

Anchor Yard

And Also The Trees

She stands beneath the arch in anchor yard
And pulls her shawl around her back.
Her bandaged hands remember-
Hooks of iron hanging from the walls,
Fish guts in the blue-bricks
And the rain with the autumn falls
Around her shoulders like the night...
The strange songs they sang will always
Go round the moss walls
Where the hot sun crawls.

So come back mackerel days
Sing with me to the waves...
We were the knives and we were the hands,
Now we are the salt and we are the sand.

We are the song of anchor yard.