



midnight on lion's gate

the curb lane closed
we crested the bridge
and stopped in the rain

warning lights and
workmen in darkness
slashed by halogen

a freighter slid beneath us
Are you my friend?
she asked

suspended in space
i fear the fall
of a deeper abyss

the bridge ahead
seems to clear
we move forward

the smoking flagwoman
waves us by
with a

SLOW!
SLOW!
SLOW!

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