

The Oyster Locksmith
Harry Ledgerwood

A blunt knife angled towards the hinge
I wiggle & chip
 its pits,
punt them
 into the nerveless chasm.

This dazzling creature
 conned into sucking
 the sea's bad bits
before the strike & shuck.

A firm push towards finding
the groove & letting
 the needle drop
 into the smooth gape
pearled by a single mush
of fresh death.