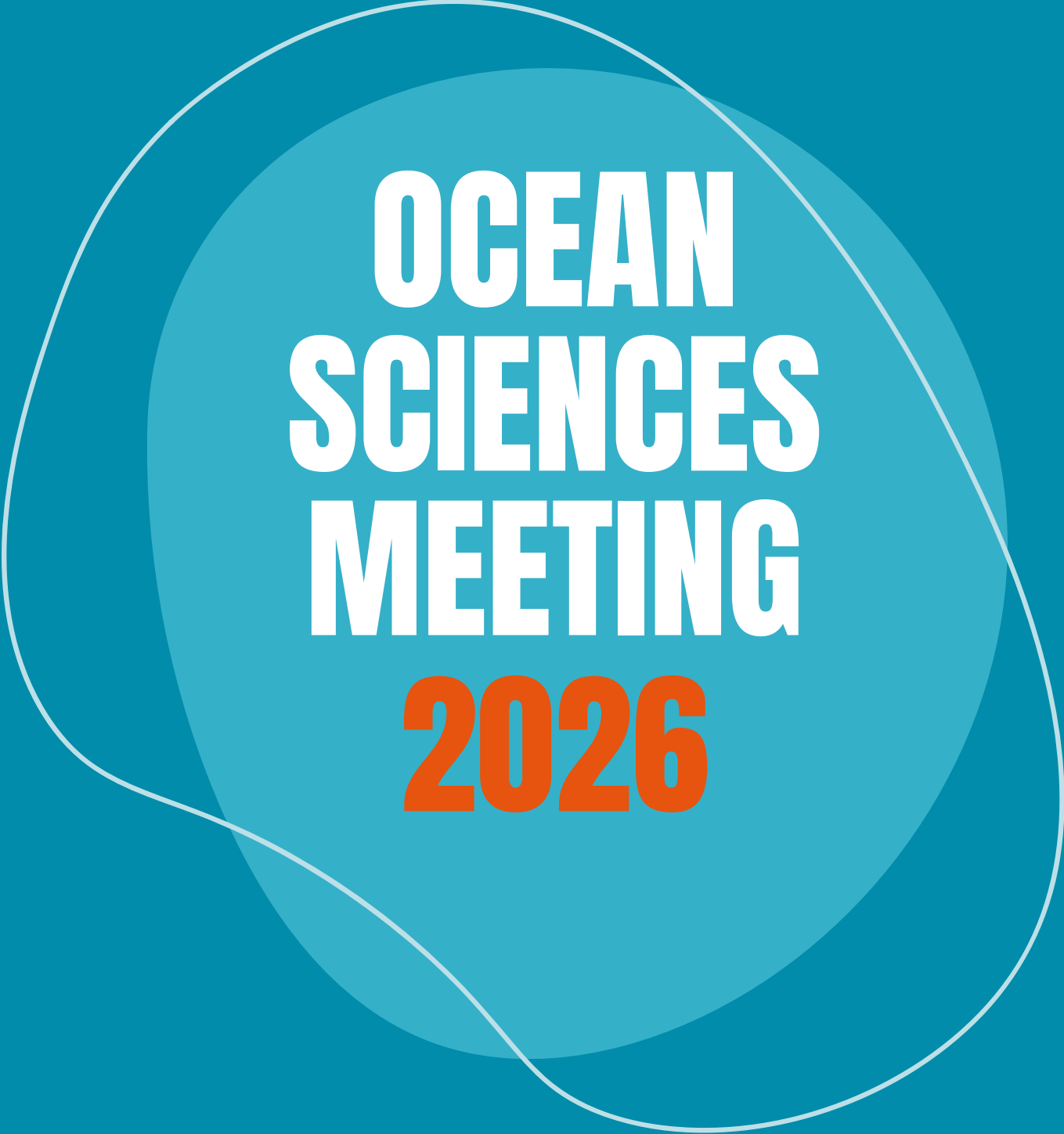


The logo features a large, light blue circle with a thin white outline, set against a solid teal background. Inside the circle, the text "OCEAN SCIENCES MEETING" is written in bold, white, uppercase letters, and "2026" is written in bold, orange, uppercase letters below it.

