

GERALD ARTHUR MOORE
STEVEDORES

Stevedores unloading cathedral corridors,
of harbour front hardcovers,
shipping container spines, spires of cable cranes
standing atop the pier like bookends.
Loading docs, a Lego landscape,
where CN tracks suture oiled rocks,
where train cars collide and lock,
where foghorns howl across holy waters,
dip the dabbling fowl, where ships are christened,
with rhythmic engines chanting
the small tugs say rosaries
above the zebra mussel stowaways
on hulls, the gulls wheel through the high angle cable
restless for shift change and shore leave;
and when the paychecks arrive
the publicans get their tithes.