

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **After Seeing “Linda Ronstadt: The Sound of My Voice”**

By Richard Dey

On the afterdeck of a lobster boat  
we're hauling gear, baiting & resetting  
the traps, listening to mindless songs,  
when suddenly we hear your voice, as if

the sea itself is singing “Blue Bayou,”  
whose mix of soaring beats & sinking lines  
is like the high you feel on deck dancing  
with the blue sea even though you know

the sea can take you down. One night, steaming  
offshore & lying down in a lower bunk,  
I saw a poster of you overhead  
in a white shift, revealing as a nightgown ...

*Who are we, you to have lost your haunting voice,  
and me to have lost the legs that danced to it?*