

A Bridge Too Far

Sometimes, when You want something from me
And I don't know what to give You
I retreat and turn silent.
But I miss You,
And oh – the guilt! To say “No”
or even – Nothing At All
To You whom I love without words,
Without reserves - without
Needing to hide who I am!

And so - I run
Over bridges and chasms and precipices
that in my desperation
hold me far from You
Silent - suspended in space
Unable to step forward without You
Unable to stay beside you.
Unable to look away.

Do not push me away !
Do not blame me –
Please!
When in my poverty I run from You
Pushing the fear from my mind -
Risking the dare, that one day
I may run a bridge too far

R.S.

*Do you have a poem, short story, picture, article, crossword, thought or other item
you would like to contribute to this space in future weeks?*

*If so, please give a copy to Steven Moe
or email it to: steven.moe@nortonrose.com*