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Morning Rush

Thomas Mitchell
North Bend, OR

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Morning Rush

It's morning in Portland, and when the sun begins to rise,
pinnacles of light gently refract across apartment windows.
Tugboats push barges slowly down the Columbia, then
disappear in a veil of fog. I'm in a hurry to begin the day.
As I drive over the Morrison bridge the streetlamps
are still glowing, a stream of headlights in both lanes,
and at the stoplight, I can almost hear when life becomes
less busy, when the traffic pauses. Perhaps the wind
is another river, ebbing and flowing down Martin Luther King
Blvd, lifting the shop awnings in synchronicity, dipping
the limbs of the elms, then returning them to their ease.
A newspaper revolves in soft semi-circles, like one
of the pigeons gathering in Pioneer square.

Thomas Mitchell
North Bend, OR