

Two Logs

I thought of Galileo, how he sifted numbers
rearranging and probing assumptions—
then the spheres expanded. A sea-change!

*Today they brought in a boy on a stretcher, put him down.
I heard him moan. Then it was quiet.*

The days advance too fast—our divers pressuring on,
sinking through a curtain of silt. Like the calcific shells
we assess, they are worn thin by the sea.

*Later I went back to look at his body and saw
how small, how frail the bones.*

Geese hover by the reef—my bold singers.
The waves are folding under, the sea taking
the gravel beach. Some days seem merely adrift.

*His family may never know... Whole villages
have been cracked open, buried under.*

We count minutia—the sea's smallest creatures
that feed both hunter and the hunted—our computations
desperately elegant: curves, correlations, hyperlinks.

*Everyone is hungry. Fish and rice. The poorest,
invisibly, flock back across the coastal lowlands.*

The sea lies open in wide troughs—our yearning.
When Galileo shattered the spheres, he blushed—
his heart, too, a rising ocean.