OCEAN SCIENCES MEETING 2026

Glasgow, Scotland

The Wee Poetry Retreat

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Welcome Message

Throughout the Ocean Sciences Meeting in Glasgow, Scotland The Wee Retreat had the privilege of hosting a Wee Poetry Retreat where delegates could come and explore the merging of Science and the Arts.

People came in abundance, bringing their creativity, and contributing to our poetry board with prompts, lines and poems, inspired by the meeting itself.

From these contributions, conversations with delegates and the conference itself, two Scottish poets pulled together all the ideas and collaboratively wrote the poem Unfathomable.

This booklet is a collection of everyone's ideas that we hope it serves as both a memento of your time at the meeting in Glasgow as well as inspiration for future poetry and prose.

We hope you enjoy it!



Thirl the Harn

Muckle ambeetious conceptual fangles
lunt fae a peerie flaesock
but tae lang
hae fowk weend a sinderin
atween science an art
richt side, caur side blaflum
The yird spins oan innovation
an creativity is key
Thochts bored at
an ribed fae aa kinds o squints
mak fur the furthest forder
an wha says
ye need tae be a wan trick ruil
mindet in ae solae airt
Da Vinci turnt his hauns tae translatin
aa his patterns o thocht
no discernin ony seperation
whilst the Coontess Lovelace
kempt acceptance o the artistic vein in science
Daesn't collision produce seismic affcomes?
Lowse minds hae nae stent

TRANSLATION FROM SCOTS

Energise the brain

Massive ambitious conceptual breakthroughs
ignite from a tiny spark
but too long
have people imagined a separation
between science and art
right side, left side nonsense
The world spins on innovation
and creativity is key
Thoughts examined
and considered from all kinds of angles
make for the furthest progress
and who says
you need to be a one trick pony
focussed in a single direction
Da Vinci turned his hands to translating
all his patterns of thought
not discerning any separation
whilst the Countess Lovelace
championed acceptance of the artistic vein in science
Doesn't collision produce seismic outcomes?
Free minds have no limit

Peter's talk-

A note on Science & the Arts

Rachel Carson said "If there is poetry in my book about the sea, it is not because I deliberately put it there, but because no one could write truthfully about the sea and leave out the poetry".

I'm Peter, and this is Keeks. We are two Glasgow based poets and at the Wee Poetry Retreat booth in the exhibition hall all week we have been gathering contributions - words, sentences, thoughts, reflections, and even complete poems - from you guys, to include in a poem you are about to hear and a pdf booklet that will be circulated to in a few weeks time.

Keeks and I have blown away by the response we got from you, and I just want to thank all of you for engaging with this initiative. You have been incredible! If you don't hear your contribution in the poem Keeks is about to read it is because we have been overwhelmed with the sheer volume and quality of ideas you have submitted and there is a limit to what we can include in a four minute performance piece. Please rest assured we will make sure we include everything in the booklet.

The idea that there is some distinction between poetry and science is artificial, a consequence of the constraints and intellectual straight jackets imposed on us by modern industrial capitalism. At all other times in human history science and poetry have walked hand in hand as we humans respond to the complex, beautiful world we find ourselves in, extracting meaning from ambiguous and incomplete observations, communicating our motivations and interpretations, sharing our insights and emotions.

If we are to be responsible stewards of this planet and its oceans, we need to do more than perform calculations. We need to embrace that holistic response that includes thoughts that may not be suitable for a poster or a paper, but would fit perfectly into a poem. It is in that spirit that we have gathered your thoughts together as best we could, and Keeks will now read the outcome of this exercise...



