

Silent Bridges

By now, I thought I would have outgrown
That brilliant passion, that holy cause -
The scripture that welded my permanent frame
While warranting that I must always
Be less than my aspiration,
Would always fail to bear the weight
Of those who relied on me to carry them
To the safety of the other side of night.

Never was it possible to form the phrases
To lead another into that same sacred light.
Never was I ever to press upon her the seal of my desires.
In all the years, I never once spoke
The burden of my imperfect design.
I left all complaint in the predestined dark
While my failure stood in the light of free will.
There is no accounting of who I saved
My every thought is of someone I disillusioned.

When morning bleeds away to blazing blue
I stand on a rusted long-abandoned trestle.
The wind whistles around the flaking cables
it moans through the iron lattices

The bridge is silent, but it sings.

