

## **Trawler Man**

Midnight saw him leave the pub  
Exchange the beery fug  
for needle-sharp April air  
Fumbling with his buttons  
he took care  
to set each booted foot  
as steady as he could.

And felt the warming slosh  
of bellied stout  
Stowed comfort  
for the bleakness  
of his trawler berth  
The night ahead.

He looked up  
to see the dangle  
of the moon  
The Plough careering  
at an angle  
through the blink and twirl  
of tarry sky.

Now the road rose before him  
gleaming silver  
Like the slither  
of gasping fish.  
Again he steadied his feet  
against the shift beneath.

At the quayside, he was struck  
by the moon  
slipping its moorings  
He looked down or  
was it up  
to see it cradled  
so close, so cold  
Bobbing in black waves.

**LAURA MCKENNA**