

legs dangling off the cliff, there we sat.
on the young rock cloaked in yellow-green,
our feet hung fifty feet over the sea.
where the ocean waves with the raw strength of women
beat against the basalt with unbridled passion.
with that, the women of the sea sang to us;
songs of intimacy and perseverance.
the hands of these women
brought forth to us: orcas.
a mystery at first,
but they played the game with us.
gifting us hints by peeking out from the veil of the ocean,
shining their bold black fins as they made their journey west.
to the east is where the winds blew,
whistling towards dozens of northern fulmar
nestled in their refuge carved in the rock face.
tiered like stairs, from there they watched
a few birds more daring than the rest
flap their wings against the might of the wind.
one fulmar, in particular,
made a friend in curiosity,
soaring close to see the two strangers on the cliff.
his friendship in curiosity made a friendship in us.
he guided our eyes from the sky back down
to the waves,
to another bird determined to brave the ocean's power.
his persistence to ride the unabashed surges of the sea
granted us feelings of laughter and rapture:
love and appreciation.

we would've sat there forever if we could,
content to simply exist in the presence of all such beauties.
but for now, we just take comfort
in the promise that one day we will.
when the earth breathes us both back in
and exhales us anew.