

**from *At Each Moment, Air* by Aliesa Zoecklein**

**Bridge**

And now a bridge. That couldn't, in this case, hold  
a young man back. Through the clouds sometimes.

Over treacherous water, bruised a purple-blue.  
There has to be a way (even the bridge must think this)

to keep him alive. In the amplified air of a young life,  
in the ravishing dark beneath a blanket's soft blur.

Could he have even known that he was on a bridge?

In the violin light of the day before. After the transom  
of desire. It wasn't as though he jumped although he did.

It was we who gave way beneath him,  
failed to call out long enough or loudly enough

about desire's cunning other half: how some are so  
frightened by their longing, they'll do what they can

to capture someone else's. We look at the bridge  
and we turn away. *Such wreckage*, we say. And we are.