



Heading Out, © Ralph Heather

THE SOLITAIR

by Rebecca Clifford

Ev'ry mornin' I go out
fratchy before I get m' java
skiff slappin' the water like its gettin' the joke
- gelid grey resistin' the bow, like it can -
If the fog pities me, I might spot the Grey Islands,
Groais or mebbe Bell
hintin' a blunt reality
where slate water butts head wi' the rock
Like ev'ry mornin', I putter out
stubborn n' flurn browed
from my dent in the shore
out for fish, out by m'self alone
Used t' be schools o' boats,
chasin' fleets o' fish
Now it's jest me I go out for m'self alone
m' sole self, m' soul self