

**L.A. Weeks**

## **Crab Country Litany**

Let the ocean dazzle; if we build on today's sliver, let us  
build for today.

Let it bring in a haul of horizons.

Let Spartina stretch forever to our fathers' crab pots.

Let the fog horn find its berth between midnight and  
morning.

Let sherry propose marriage to roe. Let it dally with  
Old Bay.

Let the carrier group be gray as it rounds Cape Henry.

Let red shift restlessly at the pier.

Let July's bathtub foam with sting.

Let a cracked claw shatter winter.

Let the salt marsh oracle buzz beyond ocean's heft.

Let us be smaller than the unborn in a Mermaid's Purse.

Let us lie pungent at noon on a tide line we cannot claim.

Let tomorrow's cyclone devour the spit and what we built  
for today.