

A Capital Trip

We went for salmon,
me and him,
out past the last singing buoy,
on a choppy sea,
his wife aboard, too,
of course, as crew,
helpmeet, her feet
in high sturdy boots,
thick wool over all the rest.
I had on my flowery dress,
and like to froze
till he gave me his coat,
his big cozy jacket
right off his back,
when the wind whipped up
to a real squall
and rain fell hard
on the slippery deck,
rinsing my dainty hands.
We went for salmon,
came home with none,
no fish in the hold,
no wife in woolens,
a successful trip, nevertheless,
all told.