

From the Purple Bridge

Barges incise the Ohio River,
crowned with differently
colored crates.

The water has buoyed
to a flood these past
weeks, the snow has
lasted late into March.
Every time the tracks
empty their broken
grins into the train yard,
I stare past the metal
links, bent like a web,
to the soap factories, how
they match the crimson
brick at the corner
of a porch I don't
remember in California,
a shade darker than
the average plant pot,
whose fate I can now
only picture in the
optimism of soil.

The river's toxic
affix is hidden in
the distance of height.
Robins, with their bright
bronze chests, seem
to be the only
ones who know
they're part superhero.