WINTER LANDSCAPE - HALIFAX

By DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD

A bright hard day over harbour where sea
in chips of white and blue speaks and toys, while
flurries of gulls spinning in wide deploys swoon
in sleigh-rides giddy and cold off government wharf.

At Devil's the sea spanks a winter's drum,
a hollow ballad and boom for sailors' throats
courting their winter mermaids battened down
somewhere off Scatari and heading home.

Now in December the wind leans rude and hard,
snow heaps and hides in the cormorant rocks,
and at the Citadel commissionaires
clap hands, stamp feet, turn backs against the cold.