

## 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, pouring out a scrambled din.  
Perhaps like us, they feel we're somehow kin.

The salty core of my aquatic dreams:  
To slither like a seal through liquid warm,  
awaking dozing redfins. Neon streams  
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 for 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.

(cont.)