

Bridges

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Suspension bridges link
Hong Kong's artificial island airport
to seven million people
in a pocket handkerchief.

In Sydney the Harbor Bridge,
grand single span sparkling lights
crowned by a crescent moon,
connects north and south.

Anzac Bridge, the new one,
is a suspended strip of yellow lamps,
a string of headlights tailing
reflections' stripes on the water.

Bridges join sides apart,
join disjunctions of times
join separations of places.
Pray the spans stand firm.

We need bridges.