

New Poetry from Lisa Stice: “Water Cycle”



SMALLER WE ARE / *image by*
Amalie Flynn

Water Cycle

No matter where we are, the oceans
meet us in some form.

I am small

and my daughter (who is only eight) –
is even smaller

and still, our dog is smaller
yet, then there are those microscopic zoe-
and phytoplankton

and the not so micro
fish that eat them and so on

and once again,
oil casts a poisonous rainbow on the Pacific.
Optimism is difficult to catch these days–

evasive like a baitfish

it's so small, and we're
so small, and the smaller we are (like my daughter
who is eight), the more we truly believe
this can't
happen again.