

DIVING WITH DOLPHINS AND DAVID

(A Rhyme Royal)

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.

The salty core of my aquatic dream:
To slither like a seal through liquid warm,
awaking dozing redfins. Their bright stream
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.

(cont.)