

Ellis O'Connor, *West No. 3*

Exploded spray on the sea's glass skull
welled up from lost blank profounds
of eyelessness among the krill
eel beds and orca hunting grounds
would have you feel you cannot feel

how numbly ghosted lines have drawn
the zones of smashed-together wave
and rock the whitened sea-stacks gnawn
and synclines toppled off the graph
of what is measured captured known

by eye improbably afloat
the raft of seeing while the storm
thickens textures into brute
impacted darkness like a charm
to kill all blood-warmth at the root

and opiates of arctic flowers
bob drowned among the sparking shades
of one last glow the evening lowers
to where the deadlight nothing voids
taking me with it disappears

David Wheatley's collections of poetry include *The President of Planet Earth* (Carcenet). He teaches at the University of Aberdeen.