A Titanic Fall

Always, water bathes night with fish spines;
I, the swimmer, write lines
In Poseidon's fragrant room;
Overhead birds grow to a troubled sky
Cries from a bourgeois meadow
Strike my versified air and loom.

My mind is an earth; I count
The passengers
Finny Adam-Eves beneath salt-wash
They float upon grassland, lilies, coral suns;
From the ship's water-windows, translucent and near
They watch fish by my wrists pulse, mount
Like the moon;

Their voices, the liquid air, explain
The amphibium: life and death;
Earth's remnants, the fossil, sponge,
Mark a place where once white horses roared;
Now hills stand idly, I hear their drowned hearts
Louder than my own; only salt in veins,
A stirring to desire, begins my poem again.

Phillip Dimitroff