

Sonnet Scroll

Off Fiddlehead Island

By Richard Dey

A launch, despite the fog at first light, runs
to the mainland & back, shuttling guests
whose eyes brim with tears. In the light easterly,
fog drips in beads down the shrouds & open hatches
of yachts at anchor spattering lightly brightwork,
soft cheeks. The sound of an engine, thrown in
& out of gear, reveals a lobsterman
hauling traps, baiting, & resetting them.

Gulls cry. What's the order here, the frame?
Water is what these sailors hold in common,
what holds them—water, fog, & the clearing
later. The wake of the workboat widens like love,
encompassing & rocking all who chance
this lovely coast, daring ledge & tide.