

## CRABBING

Who was I  
but a shuffling sideways  
who weaved whatever path  
the current took as it swirled  
from the pilings out?  
Reaching the backbone  
and the string  
that held it hanging  
my pull was no more  
than a little wind,  
there and then not there.

And who were you  
as gentle as I,  
slow like the current,  
hand over hand  
drawing me in,  
depending  
on what you could not see?  
We became  
the wavering shadows.

While across the river  
the sawgrass marshland  
stretched to the ocean.  
The spindly heron  
like a gray exclamation  
of patience  
had been standing one-legged  
for an hour.  
The afternoon heat  
lay on the dock  
in the faint, sweet smell  
of pitch released.