

## **Spoiler Alert**

"...then you open your eyes, and it's dead as far as you can see."

*Trailer from the documentary "Chasing Coral"*

Like martyred prisoners in a concentration camp,  
soft corals on the Great Barrier Reef sound a spectral alarm.  
A degree or two rise in Fahrenheit shocks pacifist

pastels into a garish SOS of undulating chartreuse  
and purple. No response.  
Between the first wave and the seventh,

they expel algaic life forms—  
upstretched water wings droop and decay,  
skeletons of brancherous corals bleach to eerie opacity.

As the reefs go dark, who will film us  
floating over barren rock in leaky rafts—  
hot oceans starved of smaller fish,

big ones going hungry  
as the aquatic death camp  
marches up the food chain 'til

it nets the two-legged problem  
predators—who will record us  
as we bargain and thrash.

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