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Tugs and Barges

Sylvia Clark

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TUGS AND BARGES

Tugs pull barges back beyond the sand
the rushing seagulls never leave,
never falling back to where the light
falls close and old.

Close enough to see what light we can,
we crowd before the barges looking
light inside our eyes.

Old enough to know what barges bring,
we try old songs, the ones we used
to think we knew by heart.

The barges break. Tugs no longer pull
what we thought was brimming wheat.
Empty lines are dragging in the Sound.
Gulls fly up to watch. The boats turn,
moving north and out to sea.