

I visited a branch of Sea Life in an ex-county hall.
Mops in corridors, half-empty vending machines.
*They took photos of us pretending to look scared
in front of green screens.*

Rays took titbits from stinking cups.
The sharks were gilled glide,
ravenous for outside.
*We were vomited onto dry land
by the Coca-Cola London Eye.*

I must warn Nineveh.
But who wants to hear me
say what is evil?
It is dominion.
*It is the law that makes goodness impossible,
fasting in sackcloth the only option.*

But god will not say
must only relent or sorrow
as the whale does
when her calf is taken —
*a harrowed sound
that does not bear description.*

Clare Pollard