

Sonnet Scroll

Ars Poetica for Uncertain Times

By Ruth Hoberman

Slip into cuttlefish, go. Turn
tentacled, with wavering transparent
fins. Watch water through your W-
shaped eyes, and with your gift of
camouflage, hide.

Mate head-to-head, dazzled
by spermatophores; lay hundreds
of leathery white eggs then waft away:
no need to stay. They hatch
alone just fine.

When threats appear spew ink:
you know the color—reddish
brown, like rust or old blood—
thick clouds pumped to stun,
distract, disguise

born of ghosts and lies.