Unfathomable

The passage of time makes aliens of us all,
in this ocean where ancient anaerobic ancestors
were eradicated by the Great Oxygenation,
this sea topped up by three million years of rain
during the Carnian Pluvial Event,
the oceans from which all our rains are distilled.

The depths of mystery.
Secrets drifting through ages.
Messages without the simplistic containment of bottles,
though we do not want for waste
The seas are made of time,
time squandered lately as never before.
Changing oceans we don't yet understand.
Deep water keeping secrets
in a sea of doubts.
Confidence in our stewardship lacking,
however curious minds keep asking,
reaching out to skim the surface
of oceans of opportunity.

Are we immersed yet?
Are we navigating our way to breakthroughs
or blindly, hopelessly lost in the abyss?
Pressure mounting, hour by hour
to interpret echoes of past and future
to break the surface into an age of harmony

and we can explore these depths.
Sitting inside a bubble of titanium.
Dropping to the deepest part of the ocean.
We are just an insignificant scrap in the immensity.
The ocean, source of life,
can also take it from us in a split second.
We are allowed to contemplate the most intimate,
remote, legendary and extreme spot on the planet:
Mariana Trench, and discover new forms of life there
and beauty that exceeds the limits of our imagination.

Diversity, Samadhi
In the magical polar blue light
today's generation of phytoplankton,
seagrass and kelp,
sway in a rhythm of aeons
before mixing in the sub-surface of the ocean floor.
Layers tell their tales.
Currents carve the seabed's form,
guiding how we care
over geological timescales.

The infinite prism of the sea,
liquid, shifting, full of colours,
shapes and silts, rhythm, full of time itself,
connecting distant shores,
from the steel of the poles
to equatorial copper,
mixing surface and sea bed,
currents sharing their contents
linking strata across ancient epochs.
We live in a beautiful world,

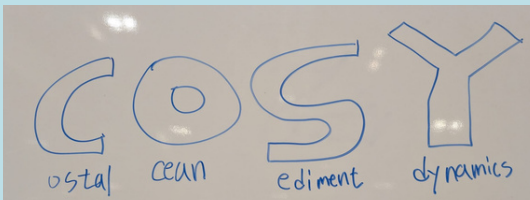
from the depths of space,
the oceans of Europa and Ganymede
swimming through the stars
in their celestial orbits
to this humble sea-clad rock,
the ocean was always within you.
My water is your water,
circulated in an inner orbit
since time began,
the first drink quenching the last thirst,
not owned, never belonging
to any one, uniting us all,
for there is a water molecule in you
that was once in the Buddha too.
We are living in a dream we choose to have.
We are each a different perspective
on that common dream,
a ray penetrating the depths
of that ocean of time,
and together we can choose a better future,

but our joy is mixed with sorrow.
Our tears run full.
In the silent bioluminescent disco of the deep,
falling in the marine snow
we find anthropogenic toxins and microplastics
leaving a plastocene horizon within the biogenic sediment,
evidence of the trespass of an invasive alien organism
and we discover
the strangest species of all is us.

COLLABORATIVE POEM

Prompt Board

We invite you to use these words, lines, haikus and ideas, all offered at the meeting, as starting points and inspiration for future poems and prose.



Calming & Wild

Growing Up!

