

Poem

A plan coming together for Feb 23
The Antarctic beckons and what will we see

All set to go ... but there's a covid test
10,000 miles gone just to hope for the best

No kids aboard, maybe that was a rule
Except for the Doc, who can't have left school

Then Jonathan with details and a location fix
Said the Drake was a four but it was actually six

Port to starboard, we were in for a ride
But it could have been the lenses pointing all to one side

Lectures to learn the Drake is deep
And something about uni-hemisphere short wave sleep ...

Some asked about seeing the Southern Lights
James wished he kept his mouth shut tight

Peter told us the Amundsen - Scott story
But zodiacs to launch, now it's a trilogy

Kayakers to the library to know their fate
Only for Rex to announce that Alex was late

What's the success criteria of Sarah's trips
Close-ups with whales or no one taking a dip

But then came Jenny who made it no big deal
Up onto a berg better than a seal

Camping on ice and so many went
First time since Glastonbury they'd put up a tent

Mellow music from Mel as it came to dusk
And a couple of petrels joined in with her busk

Dare visit the toilets; was the flag in the air?
Didn't matter anyway, it was a fur seal lair

Back on board for some bad weather news
Were the stabilisers working: we were all confused

Up in the bar for the ship's own band
John started a conga when it was difficult to stand

To the boot room, swimming gear on
All up for the "Plunge" but not staying in long

New contacts and images for social media fame
But who will own up there to the "walk of shame"

Dinner in Joe's galley as waves began to soar
And a few bits of steak ended up on the floor

Sorry to those those that don't get a mention
But I'd happily stay on for a bit of detention

It costs a lot to travel and with presumed intellect
Let's hope we all look back and say we've treat this place with
RESPECT