

GAY AS THE WORLD GOES

By DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD

There is more promise
than we care to know;
laughter pads wool around
our migraine days,
while in the spin of Atlantic wind
the face grows saintly at the oars;
sea-boots weigh us down to saner pace,
nets romp in the hand
and fling themselves wide and wider,
over this spring of sporting sea;
fish seem to co-operate;
and even the poet discovers
a hook of gleeful madness
on which to trail his song.