

Terry Godbey

I FELL IN LOVE WITH AN OCTOPUS

I fell in love with an octopus
though we never touched. He swam
to the side of his tank, waggled
a couple of arms at me. I pressed
my index finger to the cold glass.
He pressed a suction cup
to my finger, waved his other arms
in a hula, would not turn his slitted eyes
from mine. After many minutes, my husband
urged me to move on.

*There are plenty more fish
in the sea.* I stepped to the right.
The octopus followed.

I think this octopus is in love with me,
I said, thinking an eight-armed paramour
might have certain advantages.

This was before
I read about a lonely octopus
who opened a valve one night
and overflowed his tank. Before
I discovered an octopus
has three hearts
and I lack one. Before
I learned that, when threatened,
I, too, release
a cloud of black ink.