

Diving poem

Staring out at the sea
It's depth and mystery beckon me
The diving regulator as my key
I wonder how my time below will be

Wading in up to my neck
Can laboured breathing already be?
I hope my body I won't wreck
For I quickly feel like going pee

Greater depths I proceed to gain
And with it I feel the water "squeeze"
"To avoid the eardrum rupture pain
Pinch your nose and breathe out
please"

Traveling down more and more
I feel like I can soar
Search for pirates' hidden lore
In the depths of the earth's core

Offering my mouthpiece to the critters
I'm experiencing "raptures of the deep"
No more feelings, no more jitters
I am being lulled into a sleep

Arise, arise! I must awake!
My air supply is running low
"Don't gad about! Don't take a break!"
For time now is my foe

Racing up is my pleasure
Rather than ascent at leisure
Oh no! too fast is the drop in pressure!
My rate of rise I did not measure!

Going up is not pleasant
My diving tables I failed to consult
My choice to dive I start to resent
For nitrogen bubbles are the result

On ascent I forget to blow
The volume in me starts to grow
Next time, up nice and slow
This lesson, now I know

Flatulence, dyspnea, cough, and chest
pain
Recompression may be too late
I pray no air embolism be in the brain
Or the ocean floor may be my fate

-Sylvia Chen

Haiku

Euphoric diving
Offer air to sea creatures
Raptures of the deep