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2 Poems ("Sardines" and "Lobster Festival")

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Sardines

*Patsy Brand and Rondo, Drummer Boy and Sunset,
Leader, Melon, Martel, Pemco, Stag,
Peacock's Medallion, Peacock's Best, Lookout,
Blue Hen, Red Horse, Possum, Victor Renée, Port Clyde.*

Granite stones, round as moons,
fleckered with fish scales like stars;

boots that dance on mussel shells
and dry wrack black as gypsy hair—

I hear the herring singing,
with their little heads all off.

The women at the cannery
have fingers quick as cats.

The working tides eat at you
until there's not a bite left.

Lobster Festival

They say at the first in '47
Robert P. Tristan Coffin,
Pulitzer poet from Brunswick,
ate ten large lobsters at a sitting,

all for a dollar. In the 70's
you'd come upon flush guys
handing over wadded dollars
to visit the carnival strippers.

Who hasn't missed the sideshow,
the sea-hags and sardine-packing queen?
When sailors did escort the Sea Goddess and her court
down to the dawn-reddened sea?