

THE BRIDGE

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He hides between urgencies, dodging the hollow indifference of morning. The river, awake in its clear tube, flashes fluorescence at the moon's wet thumbprint. She joins him on the bridge. He asks her *what is it?* but he knows it isn't anything but the simple equation of him and her along the steel parabola of the bridge. She doesn't respond and it haunts him. He recoils slightly, snapping a lid over the countryside's sweeping gesture, the last of the ice floating by in triangular shards. Thoughts of grinding glass pass between them. What is it that makes him stay? And is that the question to ask of himself? A truck on the overpass gains momentum, clocks spinning in its wheels. Her hair is the color of worn wood, an impossible texture between history and fate. The curtains of shadows and leaves draw shut, then open. The bridge is a metaphor for the transient passing of desire across the waters. Where he stops he takes root and becomes structure, a set of girders welded into a cross. She doesn't stop, but listens as she walks. The wind makes strange music with the steel. It sounds like the gasping of the river in a dream she forgets as soon as the first fingers of light burst upon her.