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 proffered 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.