Beirut

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Sandy Feinstein

Beirut

pocked as memory I take home with me,
thought as unfinished, like Ashrafieh,
something gutted, dark holes
everyone knows, and I remind myself are
real as the unchanged Mediterranean
beating trash and tides into Pigeon Rock
its sedimentary layers unread pages
written before humans built
Byblos, Baalbek, or Beirut.

A postcard makes the rocks look solitary
cuts off the boxy restaurants and shops,
the joggers and the ferris wheel, voyeurs
staring at its cracks, all sides bare:
west and east, south and north
eroding base, hollowed core
as if the sea sought solidity
in what it pounded into sand
and air, Beirut

like the moss appears
inexplicably there
out of blasted rock.