

**Panoramic Ocean**

Diana Raab

In a glass-enclosed room  
nibbling on ocean fare

we sit at this clothed table  
where the land meets the sea

to the yelp of seals  
weaving about the mouths

of hunter dolphins  
and just before their last gasp

I wonder who decided  
on the perils of the food chain

and where it begins —  
on the plate before me

or in the ocean's shimmer  
blinding my green eyes.