

PAUL CARY GOLDBERG

“O Gloucester! My Gloucester!”

Dusk at Stage Fort Park,
late autumn,
on the cusp of winter.
Here alone with the skeletons of leafless trees.
Above,
floating effortlessly,
cottony clouds,
muted shades,
purples, blues and grays.
In the quietness of the moment I watch them,
breeze blown,
coasting,
slowly,
across the rose colored,
luminous,
night falling,
Gloucester sky.

Sitting now, at the promontory.
Below,
the sea.
A calm, near high, incoming tide,
rhythmic, gentle, slow,
languorous, undulating swells,
rolling and lulling
forward, backward,
rolling forward, rolling backward,
lulling,
forward again, backward...
The pastel colors of the sky
shimmy
across the shimmering, slivering, silvery, sheened surface of the sea.

Where the broken, sloped pathway
joins the beginning
of the far end
of Stacy Boulevard,
inner harbor seawater turns to glass,
smooth, undisturbed.
Peaks of boulders,
black, solid, silent, brooding abstract forms
shoot upward into the air above the ocean's flat surface.
Mallards circle imperceptibly,
without a ripple.

So much majesty!

In the distance,
overseeing the city
in the darkening sky,
rising tall, self assured,
City Hall,
the Unitarian steeple,
Our Lady of Good Voyage.
At street level,
zigging, zagging, back and forth,
horizontally,
white and red lights,
vehicles crossing the Cut Bridge.

This beautiful place,
this Beauport,
Fish City,
Olson's Polis,
was our true home.

Here,
in this harbor town,
at this edge of the ocean,
we found our way.
We bound ourselves together with love
and that made all the difference in the world.