 Wrath Lines

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Nor'easter

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Nor’Easter

Red sky in morning sailors take warning
But not New England fishermen
Up early, salty dogs in yellow slickers
Hot thermos, baiting hooks and cage

They motor their strong creaky boats out there
There soon the Nor’Easter will be
Cold fish, catching them all
Gnarled fingers, full of life here
Out at sea

A mile away at a shorefront restaurant
A couple delights in their dinner
They can’t name the Captain or the mate
Can’t see the squiggly fish
Can’t see the fillet knife in hand
Can’t see the weighted scale
Can’t see the fuming gas
Yet they complain of the price

Oh I’d rather leave the shore with its mundane complaints
And join the fishermen
Salty dogs, yellow slickered
Out there at sea

An ode to New England fishermen
by Geneva Renegar, student at UConn Avery Point