Bridge through my Mind
I've crossed over
swift running rivers
cutting through the middle
of faded downtowns
long empty building
where vacant storefronts
stare back at me
where all the cafe's
are shuttered up
there are rows of rusted cars
so old they qualify
as lawn art
there is a presence of
unfriendly life
where sidewalks are filled
with pedestrians from my past
where the dogs are loose
Sunday afternoon early summer
another swift running river
another damaged bridge 6/3/18

Steve Barlow