

Sea Lions

A salted crest rises like a claw in the night,
Stars sprinkled in the sky and the moon like an orb of light,
A lone rough bark echoes like the wind over the waves,
Over strands of stiff sand and erosion-carved caves.

A small brown head studding with bright spangling eyes.
Pops out of the inky-black water as over a night gull flies,
Herring leap out of the black and into the stars,
His friends join the creature's soft melodies and the night is spun with their barking
sounding like the strumming of guitars.

The **S**ea Lions leap into the night with their barks streaming through the wind,
Against the moon their silhouettes are momentarily pinned,
The stars are bright and the moon is fierce,
And into the night the sea lions' wild song will pierce!