

Crossings

A bridge, long started, now to be completed.

I stand on a rough dangerous shore. Here.
Across a wide strait is another place. There.
I dream of crossing.

Here, I make a small sunlit island. My There.
On all sides wrapped with fog and darkness.

I will cross to a new There.
From all sides flooded with light.
My friends, each of you makes that light.

We stand on rough dangerous shores. Here.
Across a wide strait is another place. There.
We dream of crossing.

Here, we make small sunlit islands. Our There.
On all sides wrapped with fog and darkness.

We will cross to a new There.
From all sides flooded with light.
The all of us makes that light.