

## Footbridge

*For Eleanor*

*here where the kelp  
undulates in the rhythms  
of the day  
and rock weathers  
into patterns of wood  
turning to stone*

*over the open grasses  
of the sand  
shimmering into the waves  
of ever climbing light  
his gaze  
heaves out to sea*

*she sees the shoreside cottages  
afame with cirrus  
in the eastward glass*

*sand  
on splintery pine planks*

*under their bare feet touching  
the tidal marsh  
drains soundless  
to the sea*

Philip D. Levin