

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