

Michael Mullany

THE SEABED

Before this land was a continent
It was a sea
Vast and wide
The inland sea

But it's still there
You can feel it walking
The seabed, this land
And divine the world ungerminated
That ocean still moving
Raging and swirling
Divers plunging
Into that deep blue
Swimming, flying
Treading through the seabed
Stirring residues and silt
Pearls, treasure
sparkling blue, green
The inland sea

Stars in the firmament
Sails on the storming sea
Our mother's womb
The dust between my toes.