

Brittany Kusserow, Bridges

I thought these tracks were deserted,
but up on the bridge there's a train
stumbling by.

It's two AM. I'm cold
and distracted
by lonely train whistles
to sky.

So I'll move west to Oregon
or south to New Orleans
and maybe I'll stay,
when I find something bigger,
'cause babe, this is bigger than me.
Don't you? Don't you miss our banter?
The comfortable way we relate?

I'm sorry I hug you too long
and I never took time
to know you this way.

But I'll move west to Oregon
or south to New Orleans
and maybe I'll come home,
broken and disheveled.

Or maybe I'll stay and believe.

Oh, I could remain
where the bridges have trains,
but I've said too much to not leave.