

Portland Rumbling

Annie Finch

All down the slant that goes down to the sea,
the lights of our city go rumbling through my dark waves.
They sway with the cries of the seagulls that carry white foam
and out from the buoys

(past triangle eaves)
out from the buoys
(down angling streets)
(and tangling streets)

out from the buoys
(in the gray folding dusk)
(they surge, with the cries of the seagulls,
on the way home)

and the heart of my city goes rumbling.
rumbling on cobblestone,
meandering on piers.
meandering and slanting, slanting back down to the sea.