

Sean Virgo / MASK SONG

That face:
Some would eat him
No, we struck it off
With fish knives.

It is seven tides;
The sea did not want
To give him away.
At low tide he lies there.

We have all eaten up
We must paddle out
To catch him again.
He turns in the twelfth tide.

Was cod
Now the skin gone black
Now the slit eyes gape
The mouth pull down.

Some brave man uncle
Go down another tide;
He brings that face back
From the shingle.

That face now
Is hard like wood
Never change again ever
We hang him up for us.

Sean Virgo

His mouth
Is for us to talk now
I use my voice for him
I call 'Come in, children'.

Next tide
All will catch
Many of him
Through power of the mouth.

Power of the mask
Like carved wood.
Cod's head power.
Twelve tides.