The Remains of the Bridge, Dorchester

out there the cold remains of pilings in a winter-waiting tide

the strength, the order, a kind of love is shared as each to each

the pilings on an inward morning stand as shattered sentries, almost,

and then the clopping traffic of the near past batters the ear

the leaning tense figures with veins and the horses adding white breath

in the bridge's close. The sides and roof went last year, an October tide it was.

— Douglas Lochhead