bloom invisible joy

jared campbell

She is a whale fall sinking past the reach
of life-giving sunlight, to the bathyal zone,
cold, alone, and ever more alone
except for luminescent creatures, each
appearing as a single star and each
unspeakably hideous if it were shown
in any other, truer light. Once prone
upon the seabed, vulnerable to breach
by sleeper sharks and hagfish, she is broken
down. The boneworms drill those secret spaces
where the marrow hides. Her deepest treasure
found, they bloom invisible, unspoken
joy. She burgeons into an oasis
in realms of poverty and ceaseless pressure.

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