

The Pearl Diver

I see them, a sea of oysters.
Going towards them, I pick one up,
Prise it open, find a pearl inside.
White and glowing in the torchlight.
I put it in my pocket, here is proof.
Of buried treasure. I yank at the rope ,
And swim up to the boat,
Show my colleagues what I have found.
They murmur and slap me on the back,
Pass around the glowing jewel,
Which looks like the moon.
Then they put on their diving gear,
Pick up bags for the haul, and jump in the sea.
To harvest their fortunes.