

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*