

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.