

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.

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