

He cut through the streets, eyes upturned
A small patch of sky looked down on him
Through baskets they weave so thickly
He saw on a sea
Alone in the clouds

A rusty old bridge
Was jailed in his mind
He thought it was golden
It swayed to his breath
And creaked with the bolts
He unpacked his coat
And laid down

With somebody's shoes he traveled
Between the two ends of his bridge
He learned all the holes to crawl in
And stayed for the time
When winds too cold

The rats that could march
Whispered in his ear
He knew it meant something
But nobody came
He sat through the nights
And watched all the darkness
It spread with his breath
And pushed back the sky
He stayed for the days
On his home

A rusty old bridge
Would scream in his mind
He thought it was golden