

## AUDITORIUM

Wrapped in ocean, its total song, its circles  
and circles of sound astound me. Atavistic verbs  
reverberate dark within, darting low around me.  
Water amplifies this allness, resonates  
through shells and shoals  
and floral-feathered animals abounding.

My dives are plotted, filmed for study. My secret  
lyrics are for me, counterpoint to every sound  
of swaying kelp. Noon-sunned by probing rays above,  
green ribbon staffs are wound in my wake  
of blistered silver whole notes.  
Some play in nets of algae, some escape the tune  
to join an endless monotone of aquamarine.

Descending the scale where my lamp has found  
warm colors in blue cold, rhythms pound with mine,  
sibilance changes to an unknown key. Here, sounds  
are older, louder, rumbling in polyp mounds,  
millenia of forms once bent on feeding, breeding,  
sea drum voices echoing, bouncing beyond sight.

I look for places never known, species never seen, I  
synthesize shapes into music: A frowning moray snapping  
its hunger on finny iridescence. A carapace browned  
with parasitic plush skittering through the theme.  
The sound of parrot fish gnawing the reef,  
bright mills grinding coral into miles of sand.

Two flounders hollow out the bottom range, a gamut  
filled with unseen appetites. Downed by day,  
they lie in wait to hound small denizens of night.  
And as dark nears, the timbre grows rounder, fuller,  
like the coursing salt inside me. I must return  
to higher ground, respond to other tempos,

my frail obbligato drowned in rising volume.  
Tomorrow, uncrowned, minus Triton's trumpet fanfare,  
research will rule, observations seined by partners  
in science. But softly blending, I'll find a chance  
to make close harmony once more-- an unrenowned duet  
with the world's most ancient sound.