

Bermuda Triangle

Shipwrecked in your eyes, all hands lost
where I had thought only to be becalmed,

drawn by gentle trades on tropical currents
phosphorescent under a sailor's moon

past the point of salt kisses and flying
fish, dolphin arc and cries of the tern,

toward that apex in the shell of night,
the dark pearl where legs of the compass join

brought to my knees as the stars begin to spin
and my poor pleasure craft goes down in the vortex

— or vortices, as I come to see, gyres,
the double helix where we too began,

now a non-Euclidean hourglass,
now cones flowing into and out from one another

a multitude of intersecting lines
as unfathomable as laughter in lovers' eyes