

## Oceanography

*Mary Lythgoe Bradford*

Some say we came  
from the sea  
and some can name  
the way  
we shall return:  
We burn, we burn  
at the end of a giant cable.  
Lowered, we bend  
then are able  
at the last,  
the final blast,  
to freefall.  
One scuba knot  
is all  
until caught  
in giant cranium  
arches—manganese, uranium?  
Who shall reveal  
the purpose  
of the yellow eel,  
that green porpoise?

Who created the bright  
pink cod that lies  
without light  
but with wide eyes  
in a tangled bed?  
That tree ahead  
is hung with beads for what  
religious holiday?  
Sheltered in that  
hut of coral clay  
what new babe wails?  
Shall we know all?  
or join the fleet  
of tall  
tentacles, wedged  
together  
clamped against  
the weather,  
steeled, wrenched  
out of all knowing,  
seablowing.