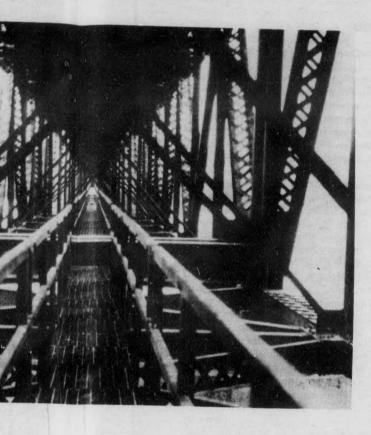
## RIDGES



Story and Photos by John Hamilton & Jennifer Gammon

What is this bridge, of boards and What is this bridge, of boards and bolts and beams, Closed in, a barn across a brook, alone? And what is this, of steel and massive stone, Exalting in a strength of mighty dreams? What is this span, for but a span it seems, From birth to death, a bridge of flesh and bone; What is this rainbow, dipped to the unknown Into an ocean fed by mortal streams? Through webs of steel I reach for my release, Above the traffic's din. I know the worth Of peace, of ectasy of freedom found. Then high above, a flight of honking geese, Their white patched necks stretched long and straight to north, Remind me now that I to earth am bound.

- D.B. Gammon



