

## *Northwest Island*

ANDREW PAUL SULLIVAN

Before feathery lavender striations of mackerel sky I forget all else.  
That at breakfast, a buff-banded rail, pert tail flicking up and down,  
pecked granola scraps on the swept dirt floor of the camp kitchen.  
That today, two meter-long reef sharks eased like blades past our  
petrified ankles at the edge of the coral shelf. That today, hours after  
last night's full moon lit the island, faded turquoise seawater filled  
with a light froth of sperm and ova. At high tide in the afternoon,  
I swam in the near infinity of microscopic intimacies – membranes  
budding and blooming into membranes. Through binoculars, you  
watched two green turtles mating, one shell snug atop another amid  
waves like my attention decaying and growing without pause.