Eric S. Adamson

Bridges

Bridges fold and sandbanks meet
over brooks that run like little feet, it
sticks on rocks like giggles. Crossing,
I press my soles and
Creak! and tell
how you are breaking! Broken; suddenly
the soaking rhythm waking down into
a dirty bed
laughter rushes past
my head, the streams keep splashing fast
oblivious
to my secret;