

MICHAEL CARRINO

## Nantucket

The heart of Nantucket town is small, but picturesque.  
Homes of prosperous ship captains,  
long dead, line Main Street's English cobblestone.  
All roads lead to shore,  
but along the way: boutiques  
drip with trinkets, wreckage,  
spoils like the boatswain's whistle  
in a window display I spied  
that day long ago. It was here. I was young,  
stupid in love with a rich Boston girl,  
who found me, as I learned too late,  
enthusiastic, but awkward. I imagined  
myself at sea, killing Ahab's whale.  
Engrossed in heat-soaked reverie  
I flinched when she slid her hands  
into my blue jeans' back pocket, pressed  
her taut breasts against my back,  
murmured, "I've been looking for you."

Thirty years later I recall  
our reflection in the same shop-window.  
It's midday, steaming,  
and I want to visit the Whaling Museum  
near the wharf. Now I would never  
imagine killing whales, voting Republican,  
discussing someone's trust fund  
at sunset on the long ferry ride home.

What's left: her ironic laugh, my stammered response.  
It's August, tourists are tired,  
islanders are tired of tourists.  
Nantucket is shimmering in one last, late heat.