

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.