

# Deep Oblivion

David Lowery

A winter's night,  
a creature, strange & bright  
appeared upon the porch in a dark storm.  
The minister said,  
"It's clearly mad in the head  
pay it no mind, it'll go away." You & I were thinking about a place  
below the sea,  
with stinging anemone,  
coral, bright & white.  
& I was on a fast train to a deep oblivion.  
You didn't try to stop me; no, you asked  
to come along. Come take the light  
of creatures of the deep;  
electric eels are fun, but tend to bite.  
Oblivion,  
it rhymes with Vivian.  
Rust-red things look gray beneath the deep. You & I were thinking about a decommissioned sub,  
a place submarine,  
we'd live life so serene.  
We were on a fast train to a drunk oblivion  
you bravely took my hand & we went merrily along. Jets & boats,  
always found them fine.  
The creature on the front porch can't unwind.  
The sea captain said,  
"I'll fix him up with this:  
gin & quinine keeps away malaise." We were crossing English channels  
in Victorian times  
in midget submarines  
with parasols & twine.  
& I was going under in some deep oblivion;  
you bravely took my hand  
& sweetly came along.

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