

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.

He has no feel for magic strewn between
prolonged depth rapture (my kind lingers
on for days) and staid degrees in marine
biology. The beauty slips his fingers
like eels eluding grasp. His spinal tinglers
misfire. I want his joy to equal mine,
to fill him with the ocean's pulse and shine.

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 bubbling wake is coded melody;
each globule rises to a treble staff
of long-reached elkhorn branching like a tree.
Gray-green conveys whole notes, a sonic graph
for ears attuned to each breath's epitaph.
High coral altars bless the tithes of sun