Main Street Bridge

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss3/11
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The rustic brown buildings
line the Main Street Bridge
in late morning.

Clouds, hazy smoke from nearby factories,
and the sticky air melt into each other,
while two lovers peer over their balcony
into the murky green and blue speckled water.
The intoxicating aroma of an apple pie
mixed with the clean laundry hanging above them

reminds them that they lead simple lives—
Factory workers, perhaps,
or just lovers

overlooking a river—
their only connection to a moving world—
a world they do not touch or swim in,

a world they only watch flow by.
The woman looks at their world—
brick buildings, busy streets, constant smog—

and she decides:
it’s not rich, it’s not brilliant,
it’s not cold, it’s not open,

but it is home.