PRISMATIC

COLOURS

SHAPES

DEEP BLUE

*We live in a
BEAUTIFUL WORLD*

Connectivity

Community

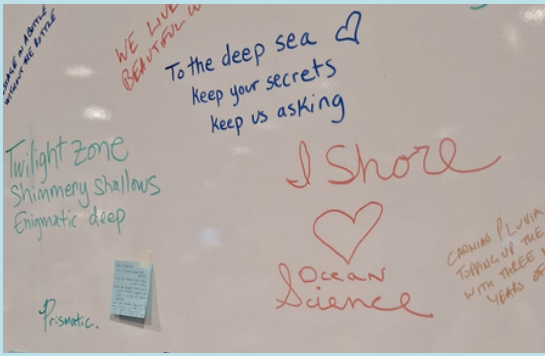
Connection

METOCEAN

unfathomable

We are stewards of the land we live
and play on





Abyssal
Plain

breakthrough

energy

waves

flowsheds

Pi

Copepods and I share
similar fates at sea:
expanding fat sacs

Jen

24 hour trap
why so many staghorn culpin?
Please go back in the water

See-et
Sey-et
Sor-ted

One, two, counting shoots
Three, four, long, lush Zostera
Cant see my quadrant

Human
Nature

ALIVE RHYTHM
FANTASTIC

Is existence a problem to be solved?

Counting seagrass shoot
wow, this plot is very dense
Woah sea hare orgy

Silent disco meeting format
Not all things that seem dystopian
Turn out ominous



Broken bones and boats
love grass but it doesn't love me
Es cold showers how I despise thee

My tactic is to get immersed in your waves,
hear to you, my tactic is enjoy with you, take care of you.
My strategy is much more simple, my strategy is that one day you need me.

Muddy H2O: a Haiku
Silty, Salty, Mud
Seagrass restoration, YAY!
Oh, where is my fin?

Current so so strong
estuary dives hard
You lost my transect

Marine Snow and
its journey from
well lit surface
to the depths.

We crash like waves upon the OSM shores, Sea Foam,
bubbles, swirling blue ripples.
Each of us may be just one drop, but together we are a
mighty ocean.

The passage of time makes aliens of us all
From the carnian pluvial event when it rained for 3 million years
to the great oxidation event that eradicated our anaerobic ancestors.
That's the timescale in which the oceans strut

Big whirls have little whirls which feed on their velocity,
And little whirls have lesser whirls and so on to viscosity
Richardson

Seahore Joy: A Haiku
Brr, I am so cold
Mud stuck under my nails
Ooh, look, a sea hare

**One day, again
I will be plankton
When you miss me
Reach for your microscope**

*Rock me to sleep and I'll dream of
something beautiful*

**Sea Holds Secrets
Which gives you
OCEANS OF OPPORTUNITIES!!!**

**See they seas?!
There's none as fine as these ...**

**Why look at the Stars
When you can look into the Ocean**

Twilight zone
Shimmery shallows
Enigmatic Deep

CARNIAIS PLUVIAL EVENT
TOPPING YOU THE SEA
WITH THREE MILLION
YEARS OF RAIN

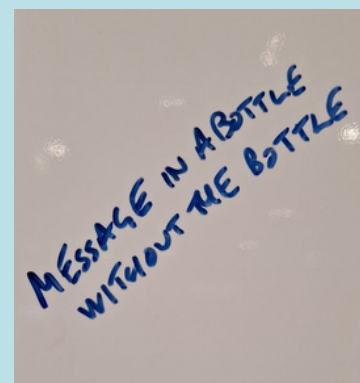
**S urface
W ater
O cean
T opography**

If you can't find spring
Just make it

Another day in the grass



**Siamo vuoto
Siamo tutto
Vorrei esser
Luce e sono buio
Siamo illusione
Siamo sogni
Granelli di polvere**



The tide coming in brings visibility
Can see my hand, wow

A sea of doubts

We can no longer imagine a true wild ocean,
it's beauty and enchantment,
this is our loss

*Listening to talks with
headphones reminds me of
diving under water,
Entering a different world and
resurfacing after the session into
the normal world.*

Education and Inspiration

Positivity and Hope

Humans as part of the system
NOT disconnected from nature

Light and Water

Magical polar blue light

**Responsibility to protect your
future generations.**

There is a water molecule
in you that was once in
the Buddha too!

