After mating & laying her eggs,
the octopus with a brain the size of a clementine
goess senile. She wields herself into
a cracked teapot she’d grown fond of
then dries up. Researchers find her yards from her tank
finally still after days of odd behavior.

What size was her heart?
That’s not what we mean of course but the neurons
in her arms as if each had its own brain—
when cut, will regrow. When cut,
will continue searching for food then surrender
prey to mouth as if the mouth were still attached
& still I lie on my side instead of my belly, pillow
between my legs. This is more than phantom limb
as the octopus must know.

What is it like to be an octopus?

What I’m asking is how we carry on.

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