

Into the Green Marsh · *Stuart Dischell*

(*off Absecon Island, 1960*)

They steer the rented boat
Where the sun cools and sets
With the hiss of steel in water.

“That’s what causes mist,”
Father instructs his boys
Grouped among the other creatures.

O prides, tribes, knots,
Packs, broods, braces, cries,
And clowders—all the equal
Family markings.

Supper is over.
The good day is over.
The cooler is empty of soda
And loaded with fish.