

2007

# The Seals

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## Recommended Citation

Doyle, James. "The Seals." *The Iowa Review* 37.1 (2007): 145-145. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6585>

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JAMES DOYLE

*The Seals*

God made  
them obsessively, thousands  
after thousands,

on the First Day to break the boredom  
of chaos. Now all the seals can see  
is a nation of themselves

with humans as little stick figures droning  
the edges in a constant flutter.  
The seals call night

and day around themselves and the only  
answer is the workers' rasp  
of their own voices

honing the air into seal-shaped crevices  
where they draw blanketfuls  
of fish over themselves

and nap to the certainty of God  
bright on their sliding skins  
like a sleek robe.