

Cenotes (Troglocambarus Maclanei)

Giant Squid

Former alps make reluctant isles, ants in a storm, we are all c
ondemned

Now the greatest minds sit not on spines, we are all their nut
rients

Every drop of reserve, unfrozen, still did not reach the highe
st peaks

So a clever, brine cracks a faucet of time, pouring archaic se
as,

Each set of waves smarter than the last, climbing tides never
recede

Once benign pools now smile right back, patient for us to conc
ede

A millennium, ago, my father was of my age, rumor has it, I lo
ok just like him

Subterranean rivers flow through chrono fissures, I will follo
w them and see for myself