WORK POETRY/
POÉSIE DE TRAVAIL

West Coast — for Howie White

These fishermen, come spring
they pack everything
aboard
but their soft emotions.
Paper towel, rum & hooks
winter-time strategies,
logbooks;
patient details of years.
Survival suits, to forestall
hypothermia.
Ketchup.

Boat by boat, the fleet
splinters from land,
closing universes.
At sea, elections
& earthquakes pass unnoticed.
Revolutions
are known, only as
headlines
encountered in ancient newspapers
while painting.
Insulated
& comforted with ocean,
fishermen dream of
little;
fish, fragments of worry
about weather,
a smoking generator.
Packed away like photographs,  
wives & children lie  
one-dimensional  
in drawers.  
Every week or so, while  
searching for something else,  
fishermen will uncover their  
images.  
Some will phone home.  
Others will shrug: families,  
only able to recall  
vague regret  
as for an aged aunt, who  
died the other year.

Vengeance

Inshore, faint spines of  
mountains  
curl about rim of coast, holding  
away the world.  
Sweet & empty from the waves,  
air surrounds like a  
gift.  
Sea; windprints on mercury, bending  
into the ritual of search  
of flying hooks  
& brainblows delivered with primitive joy.  
And you, eyes still with plans, coiling perton  
& flowing steel through cut —  
incised hands,  
calling for loran bearings, coffee,  
above dying tremors of coho.  
Halibut dancing the deck with  
flat blows of bodies too power-ful to be stilled by  
beating
(Remembering the story about the old Norwegian, found dead beside the mast tangled with a 200 lb halibut, 2 broken legs rope & who knows what thought of indignant revenge)

Me after coffee, approaching the halibut with a wary knife: exacting vengeance for a dead man

At This Time of Year

Outside, it smells like rain, like Prince Rupert. Minus the canneries, of course & fish plants but the same damp promise; a scarf of cloud drawn loosely over the rock faces.
(Solid under my hands, the wicker table, morning tea: I have organized protection, all the rituals.) Fuchsias clamour from the balcony, refusing entrance to haggard ghosts, who smell stalely of fish. Shouting "exile!" & demanding showers, they clamber past the fragrance of jasmine invade photograph albums; break my heart talking of familiar islands & price of mild-cure.
Rupert.
A dragger unloading at the Coop,
scum from fishpumps caking white on
greasy water,
long lines of the hull dangerous with
weight,
stern half-submerged
bow thrust up
with the awkward pleasure of pregnancy.
And the stench, tasting of
disgust; money. Gillnetters waiting
to unload,
darting between wharves like
eager needlefish.
Eagles sheering heavily from the
breakwater,
beaks clogged with smell of diesel.
Magnified calls of
winchmen
& the tarred vastness of pilings
 slimed
with effluvia,
rotting fish-heads, bloody ice.

At This Time of Year 2

I hold my weight of ropes
my hands are light with
emptiness.
Then I think of course,
& push away loss like a visitor
whom no one has invited
& no one knows what to do with

The jasmine smells so lovely this time of year
where the money-fish live for M.

in winter the sea begins to claim him again salt tears & ocean become confused as herring season slides into salmon.
in this contest Hecate always wins.
how can his woman compete with the shadowed breasts of northern mountains & secret depths where the money-fish live? with persistent hours spent for hands blunt with injuries, inlets & islands she has never heard of the brutal caress of blind fatigue; results for other men's admiration.

here, love is a weakness.
let others have wives, he has 2 boats.
in return, Hecate feeds him dollars spits him out in pieces: a finger joint in Prince Rupert an ulcer from Cape St. James to Rose Spit a woman who subsists on 3rd hand news.
every few weeks when he calls her, landlines falter with practiced scraps of conversation; even the wounds feel rehearsed & he makes no promises, but says I'll see you soon I'm not leaving you forgetting he has never come to stay.

Zoë Landale
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