

## Harbor

At noon on the twisting road  
To Chora, the atvs are birds  
In fantastic plumage, at dusk  
Invisible, an invasion of hornets,  
And at night, fireflies.

The lean masts of the fishing boats  
Are dwarfed by the stars.  
I sit alone beneath the sickle moon.  
Tomorrow I will scramble aboard  
The blue and white ferry with dozens  
Of other nations, coaxing our luggage  
Up the gangplank, over the clamps of the deck,  
Jabbering, jockeying for space – like emigrants.

And I will carry the images of this place  
With me, like love letters.