

OVER WATER

Marc Darnell

I'm halfway across the bridge.
The waves are dark
and the current is fast.

Lights thin into knives on the surface.
Water around the pillars below
invites by funneling open.

But it's time to move on.
Like singing about a dead thing too long,
the decay in it hurts you after a while.

Maybe it was wrong
to ever come on the bridge.
Soon I'll be to the other side.

I see black trees there.
The trails of fallen leaves surely
won't lead to another bridge.