Sandy Fishnets

Evelyn Evelyn

Sandy, sandy, fishnets, fishnets
Washed up on the shore,
What's she catching?
And will she be sore?Sandy was the prettiest of all,
She talked French,
She came from Montreal.During chores she never had to huff,
Sandy caught bat all to herself.We slept in the trailer to the right,
Sandy told us stories late at night.She spoke of ships and sailors,
And the sea so big and wide,
She had lots of uncles and was
Always tired.Sandy, sandy, fishnets, fishnets,
Washed up on the shore,
What's she catching?
And will she be sore?How they loved her in those early days,
Mrs. Bolger let her go away,
All the uncles drove her up to play,
We would see them kissing on the lake.Time went by and Sandy's all grown up,
The lines of uncles dwindled and the pirates stories stopped,
Then one day Melissa May showed up,
And Sandy had to share a bed with us.Sandy, sandy, fishnets, fishnets,
Washed up on the shore,
What's she catching?
And will be soaring over the sea?
The wind in her sails and a knife in her teeth,
And the helm of a ship on it's way to a distant shore.The muted twilight and an uncharted island,
Sandy we're all getting older,
What will they do with us
When they are through with us?Sandy, what are we sailing for?Christmas morning, 1993,
Presents waiting underneath the tree,
There's a box for me, a box for me,
No gift for poor old Sandy to be seen.We found Sandy sobbing quietly,
Uncle Gerald said he liked Christine,
Mrs. Bolger said she'd have to leave,
Three days later she was gone,
The day she turned 13.

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