CURRENT
By Sue Tideman

Part I

Mama left us
girl eggs
with instructions:

Paddle your way
across the sand
to the sea.

I did that, mama!

Swim out
as far as you can,
as fast as you can.
Farther. Faster.
Slip away
from the ones
that try to hurt you.

I did that, mama!

When you have eggs,
come back to that sand,
lay your eggs,
pass on the instructions.

.....I saw so much, mama;
    too much!

I don’t have eggs,
but I want to come back home.

I want to come back home,
and I don’t know which way is home.

Mama?
Which way is home, mama?
Part II

You’re one of us, little one.
Come along with us:

Swim toward the warmer water,
cross into the warm current,
snuggle into a seaweed raft and rest.

We’re going on a journey,
a journey to the sand where you were born,
where we were born.

You’ll be strong when you get there.
You’ll have eggs when you get there.

In your nest, home was the sand.
For now, home is the journey together.