

Underlings

At the bottom of our sea
of air we move like
lesser lobsters, the
meat of the ego in
a shell of frigid
bluish - green.

The sun, unfamiliar
and faint in those
depths of the rocks
where language has
no meaning, where objects
founder in the sand.

It is a marine
epiphany of our true
state in which
communication exists
only at the stage
of silent fright.

-- George Zabriskie

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