hydra and Marcos drinking their coffee black, always black.  
Hydras dream a carpet of seals in front of a castle.  
Hydra stays but Marcos.*

*On the bay Eleanor and Hydra next to each  
other on top of each other rolling.  
Amongst ripped seal skin heavy and hairy  
now a part of the matt skin against skin they  
smell the heavy seal smell of each other the  
salty water.*

*Eleanor combs their hair, it is wet and dirty  
alas not yet long and strong.*