4-15-2002

Beirut

Sandy Feinstein

Penn State Berks-Lehigh Valley College

DOI: https://doi.org/10.13023/disclosure.11.14

Follow this and additional works at: https://uknowledge.uky.edu/disclosure

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License.

Recommended Citation

DOI: https://doi.org/10.13023/disclosure.11.14
Available at: https://uknowledge.uky.edu/disclosure/vol11/iss1/14

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Social Theory at UKnowledge. It has been accepted for inclusion in disClosure: A Journal of Social Theory by an authorized editor of UKnowledge. For more information, please contact UKnowledge@lsv.uky.edu.
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.