

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

---

## East

By Carl Boon

A man's moving east tonight  
on the Anatolian highway.

Perhaps he hopes to reach  
the edge of Izmir by dawn,

then veer north through  
the melon fields, each fruit

still a fist, pale-yellow, sour.  
It's only April, the sun's not yet

the frenzy it will be, and now  
one needs a sweater and a stick

to keep the strays away.  
He moves carefully. He moves

as night would if night had legs  
and a sense of direction.

Aglow in orange for a moment,  
now he's gone—past this poem

and into another. The thought  
comforts me: I'm not alone

in this language; he's not alone  
on the long road to Ankara,

Bursa, Bolu, or Kars. Together  
we are making something.