TEAMWORK

TIME

DIVERSITY

SEAGRASS

STEWARDSHIP

Safeway bagles: A Haiku
Bagles in the slough
Oh how you make me happy
Not just a snack, lunch

samadhi
(Sanskrit word meaning together)

Future has large challenge
But cause for optimism
Next gen of ocean scientists -
very impressive

Pelican plunges
baby sea otter can't dive
It butt too floofy

Layers tell their tales
Currents carve the seabeds form
Guiding how we care

A majestic cope pod
Antennas looking out
Nobody around
Lets sink some carbon
With a fecal pelet

I live by the coast,
I am the oceans host,
It connects us all,
Lets act for it together
Rather than causing it's fall
N.N

We are living in the dream we
choose to have, and the next
future is your choice.

By my fears run full.

The future is made up of the
exact same things as the present

Hug a seafaring friend.

Children
Learn now
Teach later
Care Always

We love nitrogen

From science to poetry
From biogenic sediment to marine
snow

Wow, strong, creamy mud
deep, anoxic, carbon rich
I lost my boot here.

Reciprocate
We need the ocean, they need us.

I would rather die of passion than
of boredom

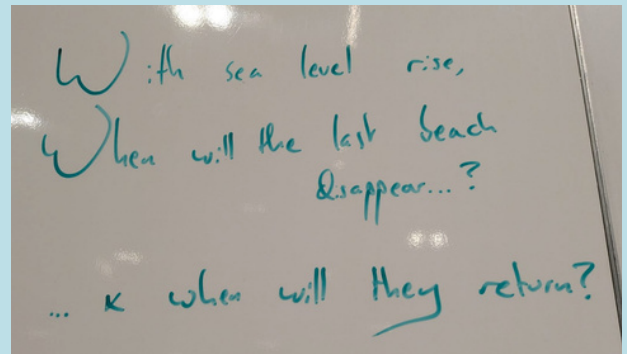
Convergence of minds
Forming solutions with science
Progress not perfect

What will happen when the
oceans run dry.

Protecting environments is just as
important as protecting people.

Humans are changing
an ocean we don't yet
understand

Livingston is all Boom,
Quad,
Livingston is dead



Extraordinarily diverse

Vis: A Haiku
Visibility
Visibility is low
Where is my seagrass?

Strong

Enthusiasm

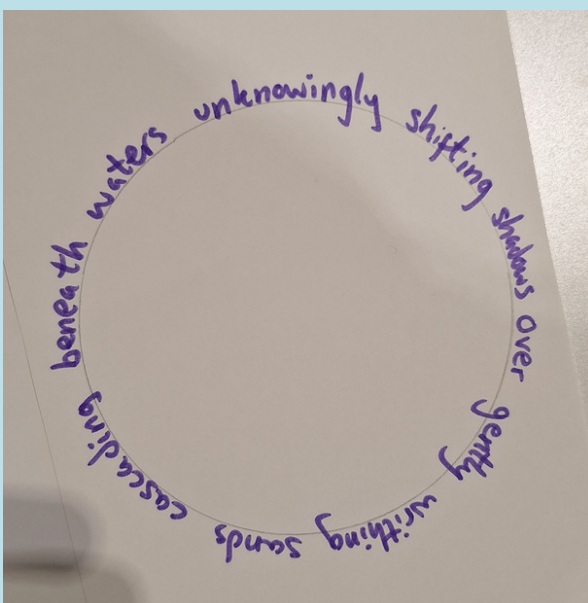
Kelpie

Plankton

Strong, think,
creamy mud
How come you are
so stinky?
Sincerely, a friend

I seek collaboration.
Not enough at home.
But here I see friends from every oceany step of
my journey.
They open my mind.
My cup is full

How much time does
presentation anxiety take off
my lifespan?
Communication is still worth it.



Crabulous Hemis
Pulling up the trap
Cage full of hangry hemis
No bait for you, sad

Do I really have to go back to
America?
Where freedom is not free.
Please let me stay a while longer.

Flowing Together

This section compiles all
of the poems gathered
during the meeting.

