

## Field of Vision

The mask like a wimple  
limits—or rather, focuses  
our gaze as shapes and colors  
brim and riot.  
At the edges we can just glimpse  
    the unknown  
and swivel our heads slowly to greet it.  
Reclusive drumfish  
flits nervously inside a crevice.  
Tiny banded shrimp beckon  
from cleaning stations in the bulbous  
arms of anemones.  
The guidebook advises: remember to look out  
away from the coral wall  
for *pelagics*, depth dwellers from beyond  
the continental shelf who deign to  
visit the bustling reef.

But gazing into featureless blue  
hurts  
like *stranded* or *abandoned*  
hurts  
like an infinite sky up  
too close  
too much  
    nothing—

So while hammerheads prowl  
and green turtles flap  
somewhere   out there  
we tail a pair  
of gray angelfish  
huge and bug-eyed  
hovering piously together  
under a ledge  
so far  
yet barely  
twenty feet  
from shore.