

Brother on the Bridge

upon hearing *Striven*, by Jeffrey Pethybridge,
whose brother jumped from the Golden Gate

Your glasses are useless
toward the Pacific,

salted, inside, by your wrung-out ducts,
and by gusts of spray.

The bridge is cold to hold onto,

where your brother didn't transit
but transected, at mid-point,

with the traffic behind him,
and the lane-dashes, like slaps.

He couldn't bear the span.

And rain always pangs
the hunger of the bay.

Face struck with water
so thirsty, it stings,

you hear the traffic sounds
he heard,

and the waves,
the bitchy gulls,

the moaning of cables
in wind.

Hum with them,
A zither for a brother's hymn.