

1. Seagrass

Strange to think
of a subtidal
meadow where
waves gather
and pass
like clouds across
a wrinkling sky.

I tease seeds out
of the eelgrass.
Long green ribbons
where creatures hide.
Under my tweezers
each seed is a joy,
each worm, a surprise.

2. Oysters

I search my plot of beach for oyster shells
and count horse, saddle, native, pacific.
They click together in my hands each

the shape of my palm and singing
a different note, wood chime, rain fall,
castanet, when I drop them to the sand.

The back of each shell ridged like a wave
the colour of heather or pearl or a fife sky.
And I watch as two more girls comb the sand,

held in their own band of light, counting
out the day in shells and stones, leaving
no small thing unnamed or unturned.

Roshni Gallagher

Protect the Oceans. Save the Seas.

Poem commissioned for 'There is a Tide' event at the Push The Boat Out Poetry Festival, Edinburgh on 23rd November 2024, facilitated by Paperboats.

SEAWILDING
Community-led Marine Habitat Restoration

**PUSH
THE BOAT
OUT**


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