

THE DOLPHINS AT BIG SUR

the sea eats

our eyes

as it lies

before us

just off shore

of our seeing—

just

as we were thinking

of it

as a thing

the surface

broke open

into foamy song

one dollop

of light

after

another

dolphins—

a great streaming

pod of them

their glistening

ash-blue

bodies

arcing

through

cold

cobalt

slicing  
the choppy sheen

like breathing

slices time. . .

being

as if beauty

were the only thing

that mattered