

The Trestle

I thought it was down by the trestle
Nestled in ties by the river's edge
Sighing in cattails with soft spoken frogs
Or flying the rails with the river birds

So I tread the tracks in irregular pace
Like some tired tramp I sang to the grail
And quickened my steps as the night blew near
'Til standing alone on the span's straight steel
My sight wandered down to the water below

There in the moonlight the bright stream flowed
Under the wide piles and tight wire mesh
The mud tide rolled, the blood tide seethed
Here once we had sailed in driftwood rafts

And fought brave battles, our frail craft
Tacking along in wind-blown confusion
Toward far-flung ports, past cities of gold
The levees alive in flowered profusion

But a marsh that had teemed with voices and song
Lay hushed and still, while the blood tide wore on

And in the quick stillness of jet-black fright
I thought all this, turned and walked back
Covering miles in the minutes, I shook
As I took a look at the black, fast night