

James B. Nicola

Scarborough Dawn

The castle's perched high, looking on the water.
The Ferris wheel squats low, right by the water.
Both are still now, their day of action done
but about to begin, as I have just begun.

It's early morning.

Between them in the ground Ann Brontë sighs
for company, duly drawing visitors
to old St. Mary—not a bad lot, that,
soliciting for a prospect of peace above
the frigid bay

where fish 'n' chips will sizzle soon
and fried dough and all sorts of stickiness.
The lighthouse, too, is merely an attraction
anymore, her beam lit for festivals

to draw for Scarborough as the flowered graves,
the castle, and the carnival. The rides
will roll this afternoon and spotty screams
from budding futures strafe the air with joy
declining to defer to what's above.

The wheel moves. It is early. Who could be
operating it at this hour? Is the barker
giving it a spin to test
it out, just greased?
Or the wind?

James B. Nicola has had work appear thrice previously in *Muddy River*, and recently in the *Southwest* and *Atlanta Reviews*, *Rattle*, and *Poetry East*. His nonfiction book *Playing the Audience* won a *Choice* award. His first full-length poetry collection, *Manhattan Plaza*, is currently available; his second, *Stage to Page: Poems from the Theater*, will be out in 2016. A Yale graduate, Nicola has been giving both theater and poetry workshops at libraries, literary festivals, schools, and community centers all over the country. More at sites.google.com/site/jamesbnicola.