Beirut

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

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Recommended Citation

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

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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.