**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 Phillip? 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.

*By Ian Serraillier*