

Support at Cornucopia

By Christine S

I feel it in this room between this glass and two slabs
of drywall and a clean floor,
the story of a bridge, an ancient bridge by
bridge standards: freying rope and faded wooden
slats, holding sweaty hands , desperate to remain.
It is not the swinging suspension structure of the Golden Gate or
concrete criticism of the Hoover Dam.
It is meager, honest, not magical, but it holds.
And the support is not for footsteps.
We are not the passengers but the boards, each clinging one to the other
swaying in the wind but holding on, and I would not have it any other way.