

BRINE BITCH OFF THE BAHAMAS
Love Letters in Jon's Log

Day 3-- Silver Navidad Banks--

Slipped into tall rain on the trailing edge of blue,
slid through a squally quadrant like a wrasse
grazing the kelp. Sighted Megaptera. Counted 4
conning tower dorsals. One monster showed us
a close-up expanse of facelessness, an eye
mounted in it. Got the shot.

Day 6-- Off watch 12:02 a.m. If I haul in
the cerebral anchor, the weightless part of me
moves to the ocean's heartbeat, bobs over ridges
and troughs, absorbing salt enough to sink.
You promise to follow me to the dark
of my carapace, flowing your obsidian hair,
winding your treble notes shades perfumes
through my deep chambers.

My bed is grandmother-rocking-me water. I am
child old man lover song lyrics.
Your jade nautilus swings from the valley
of your breasts as you lean over me, waiting
to anoint my sleep with moonwash
when I let its tide rise and take me.
Let no one come to relieve me of this watch.

Day 8-- No sightings. If there are whales beyond
the bow, they're oneiric, like me, forgetting
to breathe, not wanting to disturb the tender surface
tension, the ship's shadow, the silent engine.
Caught in the bias of this latitude
I want to dive deep and alone, to generate
a cephalopod arm a barbel a snail foot
to slide among other nocturnal prowlers. Things
down there are shining codes and coordinates
to their kind I could read tonight.

Day 10-- I've happened in the wrong century.
I want back what's lost and losing, want it
undissected, not clinging to margins of abstraction
and extinction. I want back the metaphors,
the full reflections, not disjointed hyperbole
of what was whole, not the work of shitsmiths.

Day 12-- My covert bonus: watching fantasy parrot fish
gnaw away calcified layers of academic reefs.
Even the tube worm professor is shedding his shell.

(cont.)