A Break in the Clamor
Brian Overstreet

Sometimes a machine breaks in the shrimp shop.
The silence cuts a soft corner out of the commotion.
Fog rolls off of everything warm and wet.
The bastard who drinks coffee stops harping at me.
    And he gets his knees wet
    And scrapes his knuckles on the gears.
Someone tells me to shovel ice,
    Three thousand pounds of it,
Because shrimp have stopped falling into my orange basket.