

there is only one calendar of night... the moon begins in phases of emergence
while i watch the last returning white cranes
with open wings like working spirits in the soft southern skies.

rising from the water pale trancelike strokes of fog shaping
the way this evening will start...

the fish camp uses sand dunes and twists of driftwood for chairs
around the evening fire
where equipment is cleaned and repaired.
while someone shakes hot spices
into the boiling pot of crabs
and gulf shrimp.

still others begin to wade in the shallows of the bay with kerosene lanterns
that move light like constellations hunting
and the hunt is for the outlines
of eye shifting flounder....
this is not a ballet for applause
as spearing is followed by small clouds of
initial resistance and transmigration

i am not sure how long things last but one evening can be enough as
the camp dogs settle down
to the perimeter of curses about milling dogs
and the excitement shifts to longer spaces between conversations.

fish camp.
wf.h.
1979-2018