

Convergences and Crossings

Erica Niemiec

after Wallace Stevens

I

I counted the paces
from one end of the bridge
to the other. It was
an even number.

II

For the ice floe
riding the edge
of spring, the bridge
is one more backwater town
on the way to the west
and the sea.

III

The shortest distance
between two points
is a pause no bridge can cross.

IV

At the moment of her jumping,
the sunlight smirked,
and water folded
its arms. Only the bridge
knew how to let go.

V

The bridge is a country
unto itself. It is friction
between vehicles moving
in opposite directions.

VI

Across the bridge,
I see the shore
white-washed
in foreign fog. The sun
is always setting,
or rising.

VII

I feel the bridge hum
beneath my feet, and wonder:
if I were to whistle, would
the pylons sing?

VIII

The bridge is tangent.
It kisses separation.

IX

In the beginning,
the bridge was
an optimistic rope.
It shall end
a string of floating pearls.