

Oceanic

(I)

Without its secrets

The depths would pale
And fade
Into forgotten hymns

When her brown eyes

Bend with the wide curve
Of crescent lips
I remember now
The ambiguity of sin

Oceanic coastal rain

Falls in large hard drops
Freed of salt and spray

I pray the
Only tears she
Cries for me
Are when we
Laugh like waves

(II)

If only

These hands could grasp and frame
The Atlantic with its soft white sheets

I would

Part the foaming sea so that
You might tread new sands

Sea-life for company

Suspended artwork

Call whatever frozen wastelands

Might keep you in Our Palace

Behind moats
Where we breathe colors
Red and blue and green

Where we
Feast upon ambrosia
And dreams

(III)

The blackness of dusk comes
Creeping out from beds
Beneath the deeps

And there are miles to go
 Before we sleep

When the largest star falls
Without a splash

Without echo or wake
Ripples from her iron back

 Porcelain cheeks
 Steel thighs

 And long hard
 Sighs

 Her gasps, moans,
 And screams

 Sweetly christened
 Names

A look of hunger
Intoxicated blood

Kisses in caves and intimate folds
Electrocuted light

To match eels
Rays, fins,
And scales

The wreckages of ships
Long rusted
Barnacles on crystal chandeliers

To match the stones
I hang from tiny ears

To match the lightning
That forever peals when
You whisper honey syllables

(IV)

When such tempests rage
Where the water turns to blades

When it seems the madness
Of the moon has infected brine
Turning molecules to wine

Where Egyptian plagues wane
As frail comparisons

We will never waiver
Veins held together by
Inseparable Bond

By the want to dance a life
That bursts unstoppable

Magma and hot bubbles
On the floors of lost trenches

Volcanoes being born

(V)

And whatsoever we may mourn

Decaying whales with skeletons

Like ivory mountains

Bones curved as Justice's fine bright arc

We will stay as One

 Though reborn

 Limbs of starfish

 Manifold