Umoja ni nguvu

Data, data everywhere,
but void of information.

Big silo walls here and there,
voiding all connection.

Stakeholders are nowhere,
as we design the observation.

We don't need more data.
We need more connection,
more co-ordination,
more co-creation.

Only then will data have information.

Said Hashim

Each day I drink the ocean
I gulp it down
I swallow each microbe, I swallow each sound
I stir up small eddies and deep-gyre circulations
Unravelling patterns
Older than nations
by midday I empty the trenches,
Unmake the shore yet lately I've wondered what the sea was made for
I always assumed it was made for me
But I'm learning, at last, that nothing is free.
If I drink the last wave the horizon has left,
Will I drown in the echo of the oceans last breath?

Waylee Fitzgerald

OSM 2024:

Dresses = 1 (manatees)
of course! I live in Florida now!
~ flash forward ~
OSM 2026:
I checked a bag to carry
all my ocean dresses to
Glasgow. Dresses: > 6
sun: manatees
mon: Kanagawa & Kraken
tues: eagle rays (for talk!)
weds: coral reef kitties
thurs: deep sea critters
fri: neon fish and more

Channeling Ms. Frizzle
everyday of OSM?

Goal achieved
(could this be my
most important career
achievement yet?)

Svaha

**Tidal, waves
breaking,
crashing.
Nothing but
blue
in an ocean deep.**

**And you flow,
and flow ...
... drifting
apart
toward
in an ocean blue
that submerges you.**

**Still are the waters
at the bottom,
where no current reaches.
Yet i reach for you,
my friend,
a fingertip's brush away
a suspended breath too far.**

Land to Sea
there is a common theme,
connectivity
between you and me.

Circulation
of our thoughts and hearts
brings communities from the dark.

Though our purpose may differ
perspective prospers
through currents
propagating passions, protection, art
connecting you and me
from
Land to Sea

Kelsey

I don't just see
Rolling waves anymore
I couldn't if I tried
Now I think about
Floating phytoplankton
Fixating carbon to make
oxygen
And pelagic fishes who
migrate
So casually to different depth
I admire unknown viruses
Who unintentionally
Keep everything balanced
And the matter that eventually
sinks
Connecting the surface and
the deep
I now dream about corals
Who cling to cliffs
Making homes for larvae &
fishes
Then I think about you & me
All that we've seen
Studying the extraordinary
Giving these salty waters
A whole new meaning

Wissenschaft ist Schönheit,
Wissenschaft ist Klarheit,
Wissenschaft ist Kleinlichkeit,
Nach jedem Ergebnis sehen wir
die Welt mit anderen Augen

Science is beauty
Science is clarity
Science is stingy
My vision changes with every
outcome

Sophie Nuber

Pyrosomes glow bright
Illuminating the night
What the fuckery

OR

Pyrosomes glow bright
illuminating the night
Why could they be here

Research ideas flow
There is so much we
don't know
Ask questions all day

Grace Cawley

To You

To you, our mother earth,
you who give us your
water and your sky.
Forgive us.
Forgive us for the chaos
we have caused in the
water an the sky.
Forgive us for destroying you.
Forgive us for destroying us.
'Caus humain doesn't
understand yet that he
is the water, he is the
sky, he is you.
We are all the earth
We are all the life
We must care
We must protect
We must love

M.R.

Ocean

no matter how long it's
been, the sea welcomes
me home.

I watch waves crashing
on rock + people daring
to jump + I think:
they do not know how
powerful she is.
She has been here for
thousands of years +
she will be here long after
we're gone.

She is constantly
changing,
breathing life,
buffering,
molting,
but she is always the
big blue, a constant
sustaining force.
I'm in awe.

Feeling post?
Take a big breath,
Dive in and embrace the ocean.
It works for me.

