

Poetry Porch: Poetry

The Music of Ledges

By Richard Dey

Underscoring every sound—
groaner, gull cry, gong, bell,
whine of the wind—
the surf on the ledges breaks
understated, far & near,
lapping up over the edges,
slapping up against them, sucking back
along the sharp, immemorial margins,
sounding far from mainland scales,
in a spectral modality.

At anchor off Matinicus,
easternmost point of settled America,
you take a notebook out, hoping
to capture the evanescent
beauty of this edgy place
where
each wave lapping on the ledges sounds
in the spare mode of the muted trumpeter
a note, a riff of notes

wherein the sorrow
that is insubstantial & overwhelming tides in,
while the beauty
that is sustaining & unsustainable tides out
wavering, sure,
tide after tide
Earth's lungs
far offshore.