

## *Hart Crane's Return*

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*Mark Zuss*

*Harp boned,  
its bounty afire —  
the Bridge in ascent  
through dusk's tendrils  
in grasp of the anchored moon.*

*Risen over Gotham,  
its wintered steel  
rattling drums  
down into the river's mouth.*

*Our resonant finitude,  
crested,  
in constellations of towers,*

*over hovels of money,  
a haze burrows under Wall Street,  
where traders in their paradise  
perform the rites  
sustaining the fiction of capital.*

*In Prospect Park,  
a confederacy of trees  
burnish in October's light,  
its bonsai waterfalls,  
cat's eye marbles  
in the hands of migrants  
on the run from our constant hunger.*

*The sold city  
dreams of snow,  
its musics,  
in hybrid harmonies,  
drive the sleepless pulse of a multitude.*