

*Susan Brennan*

## THE BLUE HOLE *(Lighthouse Reef, Belize)*

• • •

It's coral lip diced with mid-night parrot-fish,  
a mostly naked Belizean boy guides me  
down, 60 feet, my breath  
deepens, raspy, searches for rhythm.

Blue, beyond the eyes' capacity for blue.  
His brown arm hugs me, 90 feet, slow  
tumble of SCUBA gear, a quick fluid chill.  
I scale, I green, a soul-bird, a harpie, calls

shifting notes, *Come with me*, I turn  
to the Blue Rapture, twilight suspended, I sink  
into a toothy cave, my kick  
weakens, *with me*, hair coils

one fin gently lashes, lungs blue dented,  
the black blue bruise, a swallowing sapphire,  
a chorus of aquatic sirens, breath bubbles,  
shimmers, a stream of spinning universes

the boy waves, *Come*, waves, *with us*, waves.