

Reflections of a self-confessed thalassophile

A water sign, lady of
the deep swells, I move over
in a vessel made of mussels
roam through desolate cities
passively submerged
kissed by the vital lapping
fate of fresh tsunami
We are not all born of sea foam

How do the thousands of Oceanids speak?
body language of strokes
breast, butterfly, tentacled crawl
played-back recording of wave-born memory
nostalgic undulations, rhythmic slaps
the endlessly fertile salty brine of tears
No-one sees us crying underwater

Amidst the depths, doused
in viscid squid ink
it's so dark down here I can't see
sea nymphs rely on sonar, like bats
acoustic idiosyncrasies
the sound of waves in a shell
cupped to mortal ears that look
Like a shell

Muscle memory of a clam
slightly open, lightly closed
sucking in all in
expelling it all out
force-fed motion of molluscs
navigating the zones
At what depth do bones crush?

Briny crystal encrusted tide lines
milky white skin with prominent veins like cheese
riding side saddle on the back of a fish-tailed god
whirlpooled, fooled, harpooned
bottommost jewels magnetic glitter
abysmal stalagmites rise
monoliths ever-upward advance
Thermal inertia sets in

Tell me, do you know the stages of drowning?
Lulled in the cradle of her shoals
tidal currents, emotional storm waves
seaweed tangles numb toes in vast icy plumes
She's having a lie down in the hadal zone
carbonate growths extend outward
Like the fingers of upturned hands

We inhale thick black plumes
vents billowing from deepest chasms
teeming abundance despite the lack of oxygen
shrouded in clouds, emanating ripe vapours
translucent, scale-less sea-squirts
traipsing up the darkest trenches
fissures reveal freaks
Moray, urchin, nautilus, conch

While tiny cilia hairs
filter minuscule particles
two sides pry open, revelation of psyche
peak into the crack
lush pink hue of pearl
moist, slippery, not entirely edible
Closing, clamming up, gathering in

Primordial mother of fur seals, slick dolphins
her scaled hand raised in a pinching gesture
brow adorned by a pair of crab-claw horns
sometimes seen holding a fish
long flowing locks adorned by flotsam,
jetsam, dancing with shapeshifters
teeming in phosphorescence
Rolling in white-capped love

How can you ignore the loud moan of the sea?