

**ISLAND**

To have been the  
bridge, yes,  
solid as anything  
the mind  
welds into—does not  
suspend—a thing  
hovering between.  
In the beginning.

How else but to have stood  
there strong, to have traveled  
the length of it, not-  
withstanding

the mind—what it needs  
faith for?

Aeons, the story was  
only to be a part of once, as in  
chipped away finally, as in adrift—  
unlearning what to hold

is, what cannot.  
Must let loose.  
The lesson, briefly,

of more than  
you can ever—what's  
left then?

Backtrack: the Pleistocene—  
mass upon mass, the water  
level down, revealed,  
the vertical drop, the free  
fall, span  
spawning foot after  
foot, the threadbare