

## DESERTED HARBOUR

*By* MARY WEEKES

What do you see  
You old bent men  
As you strain your oars to your  
Herring nets  
With the rhythmic stroke of fishermen?  
Have lethargic age and toil erased  
The golden time  
When you hoisted sail to the harbour mouth  
And rode the tides with sea-bird's ease  
To haul in your mackerel and herring nets?

What do you watch  
You sea-bowed men  
As you ply the lonely harbour?  
Is it sharp-prowed vessels—  
Flaunting on masts of spruce and pine  
Sails catechu-dyed  
Venetian red, faded yellows—  
Making for anchor in tidal shallows?

Tell me  
You ancient salt-sea men,  
As you feather your oars to your  
Herring nets,  
Do you recall a lost aroma—  
Scent of tar and windrowed kelp  
And cod on drying-scaffold—  
Do you plough the trough of clipper ships  
As they tack and furrow the channel?  
Do you follow their foaming wake to sea  
And to commerce in distant places?