

## Surfer Pete

Strange things transpire in the Pacific Gyre  
Where humans rarely swim  
The current churns in clockwise turns  
A slow, perpetual spin  
Those northern brines have weathered times  
In sailors' tales well heard  
But none so weird, so totally feared  
As surfer Pete endured

Pete rode the waves 'most every day,  
Sun or clouds, the same  
When surf would pound or made no sound,  
Rough or smooth, he came  
On quiet days 'neath misty haze  
He'd paddle out and wait  
And gently rock while taking stock  
Of oceans, life, and fate

One peaceful morn a fog was born  
Pete didn't see his plight  
No swells to trail, no mates to hail,  
No waves or beach in sight

## Surfer Pete

He'd play it smart, a breeze would start,  
He'd rest upon his board  
The fog would rise, he'd see the skies  
"But wait! What's pulling the cord?"

A hidden force strong as a horse  
Submerged below Pete's view  
Tugged the leash out of his reach  
The board with Pete 'most flew  
Hours passed, the pace stayed fast,  
He gripped the board so tight  
His fingers cramped, his spirit damped  
As daytime slid to night

The curs-ed fog, the horizon dogged,  
Split to show the stars  
Pete looked around without a sound,  
No lights, not near or far  
The pace now slow, in the moon's glow  
Were speckles floating by  
Of manmade trash and refuse stashed  
In the Gyre's eye

“Why am I here? The coast’s not near  
An ocean Garbage Patch  
Who towed me along, who was so strong,  
And made me a human catch?”  
He stared forlorn at giant forms  
Emerging from the brine  
Covered with scales from necks to tails  
On ancient creatures’ spines

“Dinosaurs! Oh what horrors! Mesozoic beasts!  
They can’t be alive, they all have died  
Their earthly reign has ceased”  
“Human,” one said inside his head,  
“You’ve trashed the ocean blue  
You’ve ruined the sea for all that be  
Now Nature’s come for you!”

“Please!” said Pete, who grabbed his feet  
‘Fore a giant bit his toes  
How could he fight this vengeful sight,  
A sea of dinosaur woes?  
He had a board, a length of cord,  
But nowhere he could run

## Surfer Pete

He had no phone, he was alone

A plan—he had none

Trails of light contrasted bright,

Dark water lit in flares

Pete watched them form, small creatures swarmed

In luminescent glares

He grabbed at them again and again,

And much to his delight

He caught a few, their name he knew

Paleozoic trilobite

The sea was rife with ancient life

With ammonites there, too

Invertebrates fought the reptilian lot

In the extinct, marine zoo

Pete made a plan, though he was one man,

They needed to muster in groups—

An ammonite army, dodging and swarmy,

Backed by trilobite troops

For hours they battled, Pete constantly paddled

To befuddle the dinosaurs more

## Surfer Pete

One by one, the reptiles were done  
They could not even the score  
Peaceful at last in the ocean past  
Pete wondered how he'd get home  
Ammonites conferred, then hitched like a herd  
To his board, and raced through the foam

Black skies turned gray, fog clouded the day  
The ammonites unhitched their lead  
The swells led toward land where water met sand  
Pete stepped on the beach, now freed  
"The sea's like a lake, no waves to take,"  
Said a surfer walking past Pete  
"Paddle a ways, close your eyes in the haze,  
And find secrets the oceans keep"

Attached to the cord where it tied to Pete's board  
A skeleton wedged in tight  
He pulled it out, a warrior no doubt,  
The remains of a trilobite  
Pete stared at the ocean, lost in the notion  
Of drowning in dinosaur jowls  
How will he explain the victory gained

## Surfer Pete

With his Paleozoic pals?

The skeleton would prove, it would behoove

What happened to him was true

He found a past world where the Gyre swirled

Out in the ocean blue

Pete's hand held his chum, lifeless and mum,

And knew where it should be

He paddled out long, his strokes sure and strong

And dropped it into the sea

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