

On The Bridge

After twenty years I spot him
on a rotting footbridge:
Eyes hangover-red, skin
chemotherapy-grey,
much thinner now.

We pick up where we left off:
Some morning of some night before,
rib and jibe of chasing girls,
drink-driving in the dark

—but little of our present lives
for time has strangered us
and loth to knit unravelled cords
we both feel we have said enough.

The creek runs quick and clear,
surprises by its shallowness.
A chill wind lifts, snaps the dead wood
of our conversation.

A flurry gifts a pretext to depart.
I hazard we should meet again
—sometime. He nods, plays along,
observes a kind of protocol.

Michael Farrelly, Waterford, Ireland

