

# GERRY TURCOTTE

## GREAT BARRIER REEF

An hour off Michaelmas Cay  
We talked of coral and rusted anchors —  
And most spoke of fear,  
Poor visibility,  
Of what could slither like a long dark arm,  
Out of shadows,  
And touch you before you knew.

Some of us were pale,  
Others proferred to the sun's white strokes  
Noses like peeled onions.

Once there,  
Our flotsam fears about us  
And the threat beneath,  
We vied for position on aquamarine ladders.

Submerged, we opened our minds  
To the cool salt touch  
And trembled at the ocean's games  
Thinking all the while of sharks.

But when, Zeppelin-like,  
One suddenly sailed past,  
Not a coward among us  
Failed to follow it down.