

# *Newport Ferry*

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Getting on was serpentine and narrow  
Like pushing a wheelbarrow.  
The great gut of the boat  
Fattened with Fords and Dodges,  
Humps of bright dinghies afloat  
On an old Pierce-Arrow.

Many and crazy and free  
Between the huddles of cars we  
Walk to the deck's wall  
And imagine Japanese lanterns  
Strung for a masked ball  
"By the beautiful sea..."

The gulls glide in white flannel  
Near this shag-bag Sheba of the channel  
As the snub noses nearer to Newport harbor  
Finelined in a spirey graph.  
It lumbers in a great labor  
Toward the dock poles lurching panel.

Out again. We are there. It's over.  
Our little convoy leaves its Dover  
To blast up the hill toward Spring  
Now conveyed on wheels by motor.  
The ferry foams toward a second fling  
Casting forward where it was moreover.