

FOUL BAY AT 2 A.M.

Soundlessly the clam diggers flicker down stairs hanging
against grey cliffs sunk low into ebb tide, lamps strapped

to hard hats as they descend in procession, holy miners
of night, the only noise a tingle of spades inside

empty steel pails, a flinty inner echo of quiet, the wind's
sandpaper lifting mist from the sky, starlight flinted

against the moon's albino, half-shut eye, clam diggers walking
into the sea, the stars soluble, phosphorescent, unclaimed.