

The Other 95%

We've only seen
roughly five percent of the ocean.
The rest

is speculation. I imagine
an infinity of people
under the glossy surface.

A million middle path
Africans, bird bones bent
deep in wet sand. Shackles

rusted away by salt. War heroes
playing cards with crustaceans,
undetected by radar and

unreachable by
the teeth of bombs. Countless
lost hopelessly at sea

now cradled in the currents' arms.
Sometimes, they roll their eyes upward
and watch us through the looking-glass.

Mostly, I imagine
they sleep.