Tongue in Cheek

As further commemoration of the daring of Christopher Columbus and the honor we bestow on him by having a big retail sales push through a (but only one) weekendextending Monday in October, I want to share with you another poem, or maybe merely a rhyme, from our Anonymous Poet.

The Silent Fishermen

Two fishing boats were coasting just off the Belle Isle Strait, Which hardly counts for much, except to note the date; It was Fall, fourteen ninety two, with news from fleet to fleet: An unknown Genoese adventurer had been granted Spanish sheet. Nonplussed were these Icelandic salts who muttered on and on, about how odd To stow no fishing gear on board, yet stock the hold with salt and cod.

He guessed of islands in the sea unknown to even modern men, And reckoned distances on a map, with an imaginary pen; He never garnered treasures enough to pay his freight, And left the flagship run aground, bare wood left over for a crate. He is remembered now by more than are other profiteers, But the simple fishermen of a new world sea coast forever, his silent peers.

By The Anonymous Poet

So might Christopher Columbus otherwise be remembered, as deserving of at least two The Magic Library Card! featured articles in the Penn-Franklin News, last Monday and this Monday, to honor him more than 500 years after his four, long shopping expeditions for riches. Memories fade. Indeed they do. Published in the Penn-Franklin News on October 16, 2023.

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