

I long to thank my mentor for all this,  
 Enhance his kind of ecstasy with mine,  
 Repay him with the gold he'll always miss.  
 I'd thread him through each metaphor, then line  
 Him up with pulsing aura, angled shine  
 And ricochet, implant kaleidoscope  
 Receptors in the center of his hope.

I see him thinking now: Why do they breach?  
 Why do they roll and wave a flipper skywards,  
 Sing, sound, pound the surface, curl their tails, beach?  
 He'll drudge for each small truth, ignoring bywords.  
 I wish him countermedley, not just my words.  
 He figures age, weight, girth and length. He spooks  
 A cow and risks too close to sweeping flukes.

The turbulence in-folds him like a pillbug.  
 He unrolls, tries to glimpse the calf's baleen.  
 But does he also see the flying prayer rug?  
 The nephrite chinoiserie, the muraled screen?  
 He labels, sorts, bypassing damascene,  
 Chiaroscuro, Monet hues and light,  
 The minor-key cantata I must write.

With what rare genus does he classify  
 Those mermen in the distance? How do they  
 Fit food chains? Are they sailors' incubi?  
 And the crowned one with the trident? I admit  
 It's time to head for ship and shore, acquit  
 My goggled eyes. Ascend is not the word--  
 I'm higher now than any frigate bird.

As Michael signals for a final shot  
 My belly tightens; I move in and nod.  
 He paces with a humpback, finds a spot.  
 We're both encircled deep within the pod.  
 He sidles closer. Touches! RIDES, wing-shod.  
 All know he's there. They gentle their slip stream.  
 They graze-- content to grace our wildest dream.