

Something I Did That I Still Don't Regret by Davis Enloe

Sorting the trash—bottom fish, rocks
and seaweed—from the deep water shrimp,
I labored one summer on Kodiak Island,
skittering around the conveyor belt's spill

and diesel fumes, squawking back at gulls
and wharf-huddling women sucking
down Salems on break. Desperate
to keep my feet, I'd skid along slimed

concrete to retrieve hideous fish.
Leaning into a broad pitchfork, learning
boilers and roll peelers, I had to sort
harvest from trash. All this to please

burly straw boss Eddie Pendarvis, a bully
polio had marked with a furious gait—
always cross, his handicap a curious badge
pinned high on a weak deputy's chest. I found

inside my lunch sandwich, a dead starfish.
Eddie smirked, *was probably hungry*;
urchins in my boots, *probably suicidal*.
Knowing I was bound to my post tending

shrimp spilling off rollers, on a cold day
he soaked me with water. Mocking me,
chortling, nodding up-down, he hovers
outside my own hose's three-foot range.

My tormentor, busy cackling, doesn't
see me spin up my weapon's water pressure.
I stun him, trapping him behind the shock
of frigid water waving his arms forever,

red-faced, sputtering curses, until I finally
release him. One blink, Eddie is fight-
ready in my face, daring me, "Sling a fist!"
his face blushed a lovely shade of purple.

Davis Enloe is a graduate of Converse College
MFA program. His work has been published, or is
forthcoming in, *Barrow Street*, *Main Street Rag*,
The Blotter Magazine, *The Helix Magazine*, *The*
Homestead Review, and *Yellow Medicine Review*.