

The Soupy Sea

The clear plastic skin of a bag is not easily seen.

Determined it clings, a synthetic spider web, inviting prey in.

The fish panic swimming faster through the looping elastic of facemasks.

Circus performers, they twist and turn, swinging like trapeze artists,

but caught, they dangle, tails entwined, stretching in unavoidable decline.

Perhaps they dream of coral reefs, once beautiful and bright.

Now coral cracks like chalk, while little orange fish,

deflated clowns, are lost in a world of grey and decay.

The sea gets murkier; consommé turning to soup.

A junk yard of rusting trolleys, tangled laces, tyres, bags, everlasting plastic.

Micro particles, like plankton, blocks their insides, helpless they are carried on the tide.

Bodies of sea life wash up on the sand, as a turtle wrestles in a plastic noose.

Oil and sewage, trash and waste, a thick suffocating chowder.