Poem by

JACQUES YVES COUSTEAU

Watching the ocean in Bordeaux as a boy

I desired its secrets and wondered

What things lay out there just beyond my grasp

Deep within nature's arms, down under?

Together with friends of a curious bend

I invented the "aqua lung" for breathing

Underwater to search a part of the earth

Alone and lying there quietly seething.

Creating the first undersea colony

I Pioneered and filmed the oceans floor

And as I learned to love her frailties

The siren of the deep taught me more.

She seduced my sense with bright colors

As strange creatures kept embracing my mind.

Her illusive environment captured me

With wondrous spectaculars of all kind.

The sea even took my youngest Philippe

In seventy-nine in seaplane crash he died

Tearing my heart out but not breaking my spirit

And I swallowed it all with a special pride

Oh the mistress of the sea can be cruel

As many a man has had time to learn

But if we take time to understand her

She always gives us a lot in return