

THOUGHTS OF MAINE

RHYME

Rhyme never disguises shallowness.
It merely dresses it in worn-out clothes
and sachets it about life's dance floor
to strident strains
of pomp and circumstance.

5AM – COASTAL MAINE

Exultant sunrises shatter my slumber
as the thunderous upheaval of trucks in reserve
trumpet the weary arise ...
an awakening pier
on a working man's bay.

Deep-throated engines, throbbing at dawn,
chant farewell to gray-brown leathery lobstermen
their working boats and an occasional ferry
the only sights
slicing rippling "Vs"
in the face of the smooth-skinned sea.

LEATHERY GRAY-BROWN

They look dirty. Some maybe are.
Out on the sea, the skin turns a shade,
not copper-toned tan,
but a mucky brown-gray
as hands hoist sails,
raise and lower traps,
ropes, chains, oars,
stony-hard shoulders and weathered backs.

It's all part of an earth
encrusted in brine, dirt, sea salt and sweat,
this slurry magnified through the lens of the sun
which stains and toughens
the skin, now cured a leathery gray-brown.