







# Two Bridges

A fish plops back into the river.  
A woman on the bridge who kisses  
each slice of bread before she sends it  
spinning away through the gnatty air.  
The rake is set at a new angle  
in its rain-pocked bunker, and the cars  
idle over the incoming tide.  
I believe what the scrum master says:  
the future belongs to the agile.

I'm just not sure about agile: good.  
A jackhammer jars its backhoe arm.  
A wet demolition saw cuts in.  
A crumpled youth interminably  
tuning his ukulele beside  
the cash machine, preparing to sing  
for his ibuprofen is perhaps  
the still middle-point of this ripping  
up and down and out to fill the skips.

What if it's more agile to outsource  
the enforcement of paralysis?  
A man on the railway bridge who counts  
rolls of steel. A student of English  
as a third language eventually  
inferring that *Ikn* means *I think*.  
What carbs escape this ibis probing  
will be discovered when brightness falls  
and the netways of ratwork go live.