

The Old Bridge

I touch your smooth boards
and wonder.

Do you envy the living tree nearby?
Do you ache to stretch up skyward
to tilt upright toward the stars?

Or is it enough:
that lovers lean on your warm wood
that the lonely find refuge here
that poets wonder about your beginnings

You are forever moving toward beginning again
as your wood rots back to the earth.
Can you feel that you will live again,
the joy of sprouting, the ache of the axe.

You will always be bridge,
between anger and hope
between sorrow and joy
between old and new

Whisper to me the secret of being bridge.
I am listening,
my hand gentle upon your heartwood.

©JMCB