

## **The Bridge**

In my backyard,  
Forever accumulates like humus on a lake-bottom,  
Latent, yet alive,  
Filtering naturally, the water, to make it more suitable for life.  
I find a gelatinous pod of nearly gestated tadpoles:  
A place to breathe-with.

As a child,  
I refer to water with enthusiastic pursuit, running,  
Readying my air cavities to propel me through the threshold,  
And then, to suspend me, like a whale.

Life,  
Morphs from heirloom to auditorium,  
From handheld truth and movie magic to  
Cold fact and eerie evening.

In my work,  
I teach myself to avoid pain.  
Organized peace-work and crime-work,  
Run out of a blue-lit building,  
Built to conceal, among other  
Air-rights supersedure-buildings,  
Migration-diversion-buildings.  
Built to intervene  
And subtly sway with the atmospheric wind.

This work is good.

I remember becoming heavy with sentience.  
I remember struggling to carry  
The fear of falling into unknown water.

In a weekly check-in meeting,  
I finally suggest that we rebuild the ancient land bridge.  
I am casual at first, pretending I haven't been bobbing my knees  
All day waiting for my timeslot.

I already have a timeline prepared. And a materials budget.  
It would only require the smallest bit of fracking.  
And then you could drive to Japan.

Thick silence follows my proposal  
And the energy sloshes out the door.  
Some folks ponder with fingers interlocked, some  
With eyeglasses veering off the bridge of the nose,  
End of a long day.  
Exhaustingly contemplative, fundamentally hopeful,  
Everyone unanimously agrees,  
And we decide we'll get to work  
Tomorrow.