

David Oates

Moon Festival

A Portland Poem after Tu Fu

All summer the Swan has flown high above us.
Our little part of the country is overrun
with these masked troopers, booted and faceless.
Are they really soldiers if they have no rank
and no battalion? Tiny satellites wink by.
I wonder if they are interested in us. Moonlight
gleams from the blank face of the federal courthouse
whipped and crossed by green lasers. Camouflaged men
stand in a cluster away from the crowd
swinging their batons to the left, to the right, casually
as if limbering up before the summer game.

