

MICHAEL CARRINO  
**WRECKAGE**

Another aching winter morning  
when any grey wave might  
wash up what is left—

gnarled ship timber, or steel drum  
stenciled in language  
no one here can translate.

Huddle close as the sea dredges up  
scale, claw, cracked  
mirror frame, any broken treasure

once bound for Boston, Halifax.  
On rusted docks  
ghosts wait, grumble

for secrets never delivered  
as the weather flails  
churning more chaotic

debris once longed for and precious.  
Rings, bracelets, and combs,  
wrenches, hammers, and nails

dappled across the beach. Always  
surprising what the sea might gift.

In the village where nets tangle  
on the dock, Rachel Day  
keeps a scrimshawed box near

her leather diary, not one page dated  
for years. Christine Deschenes  
rubs a bo'sun whistle

left on her bedside table so long ago  
she can't count up the days.  
Simon Aparicio bathes

every Friday night in his copper tub  
to wash away the stench—  
fish, no longer caught.

No sun today. None tomorrow.