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

Mark Raymond

_Owls Head, Maine_
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?