**Submarine Graveyard**

From the road you see them,

blunt hulks hemmed in now

by flaking barges,

redundant landing craft,

the ground that has grown

around them a pelt

of rosebay willowherb

and rutted, oil-stained grass.

De-fanged, stripped

of their deadly burden,

they kilter at a lean.

Anything of value’s been plundered,

conning towers gutted,

wiring pulled out

like so much spaghetti,

decks ripped off and trucked away.

Only the dense, immovable

hulls remain,

subsiding slowly into mud,

the land healing over them,

a new peninsula inching

into the bay;

though their kin

still plough the seas

or lurk unseen,

their payloads

simmering with readiness.

Hugh Dunkerley