

# Sedna

Heather Dale

Sedna roamed the deep -- the cold, forgotten deep  
No one wants to be alone

From her hands they fell, children of the ocean's swell  
With ice's twinkle given sight  
She offered them a name and seals they all became  
And laughing took a coat of dappled light

From her hands they fell, ever in the sea to dwell  
Nimble-fingered, quick and lithe  
She offered them a name and otters they became  
Keepers of her secrets in the ice

From her hands they fell, the mightiest of all  
Slow and gentle as the tides  
She offered them a name and whales they all became  
To tread the paths the lesser are denied