

Cannery Row

The sea breeze soothes the restless spirit
As it did decades ago to the hundreds of factory workers
Toiling in the summer sun, sleeveless muscles reflecting
The intensity of their souls.

The bustling wharf welcomes the weary fishermen
Hauling in their nets bursting with a weeks wages
On to the proud canneries where young industry soared to new heights.
For years it prospered, and suddenly, as swift as its birth....It all ended.

And now the remnants of that era stand humbly before us,
The deserted rails, their key to the states, lie dormant in the sand and
The great canneries now house galleries and antiques
Throwing us back to that golden era.

All around us we are haunted of this noble past.
Rusting cannery equipment stands as tombstones to this remarkable era
When Cannery Row, its brick buildings against the sea,
Carved its place in our history.

Listen...the sounds of the fishermen returning from sea docking their wealth
Lingers on in the distant sea.

The foreman of the canneries urging their workers
To process the catch before the railroad leaves

To a new world, constantly pressing forward,
Devouring those who cannot keep the pace.
Listen to the waves, the sea breeze, the otters on the shore...
The hands turn back the time as Cannery Row lives on.

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