

Documentary

Watching tiny submarines scan
the ocean floor, I was at first
resentful; their floodlights, data collection,
computer modelling seemed to shrink
the world in towards me,

crowd out the kraken,
the feathered serpents, half-deities
that survive only in murk.
Even if I didn't believe
in their existence I wanted the space
to imagine Fiddler's Green
with its chantey-echoes and ghosts
still splicing lines and spinning yarns,
or Atlantis, stones covered in knotted kelp
and finned inhabitants with the shell

of their humanity cracking away
from their water-pale skin.
But as their cameras approached
the vents, the towering spindles spitting
bubbles, heat-shimmers, and focused
in on the worm-fronds and blind fish

I saw hundreds of small white crabs
hitching their way over the folding stone.
The water around them was hundreds
of degrees, but they wore
the same shape as the crabs that
fled from the light as I lifted stones from
above them. I still don't believe
in these mythic beliefs
but there's mystery yet.

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