

The Bends

On that last dive the light descended through the kelp forest
like beams through the highest church windows
it might have been
La Sagrada Familia, Notre Dame, the Duomo,
but here I was off Catalina
finding god in the sea, the Garibaldi flashing
like enormous darting pennies, sands glittering mist
in the sky of ocean, lifted by soft winds
of gentle waves. If I swam too far down,
rose too fast, the bubbles in my lungs
would outpace me, inflated gas could erase
me— exploded like an overblown pufferfish.
Such is the power of the depths,
bodies bursting under pressure.