

*54° 38 S*  
*158° 52 O*

Shipwrecks moulder in every bay  
It offers no inducement for a visit  
Yet I,m overwhelmed  
It squeaks ,squalls and gabbles  
They snap from all directions  
Shaking and pinching my flesh  
Pale bellies and dark faces surround me  
More and more  
I disappear into the field of black and white