

“The Bridge” and Others

The Bridge

Unseen, a gust of air creates silence
between a father and his daughter. She
moves with the wind like guided wheels sentenced
to tracks, her mind enamored of the sea,
then taken away – sudden, by insane,
demented thoughts, hair flowing carelessly
across shaky eyes, while the bridge remains
stable.

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Text Message

A buzz, a ding, replace the ring of past encounters. Words, lost beyond their vocal companions, wander like flags without masts into the sea of rapt, emotional beings, attempting to decipher what the hell is going on. Sometimes it's no trouble, while others struggle with those fat fingered responders, their replies long, slow and jumbled, like they're playing games of back words scrabble. Most are more proficient, with a scrupulous, innate knack for exact grammatical precision – cybersmiths

unrivaled in confusing expression and fleeing difficult conversation.

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The Airport

Enthrallment traces its way through thick veins
and to the brain – A new destination
awaits. Checked bags make way toward lagging planes,
impatient patrons line up to get raped
by rays of X machine. Fear circles all
around, contagious – like a yawn. Hands shake
as trepidation rages. Items crawl
beneath crisp, pixelated screens – the fake
cops looking on, confiscating mouth wash
too large and telling Tom and Tamera
to take off shoes. Some can't cope with the loss
of half a bottle of Coca-Cola

while others swiftly slide right through on their
disgusting socks, without a single care.

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The Lottery

Aglow, neon signs light up smeared windows,
huge numbers sucking souls into the store
like devils diving down from hell to poach
soft hearts of hope. Annoyed with being poor,
the vulnerable cede to dreams of wealth,
becoming prisoners to the numbers,
like all of us. The numbers – small like pills,
decide the times of high and of bummer.
If patience runs thin, scratchers charm the eye,
their shining digits dancing on cardboard,
enhanced by alliterative names like
Electric Eights or Silver Sevens. More

always await, the newest tickets give
the most hope, for novelty equals win.

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The Zoo

Wild kids run rampant, free from parent's rage
as mothers fumble for sunscreen and scream
their names, the tamed animals watch them gleam,
their lucid eyes between hard rails of cage.

A lion returns stare, conjectures age
of boy to be around eleven. Dreams
of eating him for lunch, wisely deems
it career suicide, and turns the page

of savage thoughts to something more benign.
He thinks of his history, family,
and philosophy. Ponders over time,
what Descartes or Voltaire might conceive
of these destructive creatures so divine
in their own light, and how they came to be.