Bridges
Judy Davies

Bridges—leading to somewhere, to nowhere—
stretched, compressed, rotted, grease-infiltrated,
harboring the grime of belching diesels,
dergirded with rusting steel, concrete cracks,
hung in mid-air, swaying across the expanse;
cables shuddering with traffic’s crippling weight,
exposed to snow, ice, acid rain, toxic debris.

Like bridges, countries’ health disintegrating before our eyes,
long steeped in disrepair and mismanagement. A nation’s
aloofness coupled with abject superiority, shameful,
despicable behavior unbecoming of leadership, demanding
undeserved followership and approval from masses
of people too apathetic, too poor or too tired to object, too
afraid not to travel the bridge to the unknown.

A nation’s people like bridges— some weak, some sturdy,
ragged, overworked, overrun, with cluttered brains,
imintimated, suspended in vulnerable not-knowing-ness,
embracing crumbs of trust,
dragging their chains through government’s grunge,
marred with its filth, shuddering as they bear the
weight of their country’s noble intentions gone awry.

---Judy Davies