

Atlantica

The coddled fisherman
to the ocean sweep,
With brine to keep
they reap the waters mesh.
Deep and draw the curling sand
and beaches cobble
 the rocking
 pebble dory.

The lobster pot salted deep
 the dory's heaving sea;
 the seaman's bitter toil.

The wind sea
 sweeps the sky in golden rake,
the swelling green sweep landward.
The headlands wave ragged thunder
 in cobbled coves
 and in silent sand
 the briny secrets keep.

What secret death men live
 in codfish eyes
and halibut wakes.
 Twenty fathom funerals.

Wake, wake rolls the sea.
 The looted bodies float
to curling arms of spitted sand
 and silent beach

Coffined coves and tattered headlands
 weep
for mackerel men and secrets salted deep.

— *Greg Belland*