Virginia Barranco

As the wave rumbles,
my memory tumbles,
I cannot fathom how,
I do I know it neither, now,
How did I meet you Ocean?
Or was your feet of any lifes future?
But for now, I know, the secrets
the secrets to each of your
breaths,
to each your rumbles,
cos that is what holds the
world together from tumbles

Midhaila Varna

When the smell of the sea
Reaches you across the miles
A gull keeps a sharp eye on
Your lunch – just in case
Where to go but the sea?
Constantly rebuilding,
restoring,
Unforgivingly loving
Unfathomable

Which is more boundless?

The vast global ocean, or the collective human spirit?

Uncomprehendable amounts of water, of life, of depths unseen and unknown?

Or humanity's capacity...

to create

to destroy

to learn

to take

to explore

...to love?

Which is more boundless?

The world as seen by the phytoplankton, dwarfed by all, a speck in an infinite expanse stretching beyond sight?

Or world seen by a human: endless possibilities, problems, permutations, personas, passions?

A speck in an infinite expanse, stretching beyond sight.

Where does the edge of one boundless world touch the other?

What might we find there?

S.E.

**Sitting inside a bubble of titanium
Dropping to the deepest point of the ocean
We are just an insignificant drop in immensity
The ocean, source of life, can also take it
from us in a split second. We are moved
to contemplate the most intimate, remove,
legendary and extreme spot of the planet.**

Don't forget your computer modeling friends either!

Just because I may drink the ocean in through a glass screen,

With ISO's, with rows of data,

from my windowless office,

it doesn't mean I can't feel the sea in my bones,

the sand between my toes and my hair whipping around in the sea breeze.

Flickering, floating faerie fires,
drifting motes and reeling gyres,
flowing, shaping thoughts and ires,
those glowing, dancing faerie fires.

Awash with hope, with dreams, senses,
enough to break the strings or lyres,
and shape the mould and brace the mires,
Oh, dance with me, with faerie fires.

The chance to save - regrow, suffires
this ever changing muse requires
no thing to chase, no fear, no liars,
just willingness in faerie fires.

Thoughts evoke, the eyes inquire,
the face lit up, restored, refired,
and washing still, in raptured mires
away from shame and lust desire,
away from blame, a pride in trying,
a chance to breath, a life worth dying
for, a broken heart worth crying
for, with no remorse, no hiding, more
to see and love than to abhor,
a single moment - none so before -
to feel the thrum of life once more, in
every chance, choose love, before
another moment lost above, the floor
is yours, the mind you dance will shape,
explore, its in your hands, escape
your self to far-off lands, embrace
the world you face, it can be fixed. It can.
And in fewer words they spoke, inspired,
the night lit up, implored, suffires,
and drifting on, to you, in choir
they sing - so listen! - those faerie fires.

Jocelyne Osborne



The Sea that Remembered One Monsoon

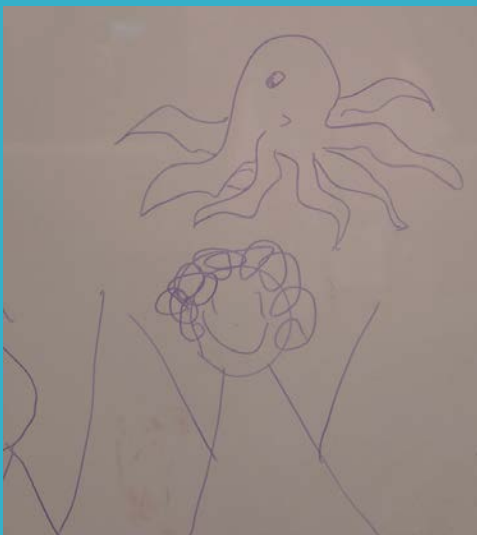
Beneath the Arabian Sea shadowed sweep
(?) monsoon sings for the currents in deep
From the distant hill that (?) glide
with all the clay that keep secret in the the tide.

