DIVING WITH DOLPHINS AND DAVID

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

In Caribbean moonwash overlying sunken banks and reefs, we hear them clicking, nattering and whistling, gamely trying to fill our tape-- mimic Marconis tricking our ears to their number, three or four sticking together, raising such a scrambled din.

Perhaps like us, they feel we're somehow kin.

The salty core of my aquatic dream:

To slither like a seal through liquid warm,

awaking dozing redfins. Their red 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.

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 50 dabble in their sports.