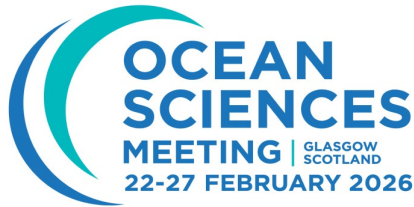


## **Unfathomable**

Peter Clive, Keeks Mc

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 point 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.

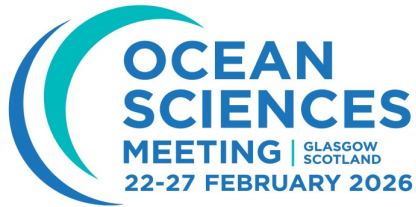
We are allowed to contemplate the most intimate,  
remote, legendary and extreme spot of the planet:

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



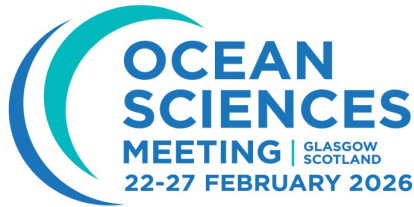
Layers tell their tales  
currents carve the seabed's form  
guiding how we care  
over geological timescales

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,

and 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.