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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?