

Eleanor Hardy

Bridge

Red and white lights guide their journey,
Light foliage for their constant “go”.
I feel very far from home.

Red, white. Red, white. A yellow glare:
222 deaths in Cambridgeshire last year.
People finding their way home.

People leaning against this horizontal barrier
Willing it to disappear—
But still I don’t know which way is home.

My still eyes make their movement static,
Constant, never reaching home.
I find that I am not alone

As streetlights guide my yellow path:
Your silhouette stands beyond their glow.
Red, white, and black words disappear.
I’m not so far away from home.