

# 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 ecstasy 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

