

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Mystery of the *Sally Forth***

By Richard Dey

The *Sally Forth*, run up on shore, sits  
in permanent park. Queen Anne's Lace  
surrounds her as pot buoys once did.  
North of her leans a boat shed, also wooden;  
both are open to the weather, stripped bare.  
Above them, all in a row, green firs point  
not into a blue-bird sky but fog so thick  
you'd think Earth ruled by whistles, gongs, & bells.

The tide, gone out, sits slack. Is it bait gone bad  
that ridicules the faint fair breeze, or luck?  
Like fighters down for the count, skiffs drowse on mud.  
It is as if the lobsterman had quit  
and walked away, touched by a vision you could  
not know, the boat & the shed his only notice.