

## **GALATA BRIDGE**

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*They stand patiently in doorways  
Fingering their rifles like exhibitionists.  
Eyes are averted from bayonets.  
Crowds pass busily, resigned like brides.*

*They are required to look serious in case  
Anyone pauses long enough to laugh,  
And because their upper lips are shaven,  
Leaving them vulnerable and naked.*

*There is a tank by the Galata Bridge  
Which has not come down the steep streets  
Nor over the bridge, which rocks in frail sections  
That let through the dawn shipping.*

*It is positioned here mysteriously  
Angled on its concrete eminence,  
As though by a boy kneeling with a toy,  
Breathing heavily, placing it exactly.*

