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Diving

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Diving

In coral shade, by crenulated crags,
a giant green moray eel turns in place,
extending from its balcony, snout raised,
drawing water through the gills. Shark-flat eyes
look through me. I might as well be seaweed.
Floating trash. Bubble-breather sunk below
the surface, I see how the game is played.
Killing's the rule, masked in brilliant patterns.
We humans are needy, so faithful dogs
give back our hearts, looking us in the eyes.
When we turn away from one another,
saying "so long," even with every
intention of meeting again, we feel
how lonely death is, the human ending.