

From a Bridge

The river's toxic
affix is hidden in
height's distance.

I stare past the metal fence,
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 quotidian plant pot,
whose fate I can now
only picture in the
optimism of soil.

The snow has
lasted late into March.

The tracks empty
their broken
grins into the train yard.
Robins, with their bright
bronze chests, seem
to be the only
ones who know
they're part superhero.