

The Bridge That Is Gone

Allie Vugrincic

The big, black pipe that runs beneath the trail
Offends eyes with its practicality.
Those who come after me will not know that
Before the pipe made passage for the brook
A small bridge sufficed to make the crossing.
A bridge I once did not know, and trampled
With the wheels of my not yet rusted bike
In an utter frenzy – a narrow pass
That I made narrowly, flying too fast
Down the path I had not yet discovered.
It is known to me now, the path, the bridge,
Where I would sit and read tragedy, myth.
Was it brown or burgundy, the bridge that
Is gone? Memory fails fragile senses.

I imagine my grandfather, he who
Came before me, he that I did not know.
Was he tall or undersized, the man that
Is gone? It offends my mind to think my
Children who come after me will not know
Their grandfather, who slept at sixty-one,
Made passage to the life after this with
No frenzy, no complaint or harsh grievance,
Into the still, undiscovered darkness.
How narrow this life, what mystery and
Tragedy the soul flies in the face of?
With not yet weary feet, I cross the path
Over the pipe, mourn that lost beauty which
Will not be remembered when I am gone.