Hart Crane’s Return

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.