

Dear Neptune

Oh, what I'd give to possess  
What the sea creatures possess.  
Or what King Neptune and his  
Daughters have captured,  
Without aiming to capture.  
I've heard his chariot carried  
Him through the eye of the  
Ocean tunnel and that from within  
The tunnel he saw all that was missing  
From land and sky, fire and hands.  
I lay awake at night on a bed  
That could be the soft tongue of a clam,  
And I dream of mermaid lagoons  
And rainbows imprisoned in their fins,  
And bubbles bursting over water  
Or rising weightless to the inside of  
Their palms. Rainbows levitating  
crystal balls to the tips of my toes.  
And suddenly I am cold in the ocean  
Blue room.  
And I curl myself into his backside,

Nesting like a black rock in a low tide  
Next to me, soothed to sleep by  
His burbling breath, as it's difficult to breathe underwater...  
And I fold my arms around his stomach  
And picture us in the inside of  
That spectacular tunnel.  
How still, how calm, how emerald blue and otherworldly.  
How unfathomable and  
Subsidiary. That a planet can exist  
Inside another.  
The perfect plainness of it all.  
Our perfect bodies gilded by the ever closing light.  
And of course we know, even as the waters rinse down the last slip of light,  
Even as we know nothing beyond dreams which taste of blueberry salt and blood, beyond suntan  
lotion sunsets and stiff, choking sea turtles. Beyond mirages of last glances and last kisses and  
last farewells.  
We know how it must end.  
Dear Neptune, this is our secret.