

The eyes aren't made for Titans; (theirs or mine)  
 Baseball-size lenses stud a misplaced butte.  
 I can't digest the precedent design.  
 Genus: Magoptera. Can we compute  
 Intelligence from sound? Can we refute  
 Old whalers' tales of boats harrassed and followed  
 By Jonah's curse, attacked and wholly swallowed?

As Michael rubs his tiredness, mouth atwist,  
 Like private involuted whelks we meet  
 At interlocking jogs: Do they exist?  
 And were they ever there? Has young conceit  
 Propelled us, spending so much on defeat?  
 Should we head home with time and money left  
 Before this brine-bitch levies total theft?

The evening stirs its palette, bronze and puce  
 As proof explodes the sea in flying shards!  
 As if Jehovah God would introduce  
 A just-made creature launched on gold petards  
 Against our gaze. Unearthly bulk bombards  
 The amniotic fluid it returns to.  
 Then sameness swears no shock took place. No clue.

A hemispheric plug once more breaks free  
 From gravity, fast followed by another  
 Full silhouette destroying simile.  
 We reckon six besides a calf and mother.  
 Again they shed one world into the other.  
 A final lunge-- downpouring shattered fire-drops  
 Interspangled hotly with our heart-stops.

The lead bull takes my spirit, holds the leap  
 Sharp at its peak, eternal in suspension,  
 Indelible with what words fail to keep.  
 Now nothing more can share this sealed dimension.  
 We stand agape, our feet a lost extension.  
 As all our whooping blows away astern,  
 The after-images begin to burn.

(cont.)