

**John Blight**

## **SCOTCH**

A moody octopus sought to  
dine on a dozen spanner-crabs;  
instead, in a fisherman's trap  
he glimpsed a crab in a bottle  
imprisoned in a crabpot and  
embraced the bottle as though the  
contents were the original  
brew it was designed to contain.  
Flushed, in frustration at first, the  
mollusc thirsty for the life of  
the crab, clutched the old whisky  
bottle as a mother would her  
baby, or an old toper who,  
still thirsty, would lick the label.