

DOLPHIN SCHOOL

Our boat makes waves in deep Bahama blue.
Three dolphins join our fun. Now right on cue
they rollercoast beside us just like kids
on circus rides. Quite unimpressed with grids
or charts, they leap and trail their glitter high
like beads of sunlit diamonds in my eye.

The crew is studying this fish that's not
a fish. They're mammals, they breathe air, that's what.
Their skin looks like an inner tube all wet
but stretched out in torpedo shape to get
more speed in water's drag. They love to play
and race with boats and spatter us with spray.

They live in family groups we recognize;
their relatives are never very far
from moms with nursing babies half their size.
Their calls bounce off all solids like sonar
so they can always tell just where they are.
Sometimes together they'll round up a bunch
of tasty Spanish mackerel for lunch.

In Caribbean moonlight overlying
sunken banks and reefs, we hear them clicking,
chattering and whistling, loudly trying
to fill our microphone and tape and tricking
our ears to numbers, six or seven sticking
together, raising such an awful din.
Do you suppose they think we're somehow kin?

We listen to their squeaky harmonies
I never heard before. If we would pool
both games and science, maybe we could please
these grinning creatures under ocean's rule,
and work our way with music through their school.
If we could learn their secret language keys--
then we could share their knowledge of the seas!

--Glenna Holloway