

Harry Camp

Riddle

Come find me in a crease sea-squalls cannot reach
Waves are my shelter, I'm not far off off-shore
Close to the land, I open my maw
to the ocean: I have no feet. There'll be time to meet—
now my flesh becomes fare:
meat for man. He'll greet my coat with the least of concern,
once the knife scores the surface, finds a snag, and then turns—
shearing me. Clearing me myself from hide. Hide?
No plaice. He'll gobble me up instead with haste
An uncooked morsel.
How do I taste?