

**Harbour**

Dock cats crunch fish heads,  
fixing fishermen with fierce stares;  
claw at rhythmic lapping piles,  
scowl at the screaming gulls.

Pressed against wave and current  
once by a brute lading,  
hulls ride again to the  
measured windlass whine.

Pleasure cruisers cream the harbour  
with farewells, songs,  
lavish carpets in state rooms,  
secrets whispered on the salt air.

— *John V. Hicks*