

NANCY ANN MILLER

Two Poems

Nova Scotia Skills

The men make a living fishing,
while the women mend the large sails
in the backstitch motion of waves.

They knit brightly patterned sweaters
to identify their husbands' bodies,
in case they drown, are lost out at sea.

Their needles move back and forth,
like rowing a boat to find them
over the ocean's wrinkled map.

Sometimes they drop a loop,
like a tear shed into the wool,
or like a fish that slipped off a hook.

Elephant Horn

A husk taken from a 'long
memoried' beast, the ivory
horn warned of slavers nearby.
Hard to forget a trade treating

humans like animals, linked
to one another in a parading circus.
My teapot lifts its spout up, like
a blaring trunk. East India leaves

steep sluggishly, brackish as shadows.
Bermuda's Elephant plant spreads
wide green ears, large enough
to hear what cries out in the bush.