ANGELA SORBY

**THAT MAY THERE WERE ALLIGATORS IN GREEN LAKE**

The Seattle Aquarium rescued them

and nursed them as their skin dissolved

eyes creamed, and Bayou smiles grew fixed

as DeLeon’s fake map.

I remember the days before they died:

enclosed in my boyfriend’s kitchen,

no job, hooked on the Seattle *Times,*

I sat stone-still in a river of reading

and slammed back Diet Cokes. Zoologists

deemed the gators dumped pets,

and I pictured them in a spit-warm bath,

staring at tile, their stub legs limp,

laying dead eggs on a lettuce leaf.

How did the first shock of Green Lake feel?

Like death, but quivering and limned

in milfoil, duck feathers, the lick of wind

through waves, a deepness, a reason to swim.

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