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Port Huron Entry Point

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Port Huron Entry Point

by John Van Rys

Ambassador Bridge girdles below
the swell of
Huron.

Factory hives feed and feed
on St. Clair's river, urinate
delicate plumes of brown and grey
into green and blue. Black tarred and
shingled roofs, mossy wet, rise
to meet our descent, stiff at tired
attention, cells jumbled, flakes of skin.

Coasting, braking, we choose
our booth, a square gate (narrow or broad,
who can tell?). We're greeted grandly
by holsters gripped, hands
on hips, mustached lips trimmed
precisely, concave green glass
aviator pupils (we're in
a Chuck Norris movie). Two or three gather
to greet us, shackle or shoot a false
move to make their day.

False, alarmed,
a clear case of mistaken
criminality, I have the papers
proving my utility (if not yours).
Our U-Haul, packed
with a decade of bric-a-brac
is innocent, I swear inside
the filed and countered, starred and striped
office. Worthy worthy am I,
I sing to the uniform
mustaches, who free us at last,
thank God almighty.

But as we enter Michigan's 69 artery
and the border pore pinches closed
behind us, with throbbing darkness ahead,
our masks crack. We leave them behind
to be white-chalked in the gutter.

900 miles, my dear,
to mould our faces anew
in the belly of this whale.