

Oriel Davies 2016 Open Writing Competition | Winning Poem

Blood Lines

You're not a shark that swims
into nightmares at 3am
with a jaw hinged
like the boot of an Estate car.

You're a flying carpet
of rubber muscle,
whiffling over the seabed
or resting in a sand hollow.
One eye keeps watch,
still as a fly in amber.

A hundred million years
and then a hundred million years
to refine the curve of fin,
compose the flow
of water through spiracles,
print skin with the play of sunlight.

The dinosaurs come and go
and you swim on.

But winches groan
as dredgers drop their nets.
Hooks sink into flesh,
drag you, open-mouthed,
over belly-shredding rocks.

Angel shark,

You're in deep water now.

Frances Field