

Courting a Squid

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I see you rise from your dark world, the weed,
to hover, shadow-like, beyond my lure —
and inside feel some echo of your weird
propulsion, having drawn you from your lair.
A phantom, first you seem to come, then go,
return to touch then *shootaway*... return
at last, your mind made up. I slow
the jag to make it dip. You wait, restrained...
then, eight arms splayed, you strike —
I have you now! Your clever suction foiled
by unanticipated barbs — my trick
against which, pointlessly, you strain and flail.
You jet me with your ink. I swear. But fate
has smiled on me... and doomed you to my plate.