

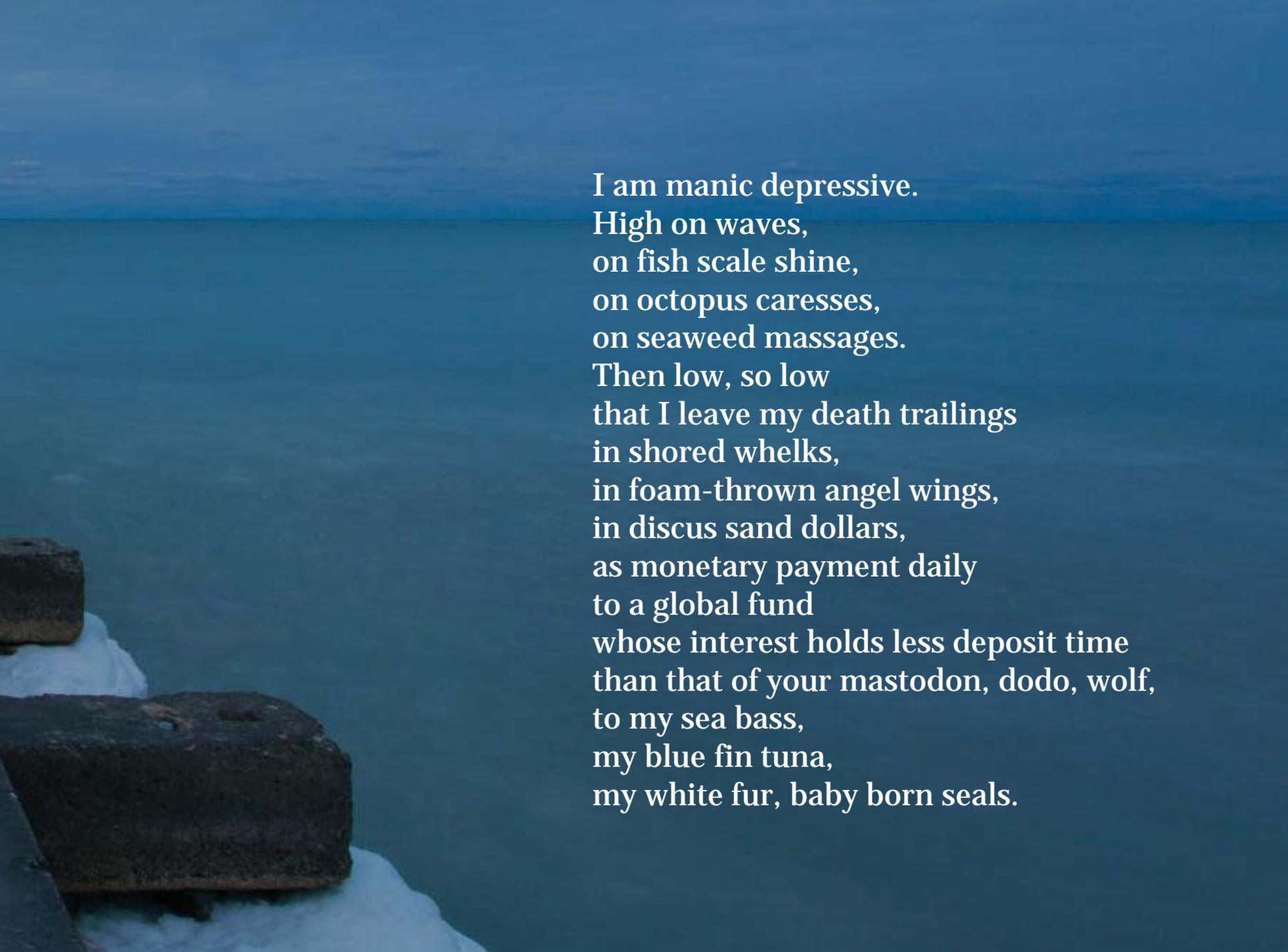
## **Elemental**

By Marilyn Zelke-Windau

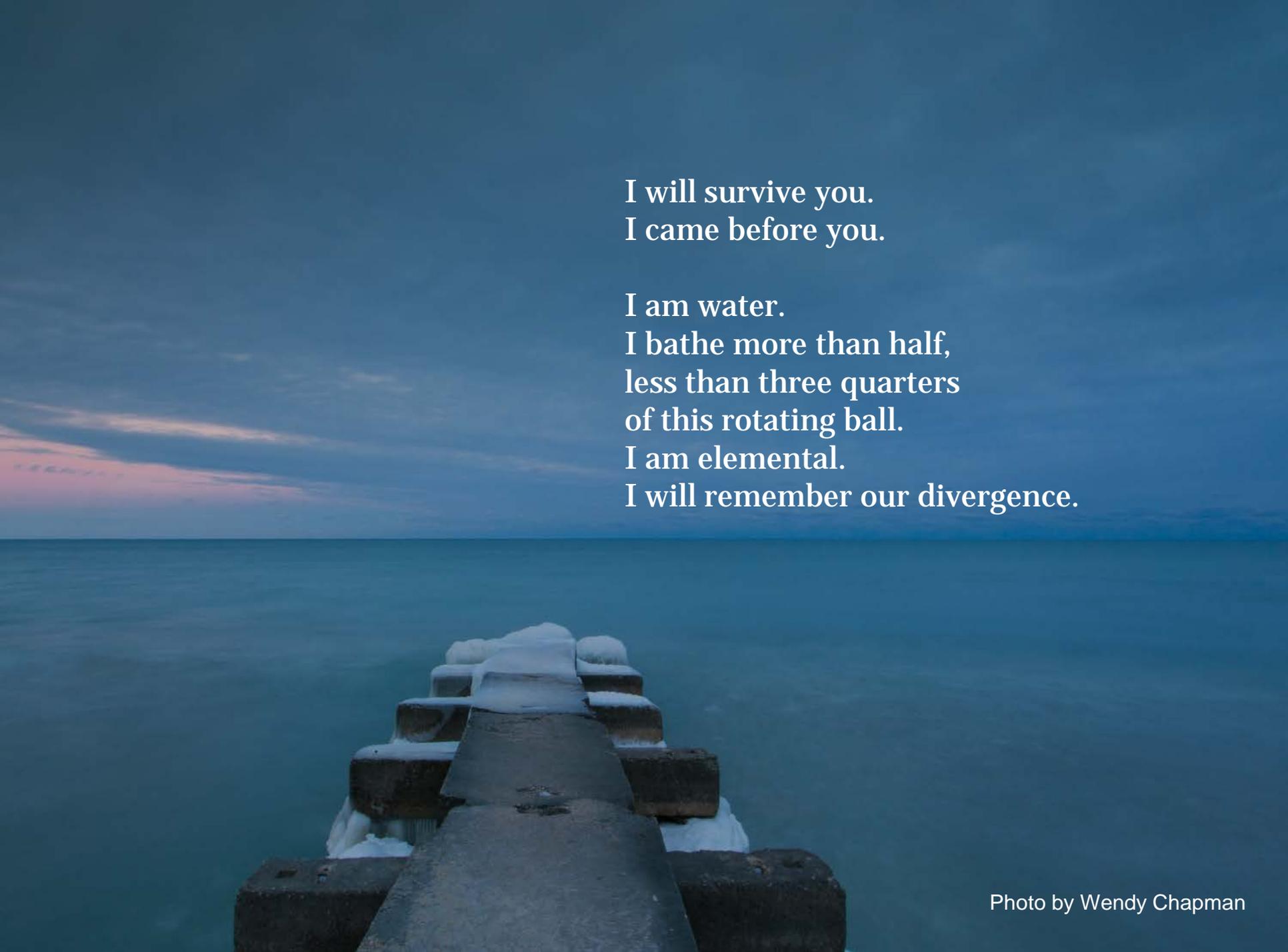
I am water.

I bathe more than half,  
less than three quarters,  
of this rotating ball,  
which pays homage  
to its light, its sun.

My homage flows  
to its dark powerful moon.



I am manic depressive.  
High on waves,  
on fish scale shine,  
on octopus caresses,  
on seaweed massages.  
Then low, so low  
that I leave my death trailings  
in shored whelks,  
in foam-thrown angel wings,  
in discus sand dollars,  
as monetary payment daily  
to a global fund  
whose interest holds less deposit time  
than that of your mastodon, dodo, wolf,  
to my sea bass,  
my blue fin tuna,  
my white fur, baby born seals.



I will survive you.  
I came before you.

I am water.  
I bathe more than half,  
less than three quarters  
of this rotating ball.  
I am elemental.  
I will remember our divergence.