

POLYGNONICS

Though you are afraid of heights walk with me along the breakwater
its narrow double-jointed finger crooked straight across the flat

plane of the sea, mountains the sun cuts jagged against the distant
shore turning as we turn, each windblown angle we negotiate

widening our perspective, pivoting us farther out than we expect
stepping tentative along concrete poured high above the endless

verticals skin divers travel along below the ocean=s surface, vicarious
tangents you or I might fathomless have followed part way down

with other men, turning waterlogged back, amnesiac and gasping
for air, intake lines tangled, guessing afterwards at wrecks we are

sure must list deeper still, literal and barnacled with what we let fall
inadvertent, turning, slipping unnoticed through the currents past

waving skeins of kelp towards vanishing points few dwell beyond
the lonely plane of the sea a polygon whose arbitrary shapes

alter as we zigzag along, the strait unhinging, bisected by migrating
birds and Cessnas, tugs and kites, our faces briny with sun-shined

breezes, the extinguished navigation beacon a terminus where unblinking
we stop at the vortex of deafening, unheard-of waves, not caring what

vectors may later point us elsewhere while we take in the fresh sweep
of the horizontals about us: ocean, sky, and shore flat and thunderous

horizons dazzling as lightning shaken out in sheets, the breakwater
the long arm of a compass projecting a direction for every line

across other lines, many lovers walking arm in arm with us or away
our arc ascendant, a half moon carrying us forwards unobserved

under open skies, geometries beyond the everyday plotted on the sea
you and I: both of us graphing possible trajectories of the limitless.