

## New Cooper River Bridge

For an hour we walk seduced  
and aimless absorb  
how the rain sheets billow then cave

the billow my suspension over

a plane variant of cement

version at our feet.

2.

Thunderless without you slope  
wind and mist in cables my edge to rail

Tires slush us careless over  
dividing line  
Not the same as wave laps  
but as overlap  
Another lane moors us  
to ascension

3.

Droplets bell us to harbor view  
river down skin and sail  
and sail past and back  
as though fingers rigged were gravity

4.

As though a motion other  
than touching  
speaks a word

As if our being here is not  
to tessellate