

## Jon Bracker

### TO THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY

You are not beautiful, as is the night:  
Tonight, under the moon and those higher-ups, the stars,  
You are merely solid, beetling  
Back and forth across the black, wet bay  
Crinkling that large fresh sheet  
Of carbon paper with your weight;  
And I am alone on your deck.  
The spray is high, and it is getting cold  
But before I seek your inside warmth  
Where the coffee is hot but not good  
And the franks are good but not hot,  
I remember that Whitman loved you  
(Or your Brooklyn brother),  
Admired your gulls and the crowd;  
And that John Sloan painted you so well  
We taste the fog, in the gallery;  
And that Edna St. Vincent Millay,  
Who was very tired, you made merry;  
Which is partly why I love you, ferry.