

VESPERS

Lobster boats are fleet and spry, unlike
the other fishers. Late in the merry day,
into harbor they roll with a swing and a sway
and a sudden stop like figure skaters, lights
a-glimmer like fireflies of a summer night.
With the assurance of a witty lover,
light of heart, they redeem their undertaking:
that the perils lurking at dawning will all be over.