

The World Is My Oyster



Out from Little Douglas, not far from Coffin Bay,
Courtesy of Carly and Thommo, on our West Coast holiday.
Out upon the sparkling sea, with that intrepid oyster farmer,
With deck-hands Jack and Geoffrey, on the speedy neat 'Snake Charmer'.
The breeze was light, the tide just right, the ocean crystal clear,
We were up and away, 'cross the clear, calm bay, to the oyster leases near.
The 'Snake Charmer' aquaplaned, above weedbeds and clean white sand,
With Cap'n Thommo at the helm, calm, and in command.
Between the baskets, line on line, we drifted, all serene,
The lapping of water 'gainst the hull, the ocean, calm and clean.
Soon the tide was pressing, Thommo said 'What the heck?'
Went over the side to help the crew, just Annie and I on deck.
Not that we needed lots of skill, just staying on our feet,
And stacking the baskets as they came, "Just keep them tight and neat!"
Now, I like oysters very much, salty, soft and sweet,
But today I saw more oysters, than even I could eat!
The crew were quick and able, waist-deep over the side,
They had to work with speed and skill, to beat the ebbing tide.
But even so, as we neared the beach, the tide race almost beat us.
The bottom of the sandy bar, came rushing up to meet us.
"Quick, Geoffrey, over the side, to beat the low-tide factor,
Wade ashore and hurry back, with the trailer and the tractor!"
"I'll have to swivel her on", Thommo was heard to remark,
"But that's OK, after 20 plus years, I could do this in the dark."
Now, I've manoeuvred a boat before, and a much smaller one at that,
But Thommo made it look easy, and so, I doffs me hat.
What a unique experience, for my First Mate and me,
Now there's oysters, chilled and safe on ice, Guess what I'm having for tea???

Peter – the peripatetic poet