

Thoughts Across a Bridge

i

I have walked this bridge a time or two
but never known its giddy height before
nor felt the cool blue invitation of the edge
— this rush of gust and wave, rap
of heart and lungs against the ribs.

I have passed by rail-standers before,
intent on my destination,
and pitied them their dreams of flight and forgetting
a halfstep beyond the verge.

ii

Now I know you, I have seen
both heights and depths, have stopped
to look past my intent.

I do not know
if you are the river, the bridge, the space between
or my partner in another world.

I know you are not death, are not
afraid of life,
that any moment you may take a halfstep
into my element.

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The far shore does not concern me,
it is not mine;
to return the way I came
I cannot do.

I have risked a poem, now
I'll risk a rhyme;
I am standing at the rail
waiting for you.

COLIN MORTON