

Bridge Work

A small patch of cloud
materializes into nine white pelicans,
a floating crown on the head of a thermal,
while below the river bucks and tosses foam.

He's rowed these waters at length,
each day tumbling
over a riverbed
of smooth rounded thoughts.

And therefore is surprised to be suddenly lifted,
spun bow to stern, in love,
catching the wave broadside and
pitched off balance.

He's run this particular stretch before,
experienced the heady heart quickening pulse,
had his heart breached, and his capsized emotions
racing downstream – unprotected.

Thus he reads the current carefully,
before careening among the sharp edges of passion,
aiming instead for the deep pools
of a calmer love and avoids doing damage.

Looking back at the rough and tumble chaos,
he sees that with a little bridge work,
next time, he could
simply get over it.

