

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. This is my royal realm, noon-sunned
by probing rays above. Ribbon staffs are wound
in my wake of whole notes. Some play in nets
of algae, some escape the tunes to fade away
in endless monotones of green.

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, deep in secret dark.

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 waiting 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 primeval sound.