

## **Submersible**

*Why art thou cast down, O my soul?*

--Psalm 42

Down from twilight into dark at noon,  
through darker, down until the black  
could not be more devoid of star  
or sunlight, o my soul, near freezing  
in sub-photic stillness past  
the fragile strands of glowing jelly  
radiant with tentacles to sting,  
and bioluminescent lures of anglers,  
down where water beading on the cold hatch  
overhead has sheathed in dewdrops  
the titanium, past dragonfish  
with nightlights set into their heads  
and flanks, past unlit cruisers,  
blackcod, owl fish, eelpout, skate,  
where spider crabs, arms long as mine,  
on creamy prongs drift floodlit  
over the pillow lava, here,  
our craft has taken us where no one  
could have come till now but corpses.

--*Brooks Haxton*