

*David Rigsbee*

## **Trawlers At Montauk**

Because happiness takes a tremendous  
toll, the fisherman's joy gasps  
in the greasy hold, just as lovers suck  
the surrounding air nearly to a vacuum.

And yet, one's life lumbers by  
like a trawler, torn, top-heavy.  
"Built by greed," says the ocean.  
"Buoyed by hunger," say the nets.

The boats can't stay in one place.  
You look again, and they've turned  
to the horizon. Soon they are  
almost nothing, who killed many fish.

And the sky rises alive from the ocean.  
Dr. Chekhov said that men with hammers  
should shadow us always, reminding us  
of our unhappiness — a thought

bright with moral charm, but likewise,  
and finally, dark. It would require  
a parallel universe, and in time they  
would lay down their hammers, exhausted,

and appear, hands outstretched,  
mouths open, asking the same pittance  
we had always taken for granted  
in the soft voice, where hunger begins.