

## FAR BELOW THE KEEL

For hours we cruise this ripe Bahama blue.  
With setting sun, our porpoise escort bids  
Our bow-waves farewell, turns and arcs on cue,  
Two sleek parentheses who need no grids  
Or charts. They play in froth like grinning kids.

We dive with morning, slowly we go down  
Through gilded glare, a curtain-rise of krill.  
Festoons of light define us yellow-brown.  
La Mer, the mother of us all, life's mill--  
We retrograde to days of fin and gill.

Our goggled, flippered outlines play their part  
In this collage now sudden silver-slashed  
With black-masked angels practicing their dart  
And pivot, coded greetings sequin-flashed.  
Our senses can't conceive the treasures cached.

Our bubble wake is coded melody;  
Each globule rises to a treble staff  
Of living coral branching like a tree.  
As whole notes linger on a sonic graph,  
Our ears attune to each breath's epitaph.

Entranced within a turquoise aquadome  
We process rhythms, sounds, blue magic spun  
For alien wetbacks, small and monochrome.  
Sea-sculpted altars bless the tithes of sun  
Along this reeftop posed as Helicon.