

# The diver

I put on my aqua-lung and plunge,  
Exploring, like a ship with a glass keel,  
The secrets of the deep. Along my lazy road  
On and on I steal –  
Over waving bushes which at a touch explode  
Into shrimps, then closing, rock to the tune of the tide;  
Over crabs that vanish in puffs of sand.  
Look, a string of pearls bubbling at my side  
Breaks in my hand –  
Those pearls were my breath! ... Does that hollow hide  
Some old Armada wreck in seaweed furled,  
Crusted with barnacles, her cannon rusted,  
The great *San Philip*? What bullion in her hold?  
Pieces of eight, silver crowns, and bars of solid gold?

I shall never know. Too soon the clasping cold  
Fastens on flesh and limb  
And pulls me to the surface. Shivering, back I swim  
To the beach, the noisy crowds, the ordinary world.

*Ian Serraillier*