The Cryptid
A Sonnet of the Deep
by Rachel Lense

In ancient lore, a demon of the sea
Did often terrorize in seamen’s tales:
Odysseus lost men to Scylla’s fee;
The Nordic Kraken shivered many sails.

Its blood is blue; its skin: a devil red.
Its ink: the velvet black of the abyss.
Its mouth: a parrot’s beak to tear and shred.
Its toothéd suckers opened for a kiss.

One-hundred fifty years ago, it grew
From myth to math upon a French corvette.
The partial corpse’s mantle told the crew,
Leviathans can be caught in a net.

Eight arms, it has, two tentacles that bear
Some legends can be more than children’s fare.