

# In Portland, Where It Rains

*by* Sharon Hurlbut

So many opportunities for mud  
can be found in these hills,

and petals falling from the roses  
are like instant drops of summer.

Kids are causing a riot in their need  
for self-expression, coffeehouse romances,

eternal bike lanes. Somewhere downtown  
is a dingy garage where the cement

still smells like the rubber of 1990's  
almost-championship season.

There are a lot of bridges here,  
a lot of ways across the mind.

Come on, says the sun, sparking  
madness, I'll race you to the other side.

