

THE BRIDGE

by Sue Krinard

*There is a chasm deep and wide,
And we two stand on either side.
On one, a world of light and day;
The other, night and dark hold sway.
A bridge most fragile hangs in space
Suspended from each rocky face;
A bridge of sighs and whispered word
Of hidden thoughts and dreams unheard;
Of vanquished fears and death denied----
The precious bond between us tied.
And now we make it stronger still,
No obstacle defies our will;
Our heartbeats leap the dark between;
Our gazes meet and hold, serene;
Our breaths co-mingle soft and deep;
Our fingers touch and hold and keep.
At last we cross that dark Abyss
And meet as one in tender kiss.
Two worlds, once half, are now made whole.
Two lovers joining, soul to soul.
No gulf was ever spanned as sweet
As by that bridge when our lips meet*