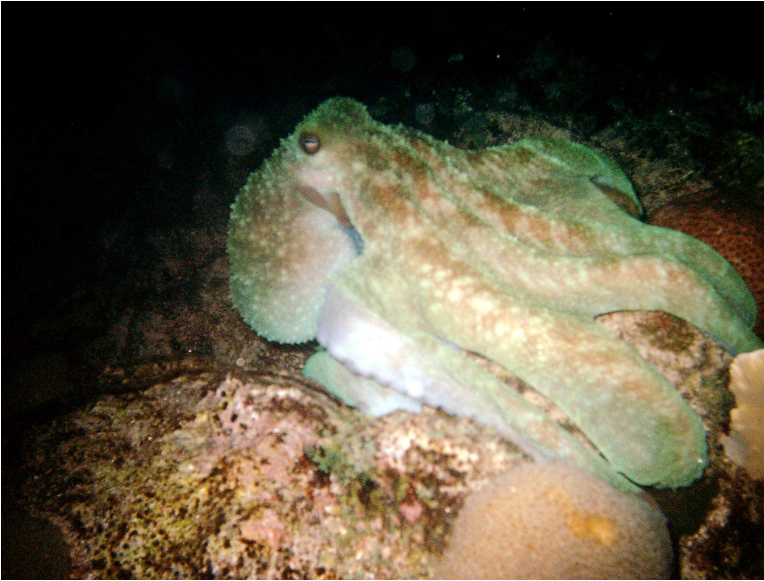


Night Dive

Mike Ault, Copyright 2006



Trapped
in a bubble of light
You drift weightless in inky darkness

The sound
of your breathing
and the popcorn sound of shrimp
the only noise

Clouds
of your exhalations
mark your path in the darkness
like pale, hopeful ghosts

The rays of brightness
from your light
reveal miracles and dances of death
in the circle of life

Creatures
of fairy worlds
and of nightmares
share the night
and water with you

Too soon
it is time to return
to your world
but this one has touched your soul