

A streak of passing silver fish  
Speeding by too fast to see  
The earliest sailing wonder  
Was the blue, open ocean.

A sleek, long shape, a sliver of blue,  
Rushing down from head to tail,  
Gleams of bright gold and white  
Supplying the basic drama  
Yet this is just the beginning.

Silver stripes run down its back,  
An arched nose cuts the ocean,  
A single fin, a great length,  
Ritual routines push it through,  
Against the authority of mighty waves.

In the ocean, the fish displays,  
Billiard scenes of hurtling grey,  
Streaming through Atlantic waters,  
Chasing massive schools of fish,  
The slower but fish runs with dignity.

Traveling through the ocean water,  
going seventy miles per hour,  
It's the fastest fish in sight,  
In addition, the massive tail,  
Weighs a hundred and twenty pounds.

A burst of silver in the sea,  
A streak of passing silver fish  
Speeding by too fast to see