The winter winds blow from North
Bring the silt dust further forth
Mountains to the coast it roams
Carry silt to the Ocean home

The past where Earth wrapped in wramth untold
The Northern Currents were moving bold
And the climate turns pale and cold
The south awake with the current thats old.
The Arabian Sea remembers all that passed
Holding the storms and silence of the past!!!

Adhra Renny

*based on my recent paper in PPP, Renny Et all, 2026



**Deep breath
One of those from the belly
One of those that feel like a hug
one of those that your soul takes,
when you are in a sub at 500m depth
and you humbly realise
how lucky you are to have been allowed
into the wonders of the deep.**

Carbon Beneath the Waves

Carbon exists in many forms,
It dances above the ocean as carbon dioxide,
Carbon monoxide and methane.
Sometimes it falls from the atmosphere
into the ocean
Embraced by water and
transformed into a new disguise
Three new forms as Carboxylic Acid,
Bicarbonate, and carbonate
Each molecule, feeds the diversity
of life
From microscopic plankton to
huge whales and massive coral reefs
Carbon hums through all life
connected by ecological richness.
The greatest molecular diversity though,
exists as dissolved organic carbon
or DOC
But no matter the disguise
life drives diversity, and diversity thrives.

James Lin

**Higher and higher seas
Drier and drier leaves
and the greatest (?)
are the few's needs...
Not only Santh but hearts
are becoming dry
since no more biofood
floods veins and minds
still, thousands of us
take a stand and fight
with our friends and open eyes
yes, leaving the world is still worth a try**

Did it just get warmer because:

a) we moved

b) the water moved

c) it actually got warmer

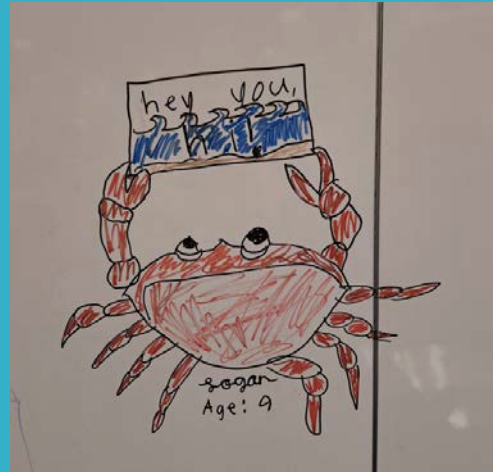
Alas, the ocean humbles us with the simplest of questions.

Sitting inside a bubble of titanium

Dropping to the deepest point of the ocean

We are just an insignificant drop in immensity

The ocean, source of life, can also take it from us in a split second. We are moved to contemplate the most intimate, remove, legendary and extreme spot of the planet.



I don't just see
Rolling waves anymore
I couldn't if I tried.
Now I think about
Floating Phytoplankton
Fixating carbon to make oxygen
And pelagic fishes who migrate
So casually to different depths
I admire unknown viruses
Who unintentionally
Keep everything balanced
And the matter that eventually sinks
Connecting the surface and the deep
I now dream about corals
Who cling to cliffs
Making homes for larvae and fishes
Then I think about you and me
All that we've seen
Studying the extraordinary
Giving these salty waters
A whole new meaning

Haley Dawne (Geizer)

Thank You

A heartfelt thank you to AGU, ASLO, & TOS for inviting us to be a part of the Ocean Science's Meeting in Glasgow. It was an honour to be a part of something so inspiring and to have the opportunity to provide a space where Scientists could tap into their creative side.

We loved chatting to everyone who came to take part and value every single contribution you offered. We were blown away by the response to our Wee Poetry Retreat and hope you carry on making space for poetry in your world of science and beyond.

P.S. please forgive any typos or omissions in this booklet

**At The Wee Retreat, we are passionate about all things wellbeing.
Join us online or in person...**

Keep in touch!

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www.instagram.com/peter.clive



The
WEE
RETREAT™

