

Sonnet Scroll

Sloop, Clam Cove

By Richard Dey

Fine-lined, the rigging tuned,
a kind of floating sculpture
that rides the wake shore-bound
of a tanker passing by,

on a light sou'west breeze,
midmorning, at slack tide,
and nodding at the tug of
her mooring pennant, mainsail

furled, she waits her chance,
no matter the sunlight not
breaking through the clouds,
no matter the foghorns

at intervals repeating,
the adagio of foghorns.