

[et\_pb\_section admin\_label="section"][et\_pb\_row admin\_label="row"][et\_pb\_column type="4\_4"][et\_pb\_audio admin\_label="Audio" audio="http://www.johnfitz.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/08-Trawler.mp3" title="Trawler" artist\_name="John Fitzsimmons" album\_name="Fires in the Belly" background\_layout="light" background\_color="#ffffff" use\_border\_color="off" border\_color="#ffffff" border\_style="solid"]  
[/et\_pb\_audio][et\_pb\_text admin\_label="Text" background\_layout="light" text\_orientation="left" use\_border\_color="off" border\_color="#ffffff" border\_style="solid"]

Leave the fog stillness  
of a cold harbor town;  
cup our hands  
in the warm diesel sound—  
leave while the children  
are calmed in their dreams  
by light buoys calling:  
“Don’t play around me.”

The kids think their daddy  
is so sure where to steer;  
they throw in our holds  
what they catch from the pier—  
they throw in our holds  
their after-school days;  
what our nets couldn’t drag  
will still be okay.

Okay keep your head up  
and take care of the home.  
I’ll call you next week  
on the radiophone.  
You say: “Yo, Captain Joe,  
on the Marilyn Joe.  
Make a beeline back home  
on the Marilyn Joe

*Creaking and groaning  
play it for me.  
We’re the whitecapped and crazy  
slaves of the sea—  
haul away  
heave away  
keep what you will;  
with a fire in your belly  
the holes that you fill.*

We leave the bay shallows—  
be a waste of our time  
to drag empty waves  
for a pure lucky find.  
We leave the bay shallows  
for the edge of the shelf  
where the warm waters slide

to a cold deeper self.

There on the edge  
we drift nets in the night;  
we winch and we pray  
and bitch for the light.  
We winch and we pray  
and bitch for the day—  
'Hook on to the rail  
and get out of my way!"

"Get out of your bunk's mates,  
and get up from below.  
Get into your oilskins—  
she's coming up slow:  
We'll say: 'yo, Captain Joe,  
on the Marilyn Joe.  
Bring her into the wind:  
Oh, the Marilyn Joe."

*Creaking and groaning  
play it for me.  
We're the whitecapped and crazy  
slaves of the sea—  
haul away  
heave away  
keep what you will;  
with a fire in your belly  
the holes that you fill.*

We gut all the night,  
and pack all the day;  
count down to each man  
this feast of the waves.  
Some take it back  
to some love they have found;  
some like the wind  
they'll just blow around town.

Six days on the Banks,  
our eyes heavy as stones,  
we chart a course  
that will take us back home.  
Docked at the pier,  
with our kids by our sides,  
we bitch about haddock  
the market won't buy.

We'll sing: "Yo, Captain Joe.  
on the Marilyn joe,  
When will we go  
on the Marilyn Joe?"

No I don't mind the rain,  
or the wind or the snow—  
We'll set out the trawl  
on the Marilyn Joe.”

*Creaking and groaning  
play it for me.  
We're the whitecapped and crazy  
slaves of the sea—  
haul away  
heave away  
keep what you will;  
with a fire in your belly  
the holes that you fill.*

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