

The New Criterion

Poems

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A Chapter in the Life of Mr. Kehoe, Fisherman

by [Donald Justice](#)

Some nights on the dock,
When only scales
And a few popeyed fish-heads
Are left out for the moon
(Which the spread nets entangle),
There comes the sound
Of bare feet dancing,
Which is Mr. Kehoe,
Lindying solo,
Whirling, dipping,
In his long skirt
That swells and billows,
Turquoise and pink,
Mr. Kehoe in sequins,
Face turned upward,
Eyes half-shut, dreaming.

Sleep well, Mr. Kehoe.

—*Donald Justice*

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