

Down Down

Happy Rhodes

Down, down - Like the steed, I have speed
I touch the wind with metal wings on high
Now like the stingray, I shall glide through salt and sea

Deeply, I go down
searching for another way to navigate the hydrosphere
Keenly, I observe
how the scaly creatures weave and cut through salt as thick as me
Stinging with envy
We command, we demand the realm of every creature

Give a tug now, here we go down

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Coffined, sardined in
we were never meant to breathe the hollow space of fish of steel
Frightened, we rely on
our ability to read the sonar effectively
But praise us, for we think well
innovation is a miracle in its own way

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