I.

Red mangroves circle the lagoon, their roots decomposing, releasing tannins and nutrients into the sediment. The sea is attached by a thin neck of water we can’t see. Dino-flagellates huddle into super-blooms, biobursts of light only showing themselves when disturbed.

We push our kayak through the muck, sit inside, enter another tenuous ecosystem. The bay must recreate itself continuously over time, losing brightness after heavy rains then replenishing, the way we, long married, still reach to each other at night—fragile yet perennial, stable in our inconsistencies.

II.

You sit on the boat’s prow, your oar temporarily out of the water, insisting I take it easy. At midnight, all is pitch
except for periodic
fish trailing greenish-blue light
through the water.

The further we float away,
the darker it gets, murky depths
underneath. You claim
that we will find our way
but I am nervous—
we hear random voices
from the shoreline, try to aim
ourselves back. You are paddling
but I am unable to steer,
the refulgence is more than I can bear.