

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

d. n. simmers

Bridges

I walked across when I was young.
Following to the other side the sun.

Birds I saw floating in the sky
They would soar then kite then fly.

Older I would walk then run.

Today I pass them thinking of times ago
When I watched the sun come up and glow

Kneeled to the wind. Face in the sun.
Rows of trees waved as I went by.

Tomorrow I may be walking. Again. Sing in tongues.

I traveled on these bridges with tons of
molten steel. Across streams that cried.
Where many men and women have crossed or dropped or fallen or died.

Sleeping in the waters is not a pun.
With death the only life below for them is done.

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Bridges II

" Ithaca gave you a beautiful journey
Without her you would not have set out."
Constantine Cavafy

Miles of roads
second too

we rode the rails though
lost.

Not knowing what
we had found while

the sounds
would soon be gone.

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Bridges III

“ The day will come
when dust will darken the sky”

The apocalyptic myth of the Oglala Sioux

Pictures of darkness
I have seen
running through the sky.

Flames eating up
lines and smoke
tearing them
away.

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IV

I will come this way again,. When the sun comes back.

And earth gives up her dead.

We will have to grow new limbs
and the bridges may
be to other worlds.

Climbing into shadows
free falling into
eternity.

Stars.

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V

I must go now and count the bridges.
They make me come and go.

I will be looking for
painted lines on strings
that ties everything

together.