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## *Shore Song*

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### **Abstract**

Drayley Dray came on a Thursday Where Lacey Lamb sang starry-eyed, "Tell a story now till Friday, While I sift stones left by the tide."

### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; Shore Song; Barbara Jarvik

# SHORE SONG

*(How they Drew the Moon)*

*by Barbara Jarvik*

Drayley Dray came on a Thursday  
Where Lacey Lamb sang starry-eyed,  
"Tell a story now till Friday,  
While I sift stones left by the tide."

She combed for shells and bits of shiny,  
Sea horse, urchins, daughters-of-pearl,  
And in the sand flats, dark and briny,  
She bent to work where the night winds whirl.

Drayley did not sing or whistle  
But coaxed a tune from a one reed pipe,  
Like wind across a lone field thistle.  
Lacey Lamb jumped with delight.

"Delay the moon! Tempt her and hold her!  
Cause her to listen; beg her to stay!  
I cannot coax her; you look bolder,  
Help me call her, find a way!"

Drayley Dray had a black and a white shoe,  
Waistcoat wild, and bandanna wide.  
His belt was striped, his bracelets bright-new.  
He walked like crabs, from side to side.

And when he laughed it was with the clatter  
Of bric-brac swept in on the foam.  
"Get her, hold her? Does it matter?  
The moon is reckless; she's no man's home!"

"She has no eyes or pleasing faces,  
She's just a rock, and you're a fool.  
She's Nothing srewn with dreadful places,  
Stony, airless, cold and cruel!"

Like flotsam on an endless ocean  
Rushing shoreward in the night,  
Did Drayley's words, with drifting motion,  
Reach their target and alight.

Into the wind, his watch-chain swinging,  
Drayley mimicked night's sky sound,  
Poor Lacey Lamb behind ran, singing,  
Then the rising moon came 'round.

"So I am cold and not like you!"  
She hovered, glowing, in the sky.  
Her laughter fell, as real as dew,  
Frosting the trees as it went by.

Friday came. They did not dare  
believe their eyes; the moon still reigned.  
With harps of light she strung the air  
And hidden on the day, remained.

Where Drayley Dray could not believe  
Un-music fell and made him free.  
And Lacey Lamb ran through the sand  
To gather bits of melody.

And Moon, Oh Moon, she stayed on, fairer  
Than lesser ones can ever stand.  
She loves to be a lantern bearer  
And story teller above the land.

"Earth babies, gaze at me tonight.  
Is not my wardrobe wonderfully sewn?"  
Said Lady Moon, dressed in her light  
None of which she called her own.