

AUDITORIUM

Wrapped in ocean, its total song, its circles
and circles of sound astound me. Atavistic verbs
reverberate dark within, darting light and 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 the sound
of swaying noon-sunned kelp. Ribbon staffs
are wound with 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 probed, 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.