

**A Titantic 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*