

# SHRIMPS



*John Redmond*

I

As seaweed took the splash  
of a slack net through sea-level,  
each nude, underwater hippie  
shot away, his long, luminous blank

led by a Bismarck moustache.  
How we cherished each spry pigtail,  
each spiralling, cool transparency,

and loved to make them solid,  
where they slept so well together,  
in the pot, pink tail on tail.

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A lobster's clapped-out armour,  
a collection of glossy landscapes,  
light salad, loose cockleshells—  
like a skimmed stone returning

double its size, the surfeit  
of seafood my brother supplies  
would enter my family history.  
Nicholas, taking the fingerbowl aside—  
watch how our small limbs swing  
from the lip of a steaming mussel.