

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.

