

THE BRIDGE ODE

The abandoned tracks
hold no more thought
than that of a passing season.

Leaves though, blowing through an
ancient tunnel,
capture my attention
like an ode
I was told to forget.

The meaning was too familiar
to yield harvest in present cloud cover.
Much like her gift pages of poetry
blooming against the river edge.

Winter breezes blew them here,
like black dressed finger nails,
carrying word seeds for the
passing of another year.

Ode echoes across barren landscape.
I have decided to leave here forever.

— *Timothy Giles*