

ROMANCING THE HUMPBACK WHALES
A Rhyme Royal

The salty core of my Aquarian dream:
To slither like a seal through parting swarms
Of small day-feeding fishes; their bright stream
Defines our path. They plunge like sudden storms
Of flying arrows, cross the scooping forms
Of undulating outriders-- our pair-
Pagliacci faces grinning us a dare.

Our bubble wake is coded melody;
Each globule rises to a treble staff
Of living elkhorn branching like a tree.
Loose blue conveys whole notes, a sonic graph,
Our ears attuned to each breath's epitaph.
High coral altars bless the tithes of sun
Along the reeftop posed as Helicon.

For now the dream is real and we are here.
Increasing time each day the sea is home.
The flanking porpoise escort pushes near,
Suspecting us for wetbacks, monochrome
Against a beige and turquoise catacomb,
Who crossed their borders holding rigged passports
And alien marques to dabble in their sports.

Ahead, my partner's outline weaves its part
Of the collage, now sudden sequin-flashed
With black-masked angels practicing their dart
And pivot, ballet-tuned, pink silver-slashed.
Poor Michael can't perceive the treasures cached
Around us in the gently rising swells.
He suffers bends outside his scholar's cells.

He has no feel for magic strewn between
Prolonged depth rapture (my kind always lingers
On for days) and staid degrees in Marine
Biology. All beauty slips his fingers
Like eels eluding grasp. His spinal tinglers
Misfire; articulation never fails
His clinic facts. Yet he, too, dreams of whales.