Keppel Port

After Sundays, the church dome rises
in white silence. Hours pass southwards,
washing the sky with bells.
A priest sits in his windowless office
listening
to confessions
from container cranes at Keppel port:
steel pulleys in sun-raised shrieks
heaving barnacled lucre; the weight
of sea-travel lifted and dropped
by scalloped behemoths. Cheek by
jowl by jaw, ocean cargo screech
and groan, under horns of rust.
These wounded dragons

have fallen from the clouds and
the largesse of space. He wonders
at what he hears, where
he sits, and who he is
to be opening
this small door in his heart.