

Senior Division Poetry

Matthew Hollett, St. John's

Lobster Villanelle

Weddings and fishing trips illuminated the basement
as Dad ka-chunked slide after slide. When he arrived
at the lobster writing its last will and testament,

my parents laughed themselves red, having forgotten it
existed. Molting to ten times its once-modest size
in the Kodachrome aquarium of the basement,

the doomed-to-be-boiled-alive crustacean
clutched a pencil as if scrawling its goodbyes,
a piece of paper forged *last will and testament*

planted in front of it. It was a soon-to-be-pinned insect
wielding its pin as a pen, scribbling whatever legalese
might extradite its case to the sub-sub-basement

of the nearest ocean floor, any boilerplate statement
to delay its emboilment. Did life flash before its eyes?
Does a lobster sobbing through its last will and testament

reminisce about that tank at the supermarket?

The projector soon guillotined on to some sunrise

but the heat of its lamp had us sweltering in abasement
like a lobster forced to lawyer its last will and testament.