DIVING WITH DOLPHINS AND DAVID (A Rhyme Royal)

I watch our boat plow ripe Bahama blue, collecting dolphin dorsals in our froth-skids. Parenthesizing us, they arch on cuerollercoasting creatures just like kids in circus midways. Unimpressed with grids and charts, they trail confetti-glitter high, and volley fragment diamonds in my eye.

The salty core of my aquatic dream:

To slither like a seal through liquid warm, awaking dozing redfins. Their bright stream will lead the way and fling a fiery storm of living arrows, cross the scooping form of undulating outriders, our pair—

Pagliacci faces grinning us a dare.

(cont.)

2.

And 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 with our rigged passports and foreign marques to dabble in their sports.

And as our flippered presence weaves its part, the framed montage is sudden silver-slashed with black-masked angels practicing their dart and pivot, coded greetings sequin-flashed. Poor David can't perceive the treasures cached around us in the ceaseless rocking swells. He suffers bends outside his scholar's cells.

Oh, David, don't resist that deeper tug of underwater wonders few have seen-the manta like a genie's flying rug, anemones against a muraled screen. He names and sorts, ignoring damascene chiaroscuro, shaded hue and light, the songs in minor keys that I must write.

Our bubble wake plays whole notes on a staff for ears attuned to each breath's epitaph. High coral altars bless the tithes of sun while poems flow from reeftop Helicon.