

Simon's Caves

By Graham Vivian Lancaster

Watching divers
At the swim through
Crashing into rock
Glancing off
Washing away on the flow.
Me coming in from high
On the up current
Dumping air
Breath out finning hard
Powering down on the rock
Fingers pinching nose shut
Equalising ears
Body washing to the right
Twisting clear of the lip
Dropping into the calm of the mouth
In the lee of the current
Levelling out – inflating – breathing deep
Arresting the plunge
Before crashing into the bottom
Steadying, focussing
Peering into shadow dark tunnel
Sun lit on the other side
With big fish

Hanging together in the centre;
I proceed
Slowly
Judging clearance not to trap me
As a hose brushes the roof
And I drop – a little -
Alone
In my own world
With the fish – watching
Blocking passage
Looking at their reflections
In my mask
Watching my slowly rising
Gloved hand
Dreamlike
Moving them away
Privilege beyond privilege
Accepted as one
Parting slowly allowing me through.
Emerging out of the other side
Into blinking light
As my head clears,
Forward and up into ocean blue
Rising
Looking back
At shimmering silver bead strings
Of bubbles
Trickling through cave roof
Expanding free to the ocean surface
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Back from where I brought them
And to where I soon must return.

That Kind Of Feeing

Of sprint swims
Like a giant hand lifting up
Thrusting forward and down
Exhilarating body surfing
Chest out
Arched back waist deep
In towering waves
Racing water tingling skin
Cutting across blue ocean
Away from white tumbling break
One shoulder cutting a swathe
Across the face
Curved cascading wall at the other
Looking down the tunnel
Blasting out of the pipeline
On a whoosh of spray
With the smell of salt
And sea-weed
Small prism rainbows in the sun
Stopping breathless
Wondrous

With sand beneath my knees
That kind of feeling

Clothes On The Beach

To water born
Returned this
Sweltering Friday night
From mortal land
Intricate of subterfuge cruel with greed
Wading single minded with sands of white
Swelling between my toes
Savouring saline coolness of my birth
And on a breath submerge in darkness
Closed from ugly polluted minds above
To gentle swishing sands and tumbling shells.
Could I breathe of your munificence,
Be sleek of hide and shape
Radar and eye to navigate me through,
Scimitar dorsals rising from deep
Like jagged sierras slicing sky
Fuse with dolphins surfing peaked crests of
Plump marble blue ostrich plumed swells
Rolling across rising ocean atolls
Where never a boat has been at high
Man's foot never sullied at low
Nor has he seen by night or day
Never to return

Mercy

Silent hunt

Unfed unborn pups

Arrests Great White

Mother shark

Twenty meters beneath

Blue swells passing

Sickle fin and watchful eye

For half a gill beat hesitates

Homing radar

Of her hunting craft seeks

Fluttering vibrations

Of distressful dying

Alerted by scents

Of wasted blood

Drawn pale and thin

On south current flowing,

Northward points accelerating

Coup de grace

To untidy death

Flying Fish

Deep metallic blue

Silver beneath

Breaking free

Of ocean swell

Gliding

Brief streamlined flight

Glorious thirty metre dash

Like a beautiful poem

Aired for the first time

Hailed in awe

Like bursting sky rockets

Splashing down

Into anonymity

Of a great sea

Vaguely remembered

Long fin Bat Fish

Kind smile

Banded in dull

Silver and gold

With a small scar

Of survival

On the left side,

Dodging photographers

Swimming between

Gathering divers

Singling me out.

We know each other

From some other time

Passing closer

Swivelling eye

Watching

Closer

Looking into my mask

Disappointed

As I move on;

Soul mate,

I would stay forever

Could I convert

But I'll lose

My own world

Should I decide

Drowning

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Early morning rough sea

Cold wind lifting

Spindrift combs

High off unwelcoming breakers

Relentless barriers thundering down

Warning off foreign entry

Boat finally forcing through

Lumpy ride across a bumpy

Chill bluegreen deep ocean

Bailing out into misty blue

Unfriendly depths

With a sinister icy spine trickle

Breathing stuttering

Like machine gun fire

Gasping foreboding thoughts

But still deeper

Over the drop off

Into the unknown

Mesmerised by fate

Diving into

Frosty cold insecurity

Of your veiled blue

Frigid eyes

MAGICAL

Opportunist picnic seagull
In cloudless blue,
Hangs effortlessly,
On the breeze,
Like a kite on the boy's string
Below,
Watching;
Him throw a crust
Into the air;
Daring forward,
Red beak clamping
In total trust.

Two opportunist divers
In clear blue,
Hanging,
Almost motionless
At fifteen meters;
Buddy breathing my air,
So we could both stay,
Sharing the smorgasbord beauty
Amongst the fish.
But the trust in your eyes;
An eternal bond,
Greater than gratitude,
Greater than a rubber hose,

It was - life.

Petulance

Fresh tsunami memories
As the Indian Ocean's
Anger tonight
Flings its full petulance
Down on the reef,
Breaking down its length
In the semi darkness
Like some vapour trail jet
Roaring in crashing waves
Great foaming white lines
Booming across the coral
To jerk the tethered boats
Like wild horses – panicked
Rearing against snapping tight
Mooring ropes quivering in spray
In the light of the
Quarter sickle moon
Lying on its back
Holding water.

Its going to rain too.

Lost

Wafting in the current
The conductor's baton
Of lost brassiere and panties
Hooked on coral
Commands a sad silent orchestra
Of forbidden cross cultural love.

SEA BATTLE

Giant thunderheads
tall warships sailing,
Spanish Amada chasing,
plundering
for diamonds,
for gold.
High on grey dark rolling sea,
distant cannon softly grumbling,
billowing canvass,
purple backlit muzzle flashes,
fighting ships bearing down
powerful,
gun blast deafening
cobalt fire flashing,
hulls hissing
spindrift spraying,
falling earthward
on long grey swathe

of their own tears.

AND WHEN

A SONG FOR GORDON

When chill winds of the north drive the anger of the sea
and purple growling southern thunderheads stalk the night.
When squalling black heavens split with crackling cobalt fire
and hooded sailors cower in silver lit pitching ships.
When the softly rising sun golden swathes the oil dark sea
and the great lone albatross glides whitely serene.
When smiling dolphins glide through aquamarine waters
and you are with peace, o man of Atlantis.

Bio:

Graham Vivian Lancaster

South African Writers Circle Quill Award winning author and 2010 American Pushcart Poetry nominee, 2010 English Academy of Southern Africa poetry judge, 2011 English academy of Southern Africa Gold Medal proposal, he writes in ten genres from the many eclectic facets of his adventurous life. Widely published in anthologies, with thirty five published books of his own, his teenage adventure series and poetry are being taught in schools.

One of his poems was chosen to represent South Africa at the Dec 2010 World Poetry Festival in Canada.

Translated into Spanish, Romanian, Hindi and French, read on radio in Argentina and Puerto Rico. Published in *Fullosia Press*, *A Hudson View*, *Labyrinth*, *Convorbini*

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