

'North Sea Discovery'
Gaynor Kane

Murky, cold, almost baltic. The divers'
submersible lights converge; x marking the spot.

An outline, a man becoming an island,
colonies of corals circled by wolf fish, red fish, ling.

Anchored at the feet on rubble of dead reef,
a sloping seabed in an iceberg ploughmark;

nutrient rich flesh and swelling undercurrent,
perfect for encouraging Lophelia Pertusa.

Living reef, growing, budding, flowering
on death warmed up by flame shells.

Orange gorgonians in orifices, horny skeleton finger
fan anemones, golden sponges on skull like hair buns.

The aquanauts wonder who he is, what he has been,
then realise it no longer matters;

he has created a universe – sunfish, stars, asteroids,
a big bang of pink and purple fireworks.