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# Limpet

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## Limpet

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In a tidepool by the North Sea  
that model of life-courage  
the limpet: like a million empty  
shells except impossible  
to nudge from its inch. Furlongs aside  
the golfers meditate the green,  
outlets for the woolen mills  
filter a stream of tourists,  
and builders with hammer-claws  
deslate a house.  
Around the pool the gaunt ribs  
of land run out toward Norway  
and a child with a split pail  
denounces the sea in unintelligible Scots.  
What makes the headlines in the limpet news?  
If it grows despondent  
its gurus say, Hang on,  
work with being a limpet,  
express your rage at this rock,  
your rock, to which rage binds you.  
It thinks of sex as a cloud of smell,  
a sporadic weather. Many are called,  
few chosen. The limpet is best  
at saying no, and won't have fun.  
It goes on relieving  
the water of jiggling life.  
Gulls cry in the middle air and the sun,  
priming in the mirror of the pool,  
resembles a starred  
shell, a corona  
knocked flat as a hat,  
a kind of center  
where everything begins to wheel.  
Devoted to the moon's big tug, the limpet  
feels the receding

suck of the sea and hears  
sibilant down the long halls  
the surf's tenacious nails.