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What A Drag

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What A Drag

He read about the singing scallops
of the Pacific
and thought how nice
to hear music
as one's boat sinks beneath the waves;

the Atlantic sea scallop
sulks in crevices
in Cobscook Bay;
he'd ignore them
but they announced a season for December

and his two kids want Christmas;
the day before,
on the sonogram,
a new arrival,
she's happy, but his mind is chained

by NOAA Coast Survey image near Falls Island,
wreck clearly visible,
sixteen Bay of Fundy deaths
within five years,
the drag catches, the heart leaps, then stops;

this cold morning sea smoke
wafts like incense,
a priest's blessing
is required, doesn't come;
there is no grace upon the waters

tearing through Cobscook Falls
but \$10 a pound
rents religion;
someday, he swears,
he will follow his scallops to

the white tablecloth of a fancy restaurant,
where red wines
bleed freely
like cut palms
on the wheel of a scallop dragger;

she, in way of the Virgin Mary,
deserves more,
fortune reversing
with reversing tide;
above: the smell of salted diesel;

below: scallop's hundred eyes watching
gravel bounce
beneath steel dredge;
outcrop of ledge,
missed by chart, reaching up from Hell.