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
depens, 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.