



Oyster  
Differing palettes,  
coined by birth,  
determined by life.  
The underneath,  
smooth, milky, pearlescent,  
attractive but subtle,  
delicate,  
like fine china.  
The top,  
crude  
and irregular,  
layered, like the strata of rock in the  
earth  
Built  
like  
a shapeless  
staircase.



Wear and Tear  
Barnacles collect on shells over time,  
organisms,  
each with stories of their own.  
When passing through waves  
we accumulate experiences,  
that teach,  
shape,  
sculpt  
themselves to our surface,  
enabling us to become more  
than just a pretty shell...  
Our scars are not ugly,  
they are the marks of the living.



Journey of the Sea-Rock  
Flaking at the edges,  
split from our source,  
whittled by tides,  
rattled by waves,  
not all of us make it to the beach...  
the ones that do, are crusted with mud,  
wormed with holes,  
bored by barnacles,  
riddled with doubt,  
warrened to our core.  
We find one another on the beach,  
each shard of shell  
the last surviving piece of a jigsaw,  
never again a perfect fit.  
Roughly collaged,  
we wedge ourselves to grooves of the beach,  
hoping to lodge...  
prolonging our eventual  
descent to  
Sand



A Knuckle of Limpets  
A bunch of knuckles, barnacle  
splattered, tinged by algae.  
A crusted cup, warted with life.  
A thick-lipped xylophone, each key  
clutching to smaller scales.  
A family coupled against the elements,  
clasping to their ancestry.  
Aren't we all just Slipper Limpets...  
clinging upon the crescents of those  
before us?

### Slipper Limpet Tower

On top of an abandoned abode,  
a silent specimen slumbers,  
unmoving, unaware, unknowing,  
itself a home for others,  
weary, some departed, the rest...  
in a state of dream,  
tarnished by an algal blanket,  
we only awake when the tide  
arrives.



### Auburn Shell

A swirly orange, calcified, spherical being,  
once inhabited,  
now empty.  
Smooth, pointy, sharp and soft,  
finger goes round and round  
circling false-amber swirls,  
orange, to brown, to white, just at the  
tip,  
a summit.  
A chipped, but beautiful jewel of the  
beach,  
I cannot see the inside all at once,  
one part will always be hidden,  
swirling like the milky way,  
mellow like an autumn day,  
an auburn curl of Celtic hair,  
smooth, shiny, matte, and fair.



### Holey Shell

I thought to use it as a pendant on a  
necklace,  
made useful by the toll of the sea,  
like human wisdom,  
gained through trial and tribulation...  
indents, cuts, bruises, scars,  
trauma  
I hold the spiral to my ear,  
I want to know of its hardships,  
I want it to give me advice.  
Can I identify my shell?  
Is it here through willpower?  
Or, perhaps, just sheer luck?  
Picked up unsuspectingly,  
I rescued thee  
from battering waves,  
now,  
who will rescue me?



## Sea Whisperers

Every shell has lived...

A collection of beach musings by  
ND+ writers Emma Robdale, Chloe  
Lewer, Alice Riley and Simon  
Kempthorne



### Baby Clam

Pure white.  
Small and delicate,  
like a cardigan button.  
Garnished by slate,  
black and amber,  
barely tainted by the ocean's  
drudgery,  
a snow-white gem.