

**'Sunk Island'**  
**Clint Wastling**

When I first came here, it was the name which made me divert.  
Sunk Island, the long, the straight, the level of land  
my father sought in laying bricks or wood on solid ground.  
By some quirk of fate I found ancestors toiled these fields  
reclaimed from saltmarsh to feed and fend their families.  
Great engines send vibrations across The Humber  
as I witness transport at its most gargantuan.  
At the horizon, estuary becomes sea  
and the world is flat beyond embankments,  
drawing the eye from Grimsby's tower to Humber Bridge.  
Voices carry across the landscape: fishermen, skylarks, hounds.  
There is no silence, no stillness, no rest,  
the slow movement of ships, the slow movement of tides, clouds.  
All this reclaimed from estuary. Nature has her ways  
to edge us back, to bind us to the natural course of land.