

The eyes aren't made for Titans; (theirs or mine)
 Baseball-size lenses stud a misplaced butte.
 I can't digest the precedent design.
 Genus: Magoptera. Can we compute
 Intelligence from sound? Can we refute
 Old whalers' tales of boats harrassed and followed
 By Jonah's curse, attacked and wholly swallowed?

As Michael rubs his tiredness, mouth atwist,
 Like private involuted whelks we meet
 At interlocking jogs: Do they exist?
 And were they ever there? Has young conceit
 Propelled us, spending so much on defeat?
 Should we head home with time and money left
 Before this brine-bitch levies total theft?

The evening stirs its palette, bronze and puce
 As proof explodes the sea in flying shards!
 As if Jehovah God would introduce
 A just-made creature launched on gold petards
 Against our gaze. Unearthly bulk bombards
 The amniotic fluid it returns to.
 Then sameness swears no shock took place. No clue.

- down*
- A primordial plug once more breaks free
 From gravity, fast followed by another
 Full silhouette destroying simile.
 We reckon six besides a calf and mother.
 Again they shed one world into the other.
 A final lunge-- downpouring shattered fire-drops
 Interspangled hotly with our heart-stops.

The lead bull takes my spirit, holds the leap
 Sharp at its peak, eternal in suspension,
 Imprinted with what all words fail to keep.
 Now nothing more can share this sealed dimension.
 We stand agape, our feet a lost extension.
 As all our whooping blows away astern,
 The afterimages begin to burn.

- They're back with daybreak. We gear for a dive.
 In saffron gauze they loll a mile off port.
 Our prying glasses see one more arrive.
 My tenseness quips: "Looks like they're holding court."
 "And planning how to try us for some sport,"
 My mentor grins, checking my hose and tanks.
 We row our dinghy closer to their ranks.

cont.