1995 Nevada Miner 00

A Rhyme Royal

ROMANCING THE HUMPBACK WHALES

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The salty core of my Aquarian (dream: To slither like a seal through parting swarms Of small day-feeding fishes; their bright/stream Defines our path. They plunge like sudden storms Of flying arrows, cross the scooping forms Of undulating outriders-- our pair-Pagliacci faces grinning us a dare.

Our bubble wake is coded melody; Each globule rises to a treble staff Of living elkhorn branching like a tree. Loose blue conveys whole notes from sonic graph To ears attuned to each breath's epitaph. High coral altars bless the tithes of sun Along the reeftop posed as Helicon.

For 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 holding rigged passports And alien marques to dabble in their sports.

Ahead, my partner's outline weaves its part, - 🏂 the collage, now sudden sequin-flashed With black-masked angels practicing their dart And pivot, ballet-tuned, pink silver-slashed. Poor Michael can't perceive the treasures cached Around us in the gently rising swells. He suffers bends outside his scholar's cells.

He has no feel for magic strewn between Prolonged depth rapture (my kind always lingers

of whales.

with finest tools.

with finest tools.

eye, takes pains to teach

down here, precisely schools

peak, aggressive, but not fools.

shanded me a world, made us a team.

He's receled and readied my whale of a dream.

When finest tools.

geam

team

team