

Oceanography

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Some say we came
from the sea
and some can name
the way
we shall return:
We burn, we burn
at the end of a giant cable.
Lowered, we bend
then are able
at the last,
the final blast,
to freefall.
One scuba knot
is all
until caught
in giant cranium
arches—manganese, uranium?
Who shall reveal
the purpose
of the yellow eel,
that green porpoise?

Who created the bright
pink cod that lies
without light
but with wide eyes
in a tangled bed?
That tree ahead
is hung with beads for what
religious holiday?
Sheltered in that
hut of coral clay
what new babe wails?
Shall we know all?
or join the fleet
of tall
tentacles, wedged
together
clamped against
the weather,
steeled, wrenched
out of all knowing,
seablowing.