

Intro: This is a poem, an elegy, about a man simply needing to get to the other side. So often in life we are forced through the circumstances to overcome our fears and get to the other side of a certain dilemma. Only life, O' Fortuna, guides us often with a flare of a Shakespearean tragedy.

The Bridge (from Hell)

Alone, next to the chasm, his fear of heights kicks in. He looks down expecting to see the bottom of this gap in the earth; no floor in sight, just down- fading to black.

Appalled by this, every nerve in his creature twitches. His sweat glands worked overtime as he evaluated this slit in the earth, that grew each time he looked. He knew the only way across this chasm, was this wood fixed with string, some call a bridge.

To him the bridge was made of a spider web thin cord, with rows of lined toothpicks made to make a walkway. He had to cross.

His first board seemed an eternity as he tested the wood's stability. Step by step, he continued testing each plank, applying pressure with his toes, until his full weight was on them. Each time after he nudged forward, he would hug the rope, close his eyes and breath deeply.

He crept across the tattered bridge, until he heard his first crack of wood. He froze paralyzed, only envisioning the empty space that lay below him. The board snapped, he fell forward, straining on the rope.

Regaining his poise, still shaken from his seemingly predestined peril, he walked on slower than before. He paced himself across the aged construction acting as a bridge, investigating each step, studying it, because his life did depend on it.

Suspended, some unknown amount above this pit of doom, he lived for the fact, that he only had three more steps to go. Two. Now one. Safe. Taking a breath with the solid ground under him, he cheered innerly, because now his journey was finished. He thought it had taken years to conquer, but it was over now.

Feeling faint from picturing his near death experience of being plunged into eternity, he strolled away in numb celebration.

Fear crushed him and reality formed walls around him, suffocating and jolting his innermost being. He realized that during his incident on the bridge from hell, he got turned around; now back where he started, still needing to go to the other side.

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